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James Lenox.

THE

WORKS

OF

GRACE KENNEDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE DECISION."

In Six Volumes.

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DUNALLAN;

OR,

KNOW WHAT YOU JUDGE;

A STORY

DUNALLAN, &c.

CHAPTER I.

CALMER feelings gradually took the place, in Catharine's mind, of those painful emotions which Dunallan's letter had occasioned, but with intervals of extreme sadness. She attempted to banish the idea of Dunallan altogether; but she was not at all times either so completely on her guard against the recollections that stole into her mind, as to be prepared to struggle against their admission, or so wise as to turn from those dreams of happiness, the indulgence of which always added pain to the reality. The season, too, added to her sadness. It was now towards the end of autumn; the cold evenings, and sometimes sweeping blasts, which rapidly thinned the woods of their foliage, seemed to announce the near approach of winter; while the bright sunshine, and freshness of the air, made walking still delightful in the early part of the day. Ca-

tharine, from her childhood, had been deeply alive to the influence of nature; her spirits had always been subject to its power in an uncommon degree; and now she yielded without resistance to its impression. Most of the time which was not spent in those occupations she considered as sacred duties, or in company, was spent in wandering alone through the beautiful scenery of Arnmore. She did not feel that religion forbade the soft melancholy inspired by a view of nature in its decay; on the contrary, she found that, between nature and religion, there was an analogy so strong and so perfect, that the one was the most exquisitely pleasing and beautiful illustration of the other; and she sought, as her greatest pleasure, those scenes which, suiting the deepest feelings of her soul, so elevated those feelings as to make all enjoyments unconnected with religion appear to be of no value whatever. Her mind became stronger from exertion; and though, when she sometimes turned her thoughts to the future, her heart sickened at the disappointment of all her hopes, she, at other times, could look forward with composure, regarding life in its real light, as a preparation for another state of existence—a mere journey, in which it was of little consequence what happened to us, provided we did not deviate from the path which led to a happy immortality.

Another letter from Dunallan destroyed for a

time her tranquillity and strength of mind. This letter was even more cold and formal than the last; it was almost cruelly so, Catharine thought; and a feeling of resentment made her at first determine not to reply to it. She, however, overcame this feeling, and answered it immediately.

Another letter soon followed; not so very cold as the former, but shorter, and, if possible, less expressive of interest.

Catharine now began to dread Dunallan's return more than any thing that was likely to happen to her. She felt a painful apprehension, indeed almost a certainty, that a change so complete, from, at least, tender interest, to total indifference, or even dislike, must have some deeper cause than the dread of her becoming too fondly attached to him. The idea of Aspasia sometimes haunted her, as a vision of every thing dreadful; but she would not suffer a thought to dwell on such a subject; it seemed ungenerous, unjust, injurious to Dunallan—it was misery to herself. She saw, however, that Mrs. Oswald in vain attempted to assume her usual cheerfulness. She often forgot that Catharine was present, and, stopping her work, would sit for many minutes in deep and apparently painful thought; then, recollecting herself, would begin to talk in a tone of gaiety too evidently forced to deceive. This thoughtfulness rather increased after receiving a letter from Dunallan, for which she had express-

ed considerable impatience, but which seemed to have entirely disappointed her.

Catharine now dreaded that Dunallan had met with some amiable being like himself, who had taught him to feel more keenly the misery of that hateful tie which bound him to herself for ever. Yet she thought that his principles, imperfectly as she knew them, ought to have secured him from this danger, or at least from the indulgence of it. But all regarding him was now involved in an uncertainty so painful, that Catharine wished to banish him completely from her thoughts, and to leave her fate entirely to the disposal of that Being who alone had any control over the future. This was a difficult task; but other feelings for Dunallan began to gain ground. Her admiration and tenderness for him had been greatly heightened from having found his character so totally different from what her imagination had represented him, and from feeling that she had joined in the unjust and injurious opinion which those around her had formed of him. His manner and conduct to herself had also won her affections sufficiently to make his excellence of character a delightful subject of contemplation; but now that a cloud hung over him, her first feelings, in regard to him, in some degree, resumed their influence. She believed him good, but she thought him at least singular.

"I see, my dear Catharine," said Mrs. Oswald

to her one day, "that your opinion of Dunallan begins to change. I entreat you to struggle against this. I feel quite certain that time will prove, that he does not merit less of your esteem than when you parted."

"I do struggle, my dear Madam, to form a just opinion of Mr. Dunallan," replied Catharine, "but, in reality, I know very little of him. I met him at first, you know, with a thousand prejudices against him; and though we passed six weeks in the same house, these prejudices continued so powerful, that, though I saw him act, and heard him speak continually in such a way as, on recollection, I feel ought to have overcome those prejudices, he still continued, in my opinion, the same character in a great degree, which my imagination had pictured him. When I accompanied him here, and found him so considerate—so delicate—so generous to myself, and saw him so beloved by you and all around him, I immediately went to the opposite extreme; and from the few most engaging, most happy days I then passed in his society, my imagination was forming a character far too perfect to be real."

"Possibly it might, my dear; but all I ask is, that, in attempting to form this just opinion, you will leave his present—to me unaccountable, conduct out of the question."

"I shall try to do so. If you knew, however, my dear Mrs. Oswald, how useful his present

coldness has been to me, I believe you would not, on my account at least, regret it."

"You have supported it as I should have desired, my Catharine; far better, I confess, than I should have expected."

"Ah! Madam, you have not seen my heart; but I know it myself better now. I thought all was right; I thought I had discovered the cause why every pursuit had ended in disappointment, until I attempted those pointed out to me by Mr. Dunallan. I supposed they continued to increase in interest because they aimed at the everlasting improvement of my fellow-creatures; but when first I became convinced that Mr. Dunallan had lost all interest in me and my pursuits, they became irksome to me. I discovered that I had been acting from no higher motives than the hope of his approbation. Now I know better, and have learnt how to feel pleasure in fulfilling Mr. Dunallan's wishes, without expecting the reward of his approbation, though I still value that also."

"I rejoice, my Catharine," replied Mrs. Oswald, "that you have gathered this lesson from any source. It is a sad deception to think we are doing all to please God, when, in reality, we are idolizing a fellow-creature. Your future life, my love, will be the more happy for this."

Catharine was not unhappy now; she had learnt to think less of Dunallan. The idea of him,

when it did return to her, was always painful, and, even when absent, depressed her spirits; for, if her natural gaiety of heart attempted to return, something painful checked it, and then she recollected Dunallan.

Winter had now closed in, and Catharine was obliged to seek her pleasures and employments chiefly within doors. The weather was wet, cold, and dreary.

Amongst all those who had visited Catharine during the summer and autumn, there were but few persons who had really gained any share of her affections. Amongst these was a young girl, named Helen Graham.

Helen Graham was one of six daughters of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose fortune was too limited to allow much to be bestowed on their education; yet whose pride of family led him to dread as the greatest disgrace, any matrimonial connexion for his daughters with families in the least degree inferior to his own in antiquity and other similar virtues.

Helen Graham was an uncultivated romantic girl, with the most ardent affections. She had read novels and poetry in abundance, and often had attempted to express her own glowing feelings in rhyme, but would have suffered the torture sooner than that any eye should have seen those indeed very imperfect productions. On first becoming acquainted with Catharine, she

had felt overawed by her superiority, and regarded her as a model of the most perfect excellence. Her ease and grace of manners—her beauty—her variety of conversation—her information—her acquirements, all were far superior to those of the most admired of her former companions. Catharine, on her part, had remarked the extreme, even painful bashfulness of Helen's manner, when compelled to come into notice, contrasted with the intelligence of her looks, and the expressive energy of her language and manners, when she mixed, unconscious of being observed, in general conversation. There was something in this mixture of bashfulness and apparent talent which excited Catharine's interest; she attempted to win Helen to be at her ease with her, and in doing this, treated her with a degree of kindness which Helen soon returned with the most unbounded and devoted affection. Catharine could not be insensible to this real and ardent regard; on the contrary, she returned it with a warmth that surprised herself; for she had supposed that Dunallan's disappointing conduct towards her, had given her affections a chill that they would not recover on this side the grave; but she found, that in the devoted affection of this ardent girl, the fondness of the children, to whom she every day became more tenderly attached, and the maternal interest, and

kindness of Mrs. Oswald, her heart was satisfied.

"I could be content to live during the whole of my pilgrimage on earth in this little society," said she one evening to Mrs. Oswald and Helen, after a long winter day, in which snow had been falling without ceasing: "but I must insist on your leaving us, Helen, very soon, to go to Edinburgh, as your father wishes."

Helen smiled, "I cannot go now," replied she, "my aunt has set off without me."

"How! why did she not come for you as I supposed she would?"

"Oh, never mind," replied Helen, gaily, "she knew I did not wish to go. I shall now be permitted to remain with you all the winter, if you will allow me to stay."

"No, indeed, my dear kind Helen."

"Then I must go home, for my aunt has taken Jane instead of me, and she can have but one of us. Jane wished to go; and there is not a spot in the universe which will ever be so dear to me as this. What is there in Edinburgh that could interest me, while I thought I might in the very least degree add to your happiness, Catharine?"

"My dearest Helen, you distress me."

"Do you think, Catharine, I should have been married had I gone to Edinburgh?" asked He-

len, playfully, "for that is what my father and aunt expect."

"Perhaps, my dear Helen, you might have attained to that envied state," replied Catharine, smiling, and then sighing deeply.

Helen was shocked at her own forgetfulness, though she only dreaded having reminded Catharine of Dunallan's absence, which she supposed was the cause of her occasional fits of sadness.

Catharine kissed her cheek affectionately.

"I believe, my dear Helen, I must be so selfish as to allow you to be happy in your own way, till I can myself take you in search of this husband."

The time again approached in which Catharine expected to hear from Dunallan; and though his letters now only gave her pain, yet she anxiously looked for their arrival; and as the snow continued to fall, and deepen more and more, she began to dread that the roads might be shut up so as to prevent these letters reaching Mrs. Oswald and herself. She at times dreaded Dunallan's coming unexpectedly himself. At last letters did arrive; Catharine's hands trembled as she broke the seal: after reading a few lines—

"He is in England!" exclaimed she, becoming very pale, then feeling unable to restrain her emotion, she hurried out of the room. When alone, she threw herself on her knees, and spread-

ing Dunallan's letter before her, "Whatever are its contents, I shall receive them thus," thought she, again beginning to read the still loved characters—

"My dear Catharine, Allow me to return you my grateful thanks for your last letter. Be assured I am most sensible of your goodness, your generosity, in so unweariedly persevering in your attempts to satisfy my wishes regarding those affairs, with which you say I intrusted you. I shall soon, I hope, be able in person to express my gratitude for all the trouble you have taken to please me; and perhaps to convince you that I am not quite the *exacting* being your letters too plainly tell me you suppose me to be. I arrived in England two days ago, and in London yesterday. I shall not be detained here above a day or two, and then propose setting off immediately for Arnmore. May I hope you will receive me still as a friend. I claim nothing in this character but the right of watching over your happiness. I ask nothing more, than that you should believe that I am, ever your sincerely attached friend,

E. DUNALLAN."

"And it is I who deserve blame, then!" thought Catharine, when she had finished Dunallan's letter. "I have disgusted by my very desire to fulfil his wishes. Surely, surely, Dunallan, this is a little unfair; but I care not. If

you feel more satisfied in believing it is so, I shall not vindicate myself, but submit. Oh ! that I could fix all my affections where there is no injustice, no disappointment."

This letter, however, was kind compared to Dunallan's last; and Catharine felt, while she wept over it, that, mixed as they were with unjust complaints, his expressions of interest, and the expectation of so soon again meeting him, too powerfully revived those feelings of tenderness which she had of late supposed almost entirely overcome. Those feelings she now greatly dreaded; and, earnestly praying for power to resist them, she determined to return to Mrs. Oswald, that she might escape from the many softening recollections which crowded on her memory.

Mrs. Oswald was alone when Catharine entered the room; her countenance expressed the utmost satisfaction.

" Now, my dear love," exclaimed she, embracing Catharine tenderly, " I shall again see you happy. All will now be explained."

" But, my dear Mrs. Oswald, I hope you still consider your promise to me sacred? You will ask no explanation ?"

" No, no, my love, I shall not find that necessary. Dunallan has no concealments; he will himself wish to explain every thing."

Mrs. Oswald seemed to enjoy a new existence.

"Do you think, my dear Madam," said Catharine, after looking earnestly towards a window for some moments, "Don't you think the snow has fallen so deep, that perhaps the cross road between Arnmore and the great road may be shut up? Should it not be cleared away? Mr. Dunallan may be stopped."

"Surely, my love, if it is necessary."

"I think, my dear Mrs. Oswald, as he has left every thing to my care, I ought not to suffer so chilling an impediment to meet him on his return home. His feelings require no addition to their coldness, I fear, at least for some of the inmates of his Arnmore. Shall I order the snow to be cleared away, my dear Madam?"

"Surely, my Catharine, and also endeavour to clear away those unkind thoughts of my poor Edward from your own heart."

"Your *poor* Edward!" repeated Catharine, smiling sadly; "I wish I could banish those thoughts of him which at this moment force themselves upon me." She turned away to conceal her tears; but quickly recovering herself, "We must not delay, my dear Madam; let us send for Mr. Gray directly, and tell him to have the road opened." She laid her hand on the bell-rope, but stopt; and smiling faintly, said, "I must not tell them their master is just coming home with tears in my eyes. They may, perhaps, see me

look still more sad, however, after he is come," added she, pulling the cord.

A servant appeared.

"John, Mr. Dunallan is to be home in a day or two." The man's countenance brightened with joy. "My master, Madam!"

"Yes, John, and we wish to see Mr. Gray immediately."

John hurried away to tell the joyful tidings to the other servants, and their happy exclamations reached even the apartment where Catharine was. Mrs. Oswald looked at her; Catharine smiled sadly. "I know, my dear Madam, how much he is beloved," said she.

Mr. Gray soon appeared, his countenance radiant with joy. "What happy news, Madam! this will be a joyful day for Arnmore!"

"Yes, Mr. Gray; and I wish to ask you whether it will be necessary to clear the roads?"

"I thought of that, Madam, the moment John came to fetch me, and sent off a man to examine. I shall, if you please, now go myself."

Catharine begged he would.

Soon all was bustle. Every servant in the house seemed anxious to assist in hastening Dunallan's return, by clearing away every impediment. In a short time, all the snow near the house was out of sight; and that on the road in the avenue was quickly disappearing. Catharine became more and more sad in the general joy,

and retired to her own apartment to conceal a melancholy so unsuitable. She partook, however, in the restlessness which pervaded the whole family. She could settle to nothing, but to dreams of the future, which were at times too painful, and at other times too softening to be indulged. When obliged again to join the others, the happy looks of Mrs. Oswald, Helen's congratulations, and the boundless joy of the children, overcame both her sadness and her apprehensions for the future, at least for a time; but nothing could banish for long the idea of her first meeting with Dunallan. She thought if that was once over, she would know every thing; his manner, then, would teach her all she had to hope or fear.

Catharine never felt more relieved, than when the hour arrived to separate for the night. She longed for the undisturbed quiet of her own apartment; but here she had to meet the joyful exclamations of Martin, whose unusual loquacity, and delighted looks, she felt unwilling for a time to check.

"Never did I see such joy," said Martin; "and it is chiefly on your account, Ma'am."

"On my account!"

"Yes, Ma'am, the people say you will now be rewarded for all your goodness to them in Mr. Dunallan's absence; and for your charities to his poor, and your care of the young. I am sure I do not know, Ma'am, whether they love you or

Mr. Dunallan most; but, to be sure, they say you were made for each other, and to be a blessing to all around you."

Catharine only sighed, and soon dismissing Martin, attempted to collect her ideas, and prepare for the future, whatever it might bring. She had long before this made herself fully acquainted with the duties prescribed in Scripture to those in the married state. "These must now be my rule," thought she, "whatever Dunallan's conduct to me may be." She again recalled those duties, and prayed earnestly for power to fulfil her part, independently of Dunallan's performance of his. Her mind became composed, and she began to perceive those mercies in her present situation, which she had now learnt to remark, were always mixed in the cup of suffering. "How thankful ought I to feel!" thought she, "that in my duties there is nothing difficult or revolting to me. I am commanded to love this husband; he might have been such as to excite only disgust; but, on the contrary, my duty is too easy. I am commanded to submit myself to him; this too, is most easy, superior as he is; had he been otherwise, how would my proud heart have rebelled. I may watch unnoticed till I discover his wishes, and then attempt to submit to them whatever they are." Catharine wept while she formed this plan for the future; yet there was something not unpleasing in the idea of thus ful-

filling the duty of the wife of Dunallan, cold and unkind as she now expected to find him.

Next morning, Catharine again renewed her attempts to gain that composure and self-command she foresaw she would require. She sought them by those means she had never yet found to fail, when perseveringly applied for; and when she again met Mrs. Oswald, the calmness and elevation, and composure of her looks, betrayed the peace she enjoyed.

Mrs. Oswald was alone—her countenance brightened. "My love, your looks delight me: your hour this morning has been happily spent; you have learnt to regard the future with juster expectations."

"I have been attempting to learn, my dear kind Mrs. Oswald, to look for whatever is sent me as an intended blessing, however painful I may feel it, or however humbling to my proud nature."

"Well, my love, that is best, because you cannot be disappointed."

After breakfast Catharine went to visit her school. The children themselves had kept the path from thence to the castle free from snow, though the task had not been an easy one, from the frequent showers that had fallen. On this day the wind was high and piercingly cold, and drifted the snow so as to make walking very unpleasant; but Catharine was of too ardent a dis-

position to be deterred from what she considered a duty by such impediments; and, wrapped in her large cloak, her complexion brilliantly heightened by the cold and exercise, she soon reached her school. The universal joy had also arrived here; the children could scarcely attend, and even their old, and usually grave and silent schoolmistress seemed to have forgotten every thing but Mr. Dunallan's return.

"The children have all learnt more than you desired, Madam, that they may show how much they love you; for, if you remember, Madam, you said once, that if they wished to prove that they felt obliged for your kindness, as they said they did, they must do so by being busy good children in Mr. Dunallan's absence."

The children blushed and smiled, and Catharine soon found that their love for her had made them wonderfully busy indeed.

"But Dunallan will take no interest in all this now!" thought she, as the girls showed her all they had learnt; then recollecting that the good was equally accomplished by storing the memories of the young creatures around her with the most useful of all knowledge, she mentally thanked heaven that any cause had produced so good an effect.

Catharine spent longer than usual with her school. When she returned, she retired to her own apartment, and, tranquil and composed, she

felt, that even now she could meet Dunallan with little emotion, "and in a day or two," thought she, "I shall be quite prepared for whatever I may have to feel."

The short day was closing in when she again joined Mrs. Oswald in the drawing-room. It had continued stormy and gloomy. Mrs. Oswald and the children stood at a window. Catharine joined them.

"The people continue to clear away the snow as it falls," said Mrs. Oswald; "I cannot convince them that there is no chance of Edward's coming to-day."

"Look! look! aunt Dunallan," exclaimed little Mary; "is not that a carriage moving far away among the trees?"

"A carriage!" repeated Catharine, "surely not;" her heart began to beat quick. "Can it be possible, Mr. Dunallan may come sooner than ———?"

"It is, it is, a carriage!" exclaimed the child. "I see it quite plain."

Catharine stooped to look in the same direction. "It is indeed," said she, turning to Mrs. Oswald, and becoming quite pale.

Mrs. Oswald now perceived it also. "Thank God!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands joyfully, "it must be Edward."

The carriage now approached rapidly, and the people who had been employed in clearing away

the snow, showed by their joyful gestures that it contained their master.

"Let us be ready to receive him in the hall!" exclaimed Mrs. Oswald; "come, my Catharine." Catharine hesitated. The children flew out of the room. "Will you not at least meet him kindly, Catharine?"

"Would he wish it, Madam?" asked Catharine, pale and trembling, and tears starting into her eyes.

"Surely, my Catharine; at any rate it is right; it is proper you should."

"Then I will, Madam."

"Lean on me then, my love, for you tremble sadly," said Mrs. Oswald, taking Catharine's arm in hers, and hastening her out of the room.

The hall door was opened by the servants, who now respectfully retired to a distance, and left Mrs. Oswald, Catharine, and the children, to receive Dunallan, whose carriage rapidly approached. The wind whistled through the large hall, and moved the pictures from the walls; the children stood in the cold blast, their eyes eagerly bent on the carriage, but constantly dimmed by the tears produced by the piercing breeze. Catharine's dress and her hair were disturbed, but she felt it not.

"What a reception for you, my dear Edward!" said Mrs. Oswald, as she observed the wind drift the snow into a window of his carriage, which he had let down as he approached; "but you will

find warmth and comfort soon," added she, pressing Catharine's hand in hers.

"Will he leave all the cold behind him?" said Catharine.

"For shame, my Catharine. If you value your own happiness—if you value his happiness, receive him kindly," whispered Mrs. Oswald.

The carriage stopt, and Catharine's heart seemed to stop beating. The door was instantly opened, and she saw that it was Dunallan. She saw him alight, but not with the quickness of joy; he approached.

"My dear aunt! Catharine!" he pressed her to his breast, and put his cold cheek to hers for an instant; then hurried from her, and clasped his aunt—then the children, fondly to his heart.

"How dreadfully cold you are, dear Dunallan," said Mrs. Oswald; "do come into the warm room."

Dunallan stopt to notice, with his usual friendly kindness, the servants who had now crowded into the hall. Catharine stopt unconsciously also. When Dunallan turned to go into the warm apartment, he held out his hand for her; she gave it him, but not readily.

"You fear I shall chill you, Catharine," said he, in a low tone of voice, as they entered the room.

"Oh no," replied she, eagerly, and taking his hand in both of hers, "you are indeed terribly cold," said she, gently.

My Catharine, if you value your own happiness ... if you value his happiness receive him kindly.

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Dunallan looked at her for a moment, then withdrew his hand almost rudely, and turning hastily from her, stooped down to caress the children who clung about him. Catharine, abashed, and deeply hurt, retired to a sofa, where she was shaded from the light of the fire, which Mrs. Oswald, anxious again to see the countenance of her beloved nephew, now made blaze with most unmerciful brightness. But Dunallan seemed unwilling to gratify this wish of his aunt's; he continued for some time to fondle the children, so as to completely conceal his face.

"We did not hope to see you so soon, my dear Edward," said Mrs. Oswald.

"I have been anxious to get home," replied he; "I have reason for being so, and did not remain in London a moment after I had settled the business regarding my mission abroad, and there was little to settle."

"Did you find the roads open every where?"

"Every where. I feared I might be stopped near home, but that, I might have foreseen, you, my dear aunt, would prevent."

"Catharine, at least, did," replied Mrs. Oswald; "for I really had not thought of it till she reminded me."

"Catharine!" repeated Dunallan, looking towards where she sat.

Catharine was silent, indeed her heart was too full to allow her to speak. She was now struck,

however, with the change in Dunallan's looks. He was thin and pale; and there was a languor in his eyes which she immediately supposed must have been occasioned by illness; indeed his whole appearance was so different from what her imagination had of late pictured him, that she forgot all her causes of displeasure.

"Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Oswald, "you have been ill! I am sure you have. Why did you conceal it from us?"

"I fear you have, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, in a voice of the deepest interest.

Some very painful recollections seemed to return to Dunallan's memory, and changed the expression of his countenance to a graveness almost stern. "I have not been one day seriously ill, in health at least, since I left Arnmore," replied he; and then putting the children gently from him, he rose and stood so as to turn his face from the light.

Catharine now felt only for him. "I have guessed too truly," thought she, "he has had some cause of uneasiness quite as serious as any I have feared." Aspasia—another attachment—flashed upon her thoughts, but she turned from them.

A painful silence ensued. Catharine felt anxious to relieve Dunallan, and, scarcely knowing what she said, made some inquiry regarding a Russian winter. He entered eagerly into the

subject, which soon led to others; and then he succeeded, as in former times, so completely in interesting his hearers, as to draw their thoughts from any other subject but that on which he conversed. He described some characters with whom he had associated while abroad, and entered freely and openly into the nature of the affair which had induced him to leave his country; expressing, with much feeling, his gratitude to heaven for the rapid and unexpected success which had attended his efforts, and for the ease with which every difficulty had been overcome. He had at first stood near Catharine while he spoke, he then seated himself by her. The light was full upon him while she still continued in the shade, so that she could more easily observe the expressions of his countenance; but, though animated, he continued to look grave and melancholy. The children again hung upon him, and he returned their little caresses with the utmost tenderness. Mrs. Oswald, too, had brought her chair close to where he sat, and regarded him with looks of the greatest anxiety and concern.

"Dear affectionate little creatures!" said Dunallan, pressing the children fondly to his breast, "absence seems to make you feel only more kindly."

"Aunt Dunallan says that is always the case for those we really love," said the eldest child.

"Does aunt Dunallan say so?" replied Dun-

allan, stooping to caress the child so as to conceal his face, which had in a moment been again overcast.

"Yes, uncle, aunt Dunallan has often said so when you were away."

Dunallan continued to lean over the child in silence, while she proceeded, "You know, uncle Dunallan, the morning you went away you told Mary and I, that we must not allow aunt Dunallan to forget you, so we talked to her every day about you."

"And you teased aunt Dunallan, I suppose, till she told you it was unnecessary to remind her so often of me, because she always felt most affectionately for those who were absent."

"Oh! no, no, uncle, aunt Dunallan never tired of our speaking of you."

"Oh! never," interrupted little Mary; "for often when she was too busy reading, or thinking, to mind me when I spoke to her, I have said something about you, and then she put away the book, and took me up on her lap, and kissed me, and listened to me while I spoke of you, and said I was a good child to remember so well about you, for I ought to love you more than any body else in the world."

Dunallan pressed the child fondly to his heart, and then looking at Catharine with the only smile of real pleasure which had yet brightened his countenance, "You have succeeded most asto-

nishingly, Catharine," said he, "in obliging yourself to meet all my wishes, however unreasonable —this last was too severe."

The expression of Dunallan's countenance, and the softened tone of his voice, were so completely at variance with his words, that Catharine could not reply, and felt quite relieved when Helen, at that moment, entered the room. She rose to meet her friend; who seemed about to retreat, on observing the party so seated as to confirm her fears that she must be felt an intruder.

"Come in, my dear girl," said Mrs. Oswald. "This young lady, Edward, has preferred being with Catharine during this dreary season to all the gaieties of a town life."

The bashful Helen was unable, at any time, to speak to a stranger without embarrassment, much less so to Dunallan, of whom she had formed the most exalted idea. She curtsied to him; then glancing round, as if for some retreat, took possession of Catharine's shaded corner in the sofa. Catharine also looked round for a retreat, for Dunallan's eyes were fixed upon her as she now stood in the light. She turned away, for she had not yet met his looks, and unconsciously avoided them. At this moment, however, dinner was announced. Dunallan did not, as formerly, offer his arm to Catharine, but stood coldly back till the ladies passed, and then fol-

lowed them into the dining room. All was here in a blaze of light; and Catharine, seated opposite to Dunallan, could no longer avoid that interchange of looks which betrays far more than language can conceal. Conscious that his always returned to her, the moment after he had, with his usual gentle and winning politeness, attended to his other guests, she felt confused and embarrassed. Dunallan, however, became less grave. He attempted to draw the blushing Helen into conversation, and succeeded wonderfully in finding subjects of sufficient interest to lead her to forget that he was a stranger, and to converse easily with him. His countenance at times expressed the vivacity which usually brightened it; but a moment of thought destroyed those expressions, and restored languor and melancholy to his looks and manner. Catharine felt certain that her fears and conjectures were too well founded; but, as the evening advanced, she hoped that in one supposition she had been mistaken. Dunallan, she felt, was pleased with every mark of regard for him on her part. His smile of pleasure at what little Mary had told him was followed by looks of equal delight when any thing occurred to prove how much he had been the object of her thoughts during his absence. Yet his looks, when turned on her, did not express the same feelings as formerly. She even thought at moments, that he was less

respectful to her; but he far more frequently regarded her with interest, and at least mildness.

After tea Helen left the room, saying she had letters to write. Catharine guessed that her real motive was, to leave Dunallan at liberty to converse with his family, unrestrained by the presence of a stranger, and she sighed to think how little such attentions would be valued.

"Talking of letters, my dear Edward," said Mrs. Oswald, "I must say you were not quite so good a correspondent during your last absence as formerly."

Catharine started at this sudden introduction of a subject she hoped Mrs. Oswald had intended to avoid, and becoming very pale, turned her eyes towards her with the most alarmed and beseeching expression; but Mrs. Oswald seemed determined not to see her; she did not look at Dunallan, either, but kept her eyes fixed on her work: "Your letters were 'few and far between,'" continued she.

Catharine's heart beat almost to suffocation; Dunallan did not immediately reply; and, unconscious of what she did, she half rose, looked towards the door, as if to escape, and then sat down again becoming still paler.

"Do not be alarmed, Catharine," said Dunallan, with a low and forced calmness of voice, "you have no cause—be assured, you never shall have cause. Your peace of mind, whatever con-

cerns you, is still as much my care as ever." He approached her as he spoke; she looked up, and saw him greatly agitated.

"Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, with much emotion, "do not be so constantly anxious about my peace of mind—believe me, I am satisfied with the share of it which heaven has allotted to me."

Dunallan looked at her for a moment, as if he did not understand her, then said, "Believe my assurances, Catharine, and rely on them whatever happens." Then turning to Mrs. Oswald, "My dear aunt, I must request you for once to forgive my being reserved with you. I confess I have been a very bad correspondent since I last left you; but the cause, I entreat, you will never ask me to explain. I know you will not, when I tell you, that even the least reference to the subject is painful to me. To you, Catharine," added he, turning to her, "I am always ready to be perfectly open on this, and every other subject, should you ever wish it." Dunallan then left the room.

"Oh, Madam!" exclaimed Catharine, "what have you done! Mr. Dunallan, I see, thinks it is I who wish for an explanation."

"Forgive me, my Catharine, I thought I was doing right. Things are more serious than I supposed. My dear Edward! I fear something very serious has happened." Mrs. Oswald seemed extremely uneasy.

"Whatever has happened, my dear Madam," said Catharine warmly, "let us not add to Mr. Dunallan's too evident unhappiness, by suffering him to suppose that we regard him as improperly reserved to us. I cannot again speak on this painful subject to him, but he must know instantly that I shall never, never ask any explanation." Catharine then, as quickly as her trembling hands would permit, wrote these few lines:

"I entreat you, Mr. Dunallan, to forget what has just passed. Believe me, nothing would have induced me—nothing ever shall induce me—to intrude even in thought into your feelings, or into the motives of any part of your conduct, which, to me, has ever been such as to inspire a gratitude which, were I not satisfied to owe it to you, would be painfully oppressive.

C. DUNALLAN."

Catharine gave her note to Mrs. Oswald: "May I ask you to take this to him, my dear Madam; and perhaps also to exculpate me from the suspicion, that I think myself entitled to know any thing he wishes to conceal? You know, my dear Mrs. Oswald, I never did."

Mrs. Oswald took the note, "I shall do all you wish, my love."

Catharine waited in anxiety for Mrs. Oswald's

return—at last she approached. Catharine met her.

"I do not comprehend my nephew at present," said she; "I never before found the least difficulty in understanding all he did or said.

"How, my dear Madam?"

"When I went to him, he met me with his usual gentleness. He was walking slowly across the library with his arms folded on his breast, and so deep in thought, he did not observe my entrance. When he did, he smiled with his own sweetness of expression, and entreated me to forgive him if he had said any thing too warmly. 'You would,' added he, 'if you knew how painful any allusion to my correspondence with home was to me.' I said I had come with a note from you, and ——. He did not wait to hear what more I had to say, but eagerly took your note. He semed disappointed, however, and was much displeased with its contents. Again and again he read it, then crushed it indignantly in his hand, and turned as if to throw it in the fire, but did not. I then said, that it was I only who had wished for an explanation, and that you wished him to know this. He again appeared displeased, but said, "Tell Catharine, I think I understand her. All shall remain as she wishes; nor will I at present attempt to *intrude into her feelings.*" These last words he repeated rather ironically.

"What can he mean?" exclaimed Catharine;

" but I have said that I will not attempt, even in thought to account for his present conduct. I think I have discovered what my own duty is. To fulfil that must now be my only aim."

Mrs. Oswald soon became silent and thoughtful. Catharine, too, began to think deeply, and in forming plans for the future, for a time completely forgot the present. She soon determined in her own mind, that she could best fulfil her duty to Dunallan, by carefully avoiding any reference to the past; by herself attempting to be as cheerful as possible, and thus remove from him every cause of uneasiness on her account; and by using every means in her power to draw his thoughts away from those unhappy recollections which seemed to oppress him. " These must be my duties," thought she, " whatever has caused his present dejection. I must not inquire into that, neither must I yield to pride, which might deter me from attempting to overcome whatever has produced the change in his feelings towards me, or from seeking his regard. It must be proper for the wife of Dunallan to possess his affections. I shall make the attempt, because both will be happy if I succeed; if not, I shall at least have done my duty. I may be mortified and humbled, but I have now learnt that it is good for me to be so. Pride and false delicacy would *naturally* have been my guides. And

the struggle must be, duty against pride, and against my nature."

Thus far had Catharine proceeded in her plans for the future, when a servant entered to say, that Mr. Dunallan waited for the ladies in the library. With a beating heart Catharine proceeded thither. Dunallan, with his habitual politeness, recognised their entrance, but immediately again fixed his eyes on the book in his hand. He stood till the ladies were seated, and Catharine, recollecting her newly formed resolutions, uninvited, took her former place beside him.

When the service was over, Dunallan turned to Catharine, "You persevered in reading to the servants, I find," said he, in a grave, calm tone of voice.

"Yes," replied Catharine, "I kept up the form. It was a pleasure to me even to do that."

"You did all, Catharine, that any one could do. Every religious duty is form, unless it is blessed from above. I hope and trust your reading the Scriptures was so; and I am certain," added he, in a lower tone of voice, "you have my warmest gratitude for so perseveringly fulfilling my request."

"It is I who ought to be grateful," replied Catharine, "for having been led to fulfil a duty so useful to myself."

"Have you really found it so, Catharine?" asked Dunallan, on observing Mrs. Oswald and He-

len engaged in conversation at some distance, and looking earnestly at Catharine as he spoke.

She blushed, "I hope I have. If you think I deceive myself, I know you will tell me."

"It is too, too easy to deceive ourselves," replied Dunallan, emphatically; "but the study of the Bible, with the sincere desire of understanding it, we are sure, are the best means of enlightening any mind and conscience."

"I do hope so," observed Catharine, with an expression of alarm and timidity on her countenance from the earnestness of Dunallan's manner.

"Be assured they are," said he, more gently, and turning from her, he joined Mrs. Oswald and Helen.

Mrs. Oswald soon proposed separating. Her nephew, she said, must require repose. Dunallan had, in conversation, just betrayed his having travelled for the two preceding nights. "For what reason?" thought Catharine, but she checked her curiosity, and instantly seconded Mrs. Oswald's proposal to retire.

CHAPTER II.

CATHARINE rose very early next morning, long before the late and clouded sun, that she might have her now indispensible hour of solitude and reflection, and that she might also, before the family again met, visit a poor old woman, who, in the view of approaching death, seemed to find great consolation in her kindness. The sun was still so low in the sky as to be concealed behind the woods of Arnmore, when Catharine returned from her expedition. She found the family were just assembling in the library, and hurrying off her walking dress, she hastened to join them. She was, however, the last.

"I hear you were out, my love," whispered Mrs. Oswald, as Catharine passed her, "was that prudent at such a season?"

Catharine's already brightened complexion became more glowing; "I shall account to you afterwards, my dear madam, for my early walk. I hoped to have returned sooner,—but, Mr. Dunallan, do not let me now detain you."

Dunallan immediately proceeded.

When the servants were again withdrawn, Mrs.

Oswald renewed her inquiries. "Where in the world were you, Catharine?"

"I shall tell you at another time, my dear madam," replied she, observing that Dunallan's eyes were fixed upon her.

Dunallan turned away, and immediately left the room.

"Oh! I have offended him!" exclaimed Catharine. "How wrong! I ought to have no concealments with him."

"Indeed, my love, he is quite unaccountable," said Mrs. Oswald. "Before you came he seemed quite miserable about you, and reproached me almost with severity for suffering you to expose your precious health in such a manner; yet when you appeared, he assumed a coldness of looks which I am sure was a mere disguise. There is some strange mystery in all this. But tell me, Catharine, where have you been?"

Catharine satisfied Mrs. Oswald's curiosity in a few words, and described the scene she had just witnessed; they then proceeded to the breakfast-room. Catharine intended immediately, on again meeting him, to mention to Dunallan the object of her early walk, but he instantly began to talk on another subject. He looked more himself this morning, though still looking ill, and at times very grave, yet he became more cheerful every moment. Catharine's ease and playfulness returned with his returning smiles, and again, as

formerly, she began to look, unconsciously, for the expression that what she had just said, produced in his countenance, before she felt satisfied that she was right.

Mrs. Oswald listened with delight to a conversation which seemed to promise returning confidence and happiness. It was soon interrupted, however, by a servant announcing a visitor; "Doctor Angus, the worthy clergyman of the parish." Dunallan for a moment seemed disappointed, but the happy looks of the good man, immediately recalled his kinder feelings, and he hastened to meet him with the utmost cordiality.

"My dear Sir," said the Doctor, "excuse this early visit. I could not resist coming to welcome you home."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Dunallan, "I intended to have visited you this morning."

"Your horses are now at the door, dear Sir," said the Doctor, "which induced me to intrude before you went out."

"Do you mean to ride this very cold day, Mr. Dunallan?" asked Catharine, anxiously; "surely a little rest after your late fatigues would be better."

Dunallan smiled; "I do not think that *you*, Catharine, are much entitled to prescribe care and avoiding of cold, and so on——."

"Indeed," said the Doctor, "if Mrs. Dunallan did not prove so incontrovertibly by her looks

that she does not suffer from her disregard of weather, and every difficulty, when bent on doing good, I should say she exposed herself rather too much. You, Sir," continued the Doctor, anxiously, "do not appear to have of late enjoyed the blessing of health so perfectly."

"You are mistaken, Doctor, I have enjoyed perfect health," replied Dunallan quickly, and turning away, but instantly recovering himself, "I am, indeed, delighted and thankful to find Catharine look so well."

The Doctor perceived he had touched on some unpleasant subject, and turning to Catharine, said, "I find, Madam, that you saw poor old Elspeth this morning."

"I did," replied Catharine, blushing.

"She has at last got away," said the Doctor.

"Gone?" asked Catharine.

"Yes, Madam. She lived only about an hour after you left her."

Catharine's eyes filled with tears; "I did not think it would have been quite so soon; were you with her at the last, Doctor?"

"I was, madam. Her last words were, 'Tell my dear lady, that all is light now. I need no priest but the one everlasting High Priest—my lady told me truth—she read me truth—my poor soul is safe—He will cast out none who come to Him—peace! peace!' she leant back with an ex-

pression of such joy, I cannot describe it, and expired."

Catharine was much moved.

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Dunallan, with great interest.

"Of the old widow, to whom you, Sir, gave the cottage on the edge of the lake."

"Oh, I remember her. She was a Catholic."

"Yes, and never would suffer me to speak to her on the subject of religion," replied the Doctor, "till about a month ago. I do not know by what means Mrs. Dunallan overcame her ignorance and superstitious prejudices."

"I!" exclaimed Catharine, "I did nothing in the world but attempt to persuade her to read the Bible. At first she would not without the permission of her priest; but he was at such a distance she could not go to him. I then began by repeating parts of the Bible to her, and she was at last prevailed on to listen while I read it. She then became so eager to hear it, that she used to entreat her neighbours to read to her; and she learnt its contents with wonderful quickness. Of late she has thought death very near, and her former ideas regarding the necessity of having a priest to perform the ceremonies of her church, and prepare her for death, have made her at times very uneasy. I am so ignorant myself, that I know not well how to argue from the Bible against these superstitious notions, but I

searched for such passages as I thought suit to convince her, that man, at that moment, co make no alteration on the real state of her soul that her priest's prayers would be of no avail, u less she herself had a heart to pray, and if s had, she might be assured that God had bestow ed it upon her, and would listen to her reque I found many parts of Scripture to confirm thi and knew nothing better to say."

"Nothing better was required, you see," sai Dunallan, with much emotion.

"Ah! Catharine, you have been so highl favoured as to have been made the means of sa ing an immortal soul," said Mrs. Oswald.

"Mrs. Dunallan has, indeed, been blessed wit great success in all her endeavours to do good," said the Doctor. "You will be surprised, Si to see what good effects all your plans have ha under your lady's care."

"And still more under yours, my good Doc tor," said Catharine.

"Ah! my dear lady," replied the Doctor, "I have been here twenty years; that answers fo my part, for though I had seen some reform i the morals of my flock, I must now say, that th change has been greater since Mr. Dunallan an you, Madam, came here, than during all the many years before."

"We must forget the past, Doctor," said Dun allan; "you know there were many causes for

merly for your want of success. But, pray, tell me more about the people."

"Well, Sir, your library is doing immense good. Ever since your lady has attended in person when the books were given out, and in her irresistible way has recommended particular ones to those who applied, it is astonishing how the people have improved."

"But, Catharine, how in the world can you know what books are most proper for each applicant?" asked Dunallan, his countenance expressing the greatest pleasure while he looked for her answer.

"Indeed, I do not know," replied she, "but Dr. Angus tells me the characters of the people and of the books, and I just recommend what I think will be most suitable, and they like this attention on my part, and read carefully what I recommend, because, I suppose, they think their doing so will please you."

Dunallan smiled.

"And then," resumed the Doctor, "your lady's and Mrs. Oswald's constant attendance at church, morning and evening, and their exemplary deportment during the service, have worked a wonderful change. Now every body comes to church, and every one tries to listen; and indeed, Sir, the good effects of this follow me to my study, for it is discouraging to preach without being attended to. Now I feel it a delight to pre-

pare instructions for my attentive people. So much good can one family in an exalted situation do, who are guided by the pure precepts of religion. Now it is really the desire of the people to receive information on that subject which is of more importance than all others; and many, particularly among the young, begin to evince the most earnest concern respecting their immortal interests."

Dunallan's eyes glistened while the Doctor continued to enumerate the many improvements which had taken place during his absence, and when, after nearly two hours, the good man took his leave, he still continued to converse on the subject with Mrs. Oswald and Catharine. Helen soon left the room. Mrs. Oswald then found some excuse for going, but her absence had not the effect she desired; Dunallan became silent and embarrassed, and Catharine felt his embarrassment infectious. Dunallan seemed to perceive this, and saying quickly, "I do not attempt to thank you, Catharine, for all your care of my people, but believe me, it is because I cannot,"—he was leaving the room, when Catharine said,

"I entreat you, do not pain me by thinking, that what has been my greatest pleasure can have been any trouble to me. May I ask you, never again to mention your *gratitude* on this subject?"

Dunallan stopt. "Oh! Catharine!" exclaimed he, earnestly, "I wish I could understand you.

ɔssible you can, even on such subjects, as wish to —— but pardon me, I had almost my promise." He then hastily quitted the leaving Catharine surprised, and alarmed manner and inexplicable words; but all ɪts to unravel his meaning, she found were

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK passed away, and nothing occurred to le to any explanation of Dunallan's conduct: seemed, however, to become less unhappy eve day, and his warmly expressed approbation of Catharine had done in his absence,—his gratitu —his gentle attentions, and ever pleasing conv sation, gave a new interest to her existence. E frequent appearance of melancholy, still, howev gave her continual uneasiness, while his evide suspicion, at times, of her sincerity, led her fear she had in some way injured herself in l opinion; and kind, and attentive, and gentle, he ever was, there was yet a something in l manner, which deterred her from asking any e planation; or, indeed, from ever being quite ease with him. Dunallan, too, did not now se her society, but, on the contrary, seemed car fully to avoid being left alone with her.

One evening, on receiving his letters, Cath rine observed, that after reading one, Dunall became extremely pale; he looked anxiously her, but she instantly turned away her eyes, a felt grieved that he should know she had se

is emotion. During that evening he was even nore than usually gentle and attentive in his nanner to her. The idea that Dunallan had, luring his absence, met with some amiable being o whom he had involuntarily given his affections; ad long and frequently presented itself to Ca-arine's mind; but the idea was so painful, she ad the more easily succeeded in fulfilling what ie considered a duty, by banishing as much as ie possiby could, every thought that led to the ubject. Dunallan's letter of this night, however, ie could not help believing was connected with is painful idea, and this thought rendered his ttentions less pleasing.

Next morning his manner was even more sooth-igly gentle than the evening before; but the same leas still possessed her mind. She admired Dun-llan's attempt, as she thought, to be kind to his oor unloved wife, but each new and gentle at-ntion increased her sadness, and as soon as reakfast was over she rose to leave the room. he went to a window as she passed. The iow had again fallen as deep as ever, and she lt uncertain whether she should on that day sit her school, which she had done less fre-uently since Dunallan's return. She was sur-rised on observing the road in the avenue open-l for a carriage.

"Who is going out in a carriage?" asked she; ut it instantly struck her that Dunallan was

again about to leave Arnmore. She felt a sickness come over her heart, but turned away, for Dunallan had followed her to the window.

"I received a letter last night, Catharine, which——" he stopt——

"Which must take you from home, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, in a cold but hurried tone of voice.

"Not me, Catharine," said Dunallan.

"Who, then?" asked Catharine, turning round as she spoke.

He looked much distressed, "My letter was from Dunallan Castle."

"And my father is ill:—Oh! Mr. Dunallan, how could you conceal this from me! My father! my dear father!"

"Be composed, dearest Catharine, I have only attempted to save you from unnecessary pain. You could not have travelled till the road was opened."

"Forgive me, Mr. Dunallan: you are always kind; but now you will allow me to go to him." She burst into tears.

"All is ready for your departure, dearest Catharine."

"But is my father very ill?"

Dunallan gave her a letter from Elizabeth.

"I must be alone when I read this," said she turning to go.

She trembled excessively. Dunallan suppor

ed her to the door of her apartment. She there found Martin making preparations for her journey, and Mrs. Oswald herself assisting her. Ah! my dear, kind Mrs. Oswald, that is too, too much!"

Mrs. Oswald pressed her to her heart. "Do not think of me, my love; think only at present of the mercy and kindness of your Heavenly Father, to those who put their trust in Him, and place all your confidence in his promised care and presence."

Catharine could not speak, but hastening into her dressing-room, threw herself upon her knees, and in that posture, opened Elizabeth's letter.

"I have delayed as long as I think I ought, to give you the pain, my own Catharine, which I now fear I must. Your dear father was taken ill about a fortnight ago. He did not wish any one to be informed of it, or to come to him at this severe season; but I learnt it from his physician, who had been sent for from Edinburgh, and who considered it proper to acquaint me with his illness. My mother is too delicate to think of travelling at this season of the year, much as she wished it. I therefore came here immediately. I found my dear uncle looking very ill, though not suffering much. He has become gradually worse since my arrival, and though he has positively forbidden my acquainting you with his illness, I dare no longer conceal it from you. He

is constantly talking of his beloved child, but says he would not for the world you knew that he was ill, for he knows you would attempt to come to him, and that the roads near Arnmore must at present be entirely shut up. He often expresses a wish to see Mr. Dunallan, who, he supposes, is now at Arnmore, but seems to think Mr. Dunallan regards him with so much dislike, that he would not willingly come to him."

Catharine hurried over the remaining part of Elizabeth's letter; only one idea was now present to her mind,—her father's life was in danger! She prayed earnestly for his recovery; she prayed for strength and composure of mind for herself, that she might be enabled to attend him, whatever should be the event, without disturbing him by her emotions. She ardently desired that Dunallan would agree to her father's wish, and go to him; but she shrunk from the idea of making the request, as she well knew with what coldness, at least, he regarded Lord Dunallan. Her father's danger, however, and the recollection of his utter neglect of all that was necessary to prepare his soul for its eternal state, almost overpowered her, and soon overcoming every other feeling, she determined, at least, to attempt to induce Dunallan to accompany her to her father's sick room.

"All is ready, my love," said Mrs. Oswald, as Catharine quickly passed her. Catharine

did not stay to reply, but proceeded towards the breakfast room. Dunallan, however, was in the hall, and seemed prepared to go out. He was himself giving directions to the servants, who were putting things into the carriage, which was to carry Catharine away. "Ah," thought she, "he is going out to ride as usual, and only waits till I am gone." Her heart sunk, but again recollecting her father, she, almost in despair, approached him.

"Will you allow me to speak with you in private, Mr. Dunallan, for one moment?"

Dunallan started on hearing her voice, and immediately accompanied her to the nearest apartment.

"You will think I encroach on your goodness, Mr. Dunallan, but at this moment I cannot, I ought not to think of any one but my father; you know his danger; you know, Mr. Dunallan, how little he regarded, how little he attempted to prepare,"—Catharine became breathless, and stopt.

"My dearest Catharine, what do you wish? Do not recal such remembrances."

"Oh! I cannot banish them; but it is not yet too late. My father wishes to see you, Mr. Dunallan—could you overcome your former feelings for him—could you forgive him all the misery he has cost you, and agree to his wish; how irresistibly would such goodness convince him of the power and perfection of your principles!"

"Most assuredly, Catharine, I will go to him if he wishes it; I have nothing to forgive; I only waited your permission to accompany you, but dreaded asking it, lest at such a moment my presence should only have annoyed you. May I now hope you will suffer me to accompany you?"

Catharine's eyes filled with tears. "How generously you always ——" she could say no more, tears choaked her utterrance, and she hurried away.

In a few minutes Catharine and Dunallan were on their road to Dunallan Castle. Catharine felt the support Dunallan's presence gave her. She felt her hopes reviving, because he spoke as if he believed Lord Dunallan might yet recover. All his coldness of manner too, was now gone. He seemed painfully uneasy lest she should suffer from the severity of the weather. He had completely wrapped her in a large fur pelisse, and soon threw another to the bottom of the carriage, to save her still more perfectly from the chill air; yet still seemed unsatisfied.

"I am quite warm and comfortable, Mr. Dunallan," said Catharine, smiling sweetly. "Permit me to attend to your health now; this pelisse is far too beautiful to be trod upon." She would have presented it to him, but he put it gently away.

"I am accustomed to cold, Catharine," said

he, smiling sadly; "I rather long for its bracing power. I wish it could penetrate to my soul, and renovate its strength also."

Catharine looked surprised, Dunallan spoke with an expression so unlike his usual self-command. He turned away, and for some moments continued silent.

The country through which they passed was one immense and continued waste of untrodden snow. The day was dark and gloomy; not a breath of wind stirred the trees, as they stood bearing, to their smallest branches, their cold, soft load of snow.

Dunallan, however, soon began to converse with his usual power of exciting interest; and heavy, and apprehensive for the future, as Catharine's heart was, she felt surprised when the short day closed in. The road had been cleared wherever it was necessary, and fresh horses were ready at every stage. Dunallan had not proposed her stopping for a moment on the road, so that, at an early hour in the evening, Catharine perceived that they were approaching Dunallan Castle. Her apprehensions again returned with overpowering force. She entreated Dunallan to stop the carriage at one of the cottages in the road. "They will all know how he is," said he.

Dunallan immediately stopped the carriage, but old Catharine he had sent forward a servant

whom they would soon meet. At this moment the man rode up to the carriage.

"My Lord is better to-day, Sir," said he, in answer to Dunallan's inquiries.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Catharine, bursting into tears.

"Thank God!" repeated Dunallan, energetically.

Catharine was now all impatience to embrace her father. "Should this illness be the means of leading my father to attend to religion," said she thoughtfully, "I shall not regret it. Perhaps it is thus that God has been pleased to answer my prayers for him. But what am I, that God should listen to my poor, unworthy prayers? Tell me, Mr. Dunallan, do you think it presumption or enthusiasm to suppose that God does any thing in consequence of our prayers?"

"No, Catharine, I think it presumptuous in the last degree, to dare to disbelieve what God himself has declared to be the case; and he has said, that he is 'the hearer of prayer,' and that 'the prayer of the righteous availeth much.'"

"Ah, yes! but not such prayers as mine; from a heart so apt to wander from him—so evil—so occupied with trifles—so altogether unworthy; from a mind so ignorant and dark, that I can only at intervals form such ideas of him as to excite that love he demands, and feel in general only that dread of offending him which makes

me tremble. Prayers from a mind in such a state cannot be acceptable."

"Pardon me, dear Catharine, I think, on the contrary, that, in your account of yourself, I see the very character which our heavenly Father has declared he will regard, 'to this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word.'"

Catharine melted into tears, "Ah, thank you, thank you, a thousand times, for these precious words! I shall not soon forget them. How sweetly comforting they are!"

"If you indeed wish not to forget them, Catharine," replied Dunallan with extreme gentleness, "and to feel that comfort they are graciously intended to bestow, thank Him whose words they are, and who alone can enlighten the mind." Catharine remained silent; she was touched by Dunallan's words, and by his gentle, yet earnest manner.

"Do not be displeased with me, Catharine," resumed he; "believe me, that, in thus venturing to risk offending you, on all occasions where your first and best interests are concerned, I prefer your real happiness to my own present comfort at least."

"Displease me!" repeated Catharine, "I wish you saw my heart, Mr. Dunallan."

"Do you, Catharine?" asked Dunallan in an incredulous tone of voice.

"At this moment, Mr. Dunallan, I do."

Dunallan was silent; and, in a few minutes they entered the grounds of Dunallan Castle. The moon was obscured by clouds, but still its light, joined to the brightness of the snow, enabled Catharine to trace the well-known scenery around her, while her feelings became flurried and confused by the various ideas which now crowded into her mind. The dreariness of the wide expanse of snow—the melancholy occasion of her return to her early home—Dunallan's presence, which ever excited a deep, and now a painful interest, from his unaccountable conduct, contrasted with his irresistibly gentle and pleasing manners and conversation—her approaching meeting with her father—the pleasing hope of again seeing Elizabeth—all struggled for the first place in her thoughts, and by turns occupied it. At last the carriage stopt. Dunallan threw open the door on his side, and in a moment stood ready to assist Catharine's trembling attempts to hasten to Elizabeth, who stood within the great door of the hall to receive her. Dunallan almost carried her into the house.

"My own Elizabeth!" "My beloved Catharine!" exclaimed the friends, ardently embracing.

"My kindest, dearest Elizabeth!" said Catharine, when they had reached the apartment to

which Elizabeth led the way, "you have been my father's successful nurse, and he is better."

"Yes, dearest Catharine, this day he has been less uneasy, I think."

"Less uneasy!" repeated Catharine, "is that all!" She attempted in vain to be calm, and bust into tears. Elizabeth attempted to sooth her, but in vain.

"Does he know I am coming, Elizabeth? May I see him now!"

"He knows you are coming, my dearest Catharine, and you will relieve him from his anxiety about you by seeing him immediately; but, my Catharine, you must, for his sake, be composed; you will find him altered in appearance."

Catharine started and shuddered.

"A very slight and short illness greatly alters the appearance at times, dearest Catharine," said Dunallan; "you must be prepared to expect this, but do not be alarmed;" then speaking in a lower tone of voice, "remember in whose merciful and compassionate hands his, and all our lives are, and trust all your anxieties and fears to him."

Catharine instantly became composed. She turned to Elizabeth, "I *am* composed, Elizabeth; take me to my father." She then left the room, internally imploring that support to which Dunallan had turned her thoughts.

It was more than an hour before Catharine

again joined Dunallan; and, though her ey showed traces of the tender nature of her me ing with her father, her countenance had resu ed, in some degree, its usual happy and live expression.

"My father is not so ill as I feared," exclai ed she, on entering the room, "I am sure he not."

Dunallan's countenance instantly reflected t pleasure that glowed in hers. "He has trust to me to express his gratitude to you; Mr. Du allan," continued Catharine, "for thus kindly dulging his wishes. He is anxious to see y but is too much exhausted now. In the morni he hopes for that pleasure. And now, how sh I express both his gratitude and my own?" a ed she.

"By never mentioning the word to me, Cat rine," replied Dunallan; "for, whenever you I feel as if you meant to remind me how pair it is to be in the slightest degree obliged by who has cost you so much unhappiness."

"Unhappiness!" repeated Catharine; Elizabeth's entrance prevented her expressing feelings Dunallan's words and manner had spired; and, on reflection, she was glad she been interrupted; for, kind and anxious as manner during this day had been, he had nothing to do away her fears that some cause isted which led him to wish rather to avoid t

to seek to excite her affection for him. She soon returned to her father's apartment, and remained with him as long as his anxiety for her would suffer her to stay. She then lingered near the door of his room, till she heard all silent and quiet within; and, after praying for every blessing to rest upon him, she retired for the night.

Catharine ordered Martin to call her at an early hour next morning; but for once Martin was disobedient; and fatigue so far overcame her anxiety, that the late sun was completely risen when she awoke. She started from her pillow, and, dressing as hastily as she could, went immediately to the door of her father's apartment. His servant was in the anti-room. She inquired if her father was awake, and was informed that Mr. Dunallan had been with him for the last hour. Catharine rejoiced at this interview, and, determining not to interrupt it, was turning to go in quest of Elizabeth, when the door of her father's apartment was softly opened, and Dunallan himself appeared.

"How kind is this!" said she to him, her eyes filling as she spoke. Dunallan's own bore traces of recent softness. He inquired tenderly for Catharine's health.

"Quite, quite well. May I now go to my father, or shall I disturb him?"

"No, Catharine, you cannot disturb him: he

says your presence has restored to him all that he really values on earth."

"My dear father!" said Catharine tenderly, and turning hastily away to go to him.

He received her with eager fondness. After a few moments he began to talk of Dunallan.

"I had formed a most erroneous opinion both of him and of his religious sentiments, Catharine," said he. "He is the most feeling man I ever saw; and, instead of being severe and contemptuous, as I supposed his singular opinions led him to be, he has the humblest heart of any man I ever conversed with."

Catharine could not refrain from tears while her father continued thus to praise Dunallan.

"My dear father," said she, "you had indeed formed most erroneous notions of Mr. Dunallan. I too had suffered myself to be so prejudiced against him that I look back still with shame and grief to the time he formerly spent under your roof. Now, I hope we both know how to value him."

CHAPTER IV.

he first fortnight Catharine scarcely ever
r father's room. He seemed revived by the
ce of his beloved child, and to grudge los-
ht of her for a moment. Dunallan's soci-
on also became almost as necessary to him
harine's. He constantly desired to have
oth near him. Catharine was now, there-
constantly seeing Dunallan, and, in such
istances as to do away every feeling but
f gratitude. His gentleness to her father
affectionate kindness, and feeling attentions,
sed in proportion as Lord Dunallan's
ı and affection increased for him. His
ɛr to herself—mild, gentle, and polite, but
reserved, made her very unhappy; yet she
not at times help thinking, that his cold-
vas in some degree assumed. Often, while
ıyed in those tender cares which her father's
ion required, she met Dunallan's eyes, fixed
her with looks of interest and admiration;
n vain did she attempt to conjecture what
be the cause of his coldness, real or assum-
He was ever on the watch, also, lest she
d suffer from fatigue, and to bear it for her.

One evening, Lord Dunallan had fallen asleep while Catharine, who stood behind his chair, supported his head on her bosom. Lord Dunallan's complaint prevented his sleeping but in a sitting posture; he now seemed to find his attitude an easy one, for his sleep was unusually calm and tranquil. Catharine became pale from fatigue, but refused to resign her place to Dunallan.

"I would not disturb him for the world," whispered she to him, when he in the same tone of voice entreated her to resign her charge to him.

He stood near her in evident uneasiness.

"You will kill yourself, Catharine; I entreat you, suffer me. I shall not disturb your patient."

"No, no, do not ask me. I am not fatigued."

Dunallan remained near her, apparently miserable, till Lord Dunallan awoke; and after that evening, watched with such care, that he was always ready to support Lord Dunallan's drooping head, when it appeared that he was weary of his usual supports.

A thousand similar attentions, performed with the utmost gentleness and feeling, while, at the same time, an expression of deep sadness clouded his own countenance and manner, excited feelings of gratitude and interest in Catharine which she could not repress, and which daily increased.

Dunallan also frequently conversed with Lord

Dunallan on the subject of religion, which was he only one in which he now took any continued nterest: and Catharine listened, with delighted ttention, to his animated, and feeling, and conrincing replies, to the cavilling arguments of her father. Dunallan went patiently over and over he same ground, giving a playful turn to the peevishness of sickness, and, with persevering earnestness, placing his subject in every varied point of view. His society became each moment more necessary to Lord Dunallan. Catharine, too, was now so constantly with her father, that Elizabeth, who found herself of no real use, at last consented to her entreaties to return to Mr. Melville, whose patience at her absence seemed wholly exhausted.

Catharine, however, almost regretted having suffered her friend to go, when, on the first day after her departure, she found herself alone with Dunallan. It was after dinner, and the servants had left the room. This was the only hour in the day in which Lord Dunallan chose to be left alone, so Catharine had no excuse for quitting Dunallan. He now himself appeared embarrassed, and for once at a loss for conversation. Catharine first broke silence.

"Do you think my father recovers at all, Mr. Dunallan?"

He hesitated, "What is your opinion, Catharine?"

"I cannot say that I think he does; but I so apprehensive—perhaps you see differently

Dunallan seemed unwilling to answer her q tion.

"I am prepared to hear any opinion, Dunallan."

"Your father himself has little hope of r very, Catharine. Whatever is the event, I t we ought to feel thankful for this, as it has best of all effects. At your father's age, pleasures remain for us in this world. O we, Catharine, to wish, for our own sake keep those we love here, when those years come in which they say, 'I have no pleasu them?'"

"Oh, no," replied Catharine; "if my fa thought and felt on all subjects as you do, Dunallan, I could forget my own wishes; bu she stopt, and sighed heavily.

"Your father, Catharine, when I was last was an avowed infidel. He now wishes to that the Christian religion is true. If yo member what I wrote you were my own s ments at one time of my life, you will feel of all men, I ought least to lose hope of ot He who taught me to differ, can in a momen part to another a greater portion of that which I have unworthily received."

Catharine was moved, for Dunallan spoke he deeply felt what he expressed. "You

ways how to impart comfort at least, Mr. Dunallan," replied she with emotion; "and now that have an opportunity, suffer me to express the ratitude which I confess almost oppresses me, or all your unwearied kindness to my father—our patience—your constant goodness." Her yes filled with tears, and she rose and turned way to conceal them.

Dunallan followed her, "*Gratitude* again, Catharine! Why do you still use that expression to e? When we parted, before I went abroad, you llowed me to call myself your friend. You yourelf invited me to assume the privileges of friendhip. You allowed me to hope that you were pleased with my feeling the affection of a friend for you. I have never claimed more, yet you have treated me as a stranger, or rather as an exacting, unreasonable being, whom you dread to offend: for whose acts of common kindness you must feel an oppressive sense of gratitude. What have I done to give you cause for all this, Catharine?"

Catharine was so astonished by this address as to be quite unable to answer a word.

"I detest all concealments," resumed Dunallan: "On my part there shall be none; and I will now acknowledge, that my letters, at least some of them, during my absence, I now regret having written. I do not ask you to remember the cause—the style of your letters—nothing

should have made me for an instant for how I ought to have acted towards you. F give me, Catharine, for having been led, even you, into feelings of resentment, which towa you could only last till I again had an opport nity of seeing and feeling the perfect simplici the ingenuous openness of your character; t certainty, that when you were in error, it was t consequence of cruel delusion and self-deceptio but I go too far, all I wish to say is, that I st feel for you all the friendship I did when w parted. Can you, Catharine, no longer rega me as you then did?"

"I can, Mr. Dunallan," answered Catharin holding out her hand to him, "but I, too, ha all concealments; surely it was not I who first— do I quite understand you?" She blushed, an proceeded, hesitatingly, "Was I deceived, did I deceive myself in thinking your letters wer strangely changed in style before mine were?"

Dunallan shook his head; "Ah! Catharine," replied he, "do not attempt to say more; it wil not succeed. I ask not for your confidence an farther till you choose to give it me. Let us sa no more of the past. We shall only remember that all is again between us as it was when w parted at Arnmore."

Catharine felt pleased but unsatisfied, an turned confusedly away from Dunallan's inquir ing looks.

Think no more now of what is past, dearest
arine," said he, gently. "If at any future time
should feel disposed to treat me with more
idence, do not suffer yourself to be prevented
consciousness of having erred, but remem-
how I attempted to win *your* confidence; and
though, for your own sake, I can never as-
you to palliate any error, yet you know how
al I must consider yours compared to my
. Forgive me, since I have ventured thus
if, for once, I allude to another subject. You
v, Catharine, that as a husband I deserve
deeply to suffer. In so far as I could do so
e, I should wish to bend in humble submis-
to a retribution I feel to be so just; but in
points it is impossible for me ultimately to
r alone; and now forgive me, dearest Catha-
for having been thus open with you, and let
o longer detain you from your father."
unallan seemed as if he wished to relieve Ca-
ne, from supposing herself obliged to give
any answer, and she was so utterly at a loss
mprehend what his last words meant, that
uffered him to lead her to her father's apart-
without attempting to say one word.
rd Dunallan's emaciated countenance bright-
with pleasure as they entered. "My Ca-
ne," said he, "how that smile of yours chas-
ay all my gloomy thoughts."

"Why were your thoughts gloomy, my dearest father?"

"Because the grave is a gloomy subject of thought, Catharine. But I will not banish the roses from your cheek by my gloom. Dunallan we must find some amusement for my child here since she will not seek it elsewhere."

"No, no, my dear father," said Catharine with assumed cheerfulness, "it is your amusement we shall seek."

Lord Dunallan shook his head, with an expression of the most hopeless despondency.

"Perhaps, my dear Lord," said Dunallan "Catharine may know some charm to take away the gloom, even from the subject you mentioned."

"Oh, no, Dunallan! to shut my eyes for ever on that sweet face, is the darkest ingredient of the gloom."

"But it is not for ever, my dearest father. It may be but a short separation, even should you go before your child."

"Ah! my Catharine, it is easy with your youth and health to talk of death and the grave; but my child, when those roses are withered, and those luxuriant locks are thin and gray, and the grave seems near, and another state of existence really approaching, then, my child, a film seems to fall from the eyes; all that we valued before

pears in its true insignificance; the vain trap-
ngs of a past day, and the state of the immortal
irit, that which before could scarcely fix a
ught, then seems of an importance so vast,
t the short time, failing nature tells us, we
e to attend to it, seems so inadequate, that we
ink in despair from the task. I have often, my
tharine, repented of having consulted your in-
nation so little in the choice of your husband.
still blame myself for this; but heaven has re-
rded your obedience to an unreasonable father,
giving you a friend and protector, who will,
fore it is too late, lead you into the knowledge
those important truths your father never taught
u."

Catharine could not restrain her tears while
r father spoke thus despondingly, and tender-
. She was seated close by him, and in silence
essed the hand she held to her heart. Dun-
lan had stood near them. He now sat down on
e other side of Lord Dunallan, who immediate-
held out his hand to him.

"My dear Dunallan, this is sad melancholy
ork for you, to watch a wretched old man, dy-
g in the blue devils."

"I do not consider dying such a melancholy
ork as you seem to do my lord," replied Dun-
llan, in a cheerful, though serious tone of voice.
"I have seen people die who would not have

wished to live had it been in their power; you people, too, who had met with nothing to te them the insignificance which your lordship just said characterizes every pursuit, when vie from the entrance into another state."

"I can easily conceive that of young peopl replied Lord Dunallan. "They still believe t creed their mothers taught them; and, conscio of innocence, they look with certainty to tho scenes of felicity they have been led to belie awaits them in an immortal state. But after ha ing entertained infidel principles, and having ru the course of—Oh! Dunallan, you do not kno what a life I have led—I——"

"I know, my Lord," interrupted Dunallan "that in the eyes of the world your character ha been as fair, or more so, than that of most othe men, and therefore must regard your presen view of it as a proof that the light of divine truth is rising on your mind, by which alone we ca see what is requisite to satisfy the laws of God. You know, my lord, that it is my firm belief; n human being can be justified by his own merits i the sight of his Creator."

"But you always return to that canting mys tery," replied Lord Dunallan peevishly; "wh can comprehend your meaning when you talk o imputing the merits of another to rational and accountable creatures?"

"I do return to that mystery, my lord, because I know of nothing else to turn to," replied Dunallan, mildly. "You say, my lord, that death is alarming to you, because you feel apprehensive that your life has not been so spent as to be found worthy at the great reckoning. I say that I believe no man's has been so spent; and that we are lost for ever, unless at that day we have other grounds to rest our hopes of heaven upon, than our imperfect obedience,—I may say, our continued disobedience to the laws of God."

Lord Dunallan continued for some time silent, and in deep thought, then said, "I have not been worse than other men. For many years I have lived free from every vice; in youth, to be sure; but few men can restrain their passions in youth: the Being who created us with those passions will excuse their excess. He is good and merciful."

Dunallan sighed deeply, "And would you rather, my Lord, trust that the Divine Being who has said, 'that no unbeliever, no impure person, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven;' would you rather trust to an idea for which there is no ground in Scripture, that his pity will lead him to break his word, than receive the forgiveness of your sins, and admission into heaven on his own terms?"

"And what are those terms?"

Catharine looked at Dunallan with admiring gratitude, when he began again, for perhaps the

hundredth time, to answer this question. I did so with the utmost gentleness of voice a manner.

"The terms revealed to us in Scripture, lord, are extremely simple, and, I think, co pletely suited to the state of your feelings. Th are merely these.—'Believe on the Lord Je Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' You have sai my lord, that you cannot believe. This state mind is also anticipated in Scripture; and we told that 'Faith is the gift of God;' and agai 'That we must ask and we shall receive. Th God will not despise the humble and the contri heart. That He is the hearer of prayer.'"

"Dunallan, I *cannot* pray."

"Could you listen to the prayers of anoth my Lord?"

"Of a clergyman? certainly not—the wh neighbourhood would hear of it."

"Not a clergyman's then, my Lord, but yo son's."

"Yours, Dunallan?" He seemed affecte Dunallan looked at Catharine. She smil through the tears that had filled her eyes Dunallan's proposal, and immediately knelt do by her father. He laid his hand tenderly on h head for a moment, then covered his face, wh Dunallan poured out his soul in fervent prayer his Creator. He seemed to feel the exact state Lord Dunallan's mind, and entered into his da

ıd confused conceptions of religion, and suited s ardent and humble requests so completely to e wants of the immortal spirit, when, ignorant ıd apprehensive, it trembles on the brink of ernity, that Lord Dunallan's enfeebled frame as scarcely able, while he listened, to support ıe emotions of his soul.

"Leave me," said he, when Dunallan rose om his knees, "leave me, my Catharine, leave e alone, dear, excellent Dunallan."

Catharine hesitated on seeing the perturbed qpression of his countenance, but Dunallan took er hand, and gently drew her away.

"My dear Catharine," said he, when they eached another apartment, "there are some feel- ıgs which cannot brook observation."

Catharine remained silent, and continued, lean- ıg on Dunallan's arm, slowly to pace about the ɔom. He too remained silent, and deeply thought- ıl. "What an astonishing change the approach f death makes on every feeling and power of the ɔul!" said he at last. "How vividly it shows ıe true nature and value of things!"

"Yes," replied Catharine; "I could wish its pproach should always seem near for that cause. ıut, Mr. Dunallan, do you think the dread of its pproach has the same effect on every mind?"

"No, my dear Catharine; I too well know that t has not," replied Dunallan, sighing, or rather ılmost groaning, as he spoke. "I have seen the

approach of death have no other effect than of increasing the desire of accomplishing ea schemes; and the immortal spirit depart, sati with this, as if it had performed all its part. what an awakening would be there!" Dun shuddered, and clasped his hands together alarming energy.

"Ah!" said Catharine, "if people only l the rest the mind feels when it has discov even imperfectly, the end of its existence!"

"Yes, Catharine, but mankind will not be this, though assured of it by the wisest and best. The ear will not, cannot hear, till it i stopped—the eye cannot see—the heart ca receive, till they are touched by a power Heaven. How intense is their blindness, wh something to interest in every object and e inquiry under the sun, but in that which re to the future existence of the soul; and wh boldly avow, that they discover proofs of im tality in their own minds—who will spend ar istence in exploring into the minutest, and valuable of the works of God, and be estee wise, while they turn with apathy from a Re tion which discloses to them the terms on w depends the happiness or misery of their im tal spirits during eternity. But, my dear C rine, is it from your own experience, may I that you have learnt to value so highly that of the mind which you described?"

"Yes," replied Catharine, blushing; "but I
ly know what it is. I do not yet possess it al-
ys; but knowing what it is, and where it is to
found, prevents at least the possibility of be-
ving, that the immortal part can be satisfied
th what is not like itself, immortal. But, in-
ed, Mr. Dunallan, we must now return to my
her."

"Do you fear that I shall ask you more ques-
ns about yourself, Catharine?"

"No—yes—I do not know why I should not
e to answer you on this subject—but——"

"It is perfectly natural, my dear Catharine;
t do not fear that I shall annoy you by my
iety to know the state of your religious feel-
s and opinions—they cannot be concealed, Ca-
rine—yet when you can, if ever that time shall
e, trust me with this most precious part of
r sentiments, you will find me very grateful."

They had now reached the door of Lord Dun-
n's apartment. Catharine stopt and said, "I
ll attempt to overcome my reserve, for my own
e, if you will promise to correct my errors."

"I promise to tell you frankly *my* opinion at
st," replied Dunallan. They then entered Lord
allan's apartment. He was sitting with his
d leaning on his hand. He raised it on their
rance, and smiling more placidly than Catha-
e had observed him do since her return, "Come,
y dear young instructors," said he, "I now like

your lessons.—Dunallan, how shall I thank you for your patience with your old and stubborn pupil?—But, Catharine, my child—Dunallan—I feel very faint, assist me to the sofa."

Catharine and Dunallan assisted him, and laid him gently as he wished, and Catharine held a cordial to his lips. He smiled as he received it from her; but some internal failure of nature checked his smile, and for an instant brought a livid paleness, and an expression of sudden and startling alarm over his countenance. But this was soon past, and he raised his eyes to heaven, full of such deep humility, and lowly tenderness of spirit, as almost to change the cast of his usually proud and stern features. Catharine looked at Dunallan; she saw he was alarmed. He left the room, and returned immediately with the medical gentleman, who was in constant attendance. Lord Dunallan had been subject to these faintish attacks during the whole of his illness, but now he seemed more than usually gone. The Doctor felt his pulse.

"Mr. Crawford, you are too late," said Lord Dunallan, faintly—"I am gone."

Mr. Crawford prescribed a restorative.

"You have been right, Crawford," said his Lordship—"you told me the truth—I thank you—Fare you well—leave me now—I wish to say something to my daughter."

Crawford left the room.

Lord Dunallan looked at Catharine, who hung over him in speechless terror. "My child, I was prepared for this. Crawford did not think I should have survived so long, but God has mercifully spared me until——" He stopt again, becoming very faint—attempted to speak, but suddenly starting, fell back into Dunallan's arms.

Catharine chafed his temples—his hands—used every means to recall him, but the spirit was gone for ever.

Dunallan assisted Catharine in all her attempts. Mr. Crawford also indulged every wish, which in her almost distracted state of feelings, seemed to promise a ray of hope, though he gently expressed his fear that every effort was vain.

Dunallan at last took her hand in his. "My dear Catharine, we expected this. How easily, how placidly has he left us! We ought not to wish it otherwise."

Dunallan's soothing and tender tone of voice gave the desired turn to Catharine's feelings. She burst into an agony of tears, and, disengaging herself from him, she clasped her arms around her father's insensible remains, and wept without restraint. Dunallan was much affected, and did not for some time attempt to check her natural emotion. At last he again gently attempted to withdraw her from the scene.

"Remember, my dearest Catharine, who sends this affliction. We must believe that all His dis-

pensations are dictated by His love, and attempt to prove our belief of this, and our gratitude, by resigning ourselves to His heavenly will."

Catharine allowed him to lead her away a few steps, but then turned back. "I cannot leave him, Mr. Dunallan; let me see him carried to bed. Oh, my dear, my kindest father——" She would again have thrown herself upon the lifeless corpse, but Dunallan put his arm around her, and gently drew her away.

"Allow me, trust me, Catharine, to see all done as you wish." He then led her reluctantly to her apartment. She entreated him to leave her, and return to the room they had left. Dunallan obeyed; and Catharine, when left alone, struggled to gain command of her thoughts and recollection, and, throwing herself on her knees, she attempted to raise her confused and agitated thoughts to heaven, and to implore resignation to the divine will. But her mind was unable to command itself. She continued on her knees, unconscious of the presence of Martin, who had followed and stood near her in silent grief. At last some one knelt down beside her. She started and looked up. "Mr. Dunallan!" exclaimed she.

"Let us remain here, my Catharine; all is as you wish elsewhere. Let us together ask the support of Him, who 'Hath smitten and will heal you.'"

Catharine again bent down her head, and Dun-

llan, while he prayed, seemed to express the very nmost and undefined feelings of her heart. He xpressed the most fervent gratitude for the light hich had beamed on the departed spirit, before t had passed into its new and everlasting state of xistence; and she then dared to trust that the ight was real. She became collected and compos-d as he proceeded. He prayed for her, that she might now be enabled to rely on her Creator as her father; that she might believe, and comprehend the glorious privileges of such a relation, the perfection of His character, who graciously called himself the Father of the orphan, the perfection of his wisdom, his guidance, his power, his love, his tenderness; the happiness of those who trusted in Him, their security, their promise of light, and peace, and support in weakness. Dunallan's voice trembled as he prayed for Catharine, and he seemed obliged to stop, because unable to command his feelings.

When he had finished, he entreated her to retire to rest. "To-morrow," said he, "I hope we shall be enabled to view this event with thankfulness."

Catharine could not speak. Dunallan again ejaculated a fervent entreaty for the presence of her heavenly Father, and then left her.

Catharine retired to bed, but not to sleep. She was, however, calm, and indulged in that tenderness of grief, which the recollection of the kind-

ness and affection of her father inspired. Towards morning she fell asleep, and for a time forgot all her sorrows. But how painful is the waking after such repose! How bitter the first return to recollection, and to the reality of what has happened! Catharine felt all its misery. She did not leave her room that day till late in the evening. Dunallan met her with a calm seriousness of manner, which gradually restored that self-command which she had lost on again meeting him. His conversation, too, as it ever did, interested, and at the same time strengthened her mind, while his kindness soothed her heart.

CHAPTER V.

A WEEK passed away. Dunallan seemed to have no object but Catharine in all he said and did. He led her to speak to him of her grief, and of all that was nearest her heart. Catharine unconsciously leant to him next to heaven for support and consolation.

Several more weeks elapsed; and again Catharine began to think of self, and of the future. She felt resigned to that will, which, in depriving her of her last parent, had gilded his dying moments with hope, and spared her witnessing any severe suffering. She felt thankful for having had one to console her in her grief, and to mourn with her, who had never for a moment ceased, in attempting to reconcile her to her loss, to lead her thoughts to the only true source of consolation and happiness—who had seemed to feel so deeply for her, that he had forgotten every other pursuit, every other object, to attend to her. She now recollected his extreme tenderness towards her for the week following her father's death. She had then scarcely observed it; but now she remembered to contrast it with the

greatly colder, though still kind and gentle manner he had more lately assumed. She still thought his coldness assumed; for she had remarked him check himself several times, and give a different turn to the tenderness of some expression he had just used. Yet, why should he wish to appear to feel more coldly towards her than he really did? She had made no attempt to conceal her feelings from him; and those feelings had led her to impart to him almost every thought of her heart, and to meet him, after every interval of absence, with delight. It was on those occasions, she had observed, that he attempted to alter the meaning of the expressions of pleasure he used on first meeting her. Catharine in vain attempted to discover a cause for his wishing to repress his affection for her. She thought it would add to his happiness if he could love the woman to whom he was united for life. Her own happiness she now felt depended on him, as far as it could depend on any earthly being. At last she recollected what he had said about her letters—about delusion, and self-deception, and a gleam of light seemed to break upon her mind. "There must be some mystery about those letters," thought she. She recollected his strange conduct on his first return to Arnmore after being abroad—his saying he would never ask an explanation from *her*—his having said more lately, that he detested concealments—

ıat her letters were an excuse for the style of is—" Why should I not at least ask him?" ıought she, " what there was in my letters that ispleased him? This does not intrude into his ɔnfidence farther than he chooses. Why should risk the possibility of lessening his happiness if ɑ explanation would prevent it?" Yet she ırunk from the idea of asking this explanation. 'erhaps it might produce nothing—perhaps it as only pity for her which had made him so ɜnderly kind. Her idea that he wished to con-ɜal his feelings for her might be a mere fancy. he was called to meet Dunallan before she had ɔme to any resolution. He was unusually grave, r rather sad, and met her without any apparent ɜeling of pleasure. She even thought there was shade of displeasure, or rather disappointment, ɑ his countenance. She forgot all her wishes ɔout an explanation regarding herself, in the ɜar that something had happened to grieve Dun-ılan. It was now nearly two months since they ad left Arnmore; and it struck her, that per-aps he might feel impatient to return thither, ut was too delicate to propose her yet leaving)unallan Castle.

" I fear, Mr. Dunallan," said she, " that your ɔodness to me has deterred you longer from re-ırning to Arnmore than is perhaps convenient. know you had reasons for hastening your re-

turn from abroad; I am ready to go back to Arnmore whenever you wish it."

"I have no immediate wish to return to Arnmore, Catharine. I think we ought to finish our arrangements here before we return. Those papers and letters ought to be examined. Do you not agree with me in thinking that every, the minutest wish, expressed in a will, should be complied with?"

"I certainly do; but it pains me to think you should have the trouble."

"Again!" interrupted Dunallan, "I must believe in time, Catharine, that you really wish to *pain me* by so repeatedly using such terms." He seemed really displeased.

Catharine's eyes filled with tears, "If I really could wish to pain you for a moment, Mr. Dunallan; if you can believe me capable of such ingratitude, surely nothing I can do is worthy of costing you the most trifling uneasiness."

"Forgive me, Catharine," said Dunallan, much softened; "you would if you knew what at this moment almost unmans me."

Catharine looked alarmed.

"Do not be alarmed, dear Catharine," said Dunallan, "*you*, indeed, have no cause. I have only just received a letter from my miserable brother-in-law, Harcourt, informing me that he is in Britain, and in the most wretched circumstances.

"And does he make any unpleasant proposal about the children?" asked Catharine anxiously.

"No, none. He seems greatly changed. He has been compelled to leave India to escape his creditors. His worthless wife has abandoned him. He is now, in short, dear Catharine, in London—in the King's Bench—in wretched health—without friends—and without the means of existence; and he adds, 'with a conscience that is hell begun.'"

Catharine was shocked; but, after a moment's silence, "I think," said she, "if his conscience has been so dreadfully awakened by the wretched consequences of his past guilt, there may be better hope for the future."

"Certainly," replied Dunallan.

"Then why should you feel this intelligence so distressing?" asked Catharine anxiously. "If Mr. Harcourt is truly changed, and truly wishes to reform, it will not be difficult to arrange worldly matters so as to make him tolerably comfortable. You know he is our brother," continued she gently; "the father of our sweet little girls. Ought we not to hope the best, and attempt every means in our power to lead him back to the right path, while bad health and an awakened conscience would assist our endeavours?"

"Most assuredly, dearest Catharine," replied Dunallan, "my duty is plain; but I confess that, at this time, I find it difficult to perform.

I cannot help turning from, and wishing to avoid it. But you have confirmed the dictates of my own conscience, and I must hesitate no longer."

"I do not know the circumstances which makes this duty so painful to you; but," added she earnestly, "*you*, Mr. Dunallan, would I am sure, find it far more painful to be conscious of having neglected any duty. But forgive me," continued she, blushing deeply, "for presuming to preach to you."

"A thousand thanks, dear Catharine, for preaching to me. You preach truth; and," added he, sighing heavily as he spoke, "I must just submit, and again leave home."

"Leave home!" exclaimed Catharine, becoming as pale as death.

"Yes, Catharine, Harcourt entreats, implores me to go to him. How can I, indeed, be of any real use to him unless I do so?"

Catharine felt faint, and sick at heart, and leant back in her chair, unable to utter a word.

"Dearest Catharine," said Dunallan eagerly, "you shall dictate to me in this matter. At this moment I regard it as my first duty to be guided by your wishes, whatever they are."

"I have no wishes," replied Catharine; and, bursting into tears, she disengaged herself from Dunallan, who would have detained her, and hurried to her own apartment. She there continued to weep and sob almost convulsively—so

sudden and so overpowering was the idea that she was again so soon to be separated from Dunallan; now almost her only friend—and such a friend.

In a few minutes, Martin softly entered her room, and presented a note from Dunallan, then immediately retired.

"I have betrayed myself!" exclaimed Catharine bitterly. "How can he now avoid coming to an explanation?" She scarcely dared open his note.

"My dearest Catharine, shall I ever understand you? Need I say what that charm is which makes it so difficult for me to tear myself from home, my present home! Ask your own heart, Catharine, whether, if I knew all its secrets, I ought to say more? Surely, thinking as you do, preaching as you so forcibly did to me within the last hour, you must feel that, on one subject, you would be more happy—more right, if you had no concealments with me. Yet, dearest Catharine, I only say this for your own sake. I do not urge you to give me your confidence on my own account; I will only say, that the slightest explanation on your part—the mere acknowledgment that you know to what I allude, would be most gratefully received by me—would be all I should ever ask.

E. DUNALLAN."

Catharine read this note once, and again again: "What on earth can he mean?" th she. Once more she read sentence by sent

"Finds such difficulty in understanding Impossible, Dunallan! I am only too ung ed. If he knew all my secrets—what c mean by this? More happy, more right. only to acknowledge that I know to what l ludes." In vain did Catharine attempt to f meaning for Dunallan's words. "He see consider me guilty of something I ought t fess to him," thought she; and her cheek g as she thought. "There is some strange tery in all this. I will go, and at once a explanation." She rose and went toward door, but stopt, "Why should *I* ask an e nation? If Dunallan has listened to any r against me—but it is impossible. Why s any one now wish to injure us in the opini each other?" She instantly recollected St. and light seemed to flash upon her; but t came with it. Never, never, would she se explanation which might involve Dunallar quarrel with St. Clair. Such an event have been the very aim of St. Clair. "B this may only be a dream of my own ima tion," thought she, after having conjure every frightful idea which followed such a position. She then recollected what Du had said regarding her letters to him, an

again as much at a loss as ever. But time
ed, and it was necessary, in some way, to an-
Dunallan's note. After several changes,
it last, in despair of expressing herself more
ledly, and at the same time openly, wrote as
vs:

scarcely know how to reply to you. Sure-
Ir. Dunallan, if you believe me to be in
rror, you will not suffer me to continue so
ut pointing out to me what that error is.
utterly unconscious of having any secrets—
concealments, with you, on any subject,
the strictest sense of friendship, or esteem,
ty, would forbid me to have. I cannot ac-
ledge that I know to what you allude, for
ve in vain attempted to understand you.
say no more. Allow me, however, to *write*,
d of *saying*, good night; for I confess my
aches violently, in consequence of what has
d during the last two hours.

C. DUNALLAN."

tharine sent her note to Dunallan, and then,
time, listened to every sound, in the expect-
of receiving an answer. None came, how-
Martin at last appeared; but only with an
ry on Dunallan's part.
Shall I tell Mr. Dunallan, Ma'am, that you

are qnite recovered? he seems so distressed a[nd] anxious."

"You may, Martin," replied Catharin[e] "though I am sure it is not true," thought s[he] as Martin left the room.

Catharine remained for the rest of the eveni[ng] in her own apartment, in vain endeavouring t[o] understand the meaning of Dunallan's condu[ct] towards her. She again attempted to recolle[ct] the contents of her letters to him during his ab[-] sence, to which he had alluded in so strange a manner; but she could recollect nothing to ac[-] count for all that had passed. At length, afte[r] many and various unsatisfactory suppositions she determined, that, before she was again sepa[-] rated from him, she should attempt to ask an ex[-] planation, at least with regard to those letters. To this separation, however, she looked forward with dread. Why did he never seem to think she could accompany him? But why, indeed, did he never do any thing she could understand, while his manner always conveyed an idea of the most perfect openness?

Next morning Catharine felt so conscious of having betrayed the state of her feelings to Dun[-] allan, while his conduct and feelings towards her remained so inexplicable, that she dreaded again meeting him, and delayed it as long as she could. then entered the breakfast room, where he al[-]

y was, with the greatest embarrassment of
ner. Dunallan anxiously inquired for her
th; but she received his inquiries with reserve
coldness, and his manner instantly became
old and constrained as her own. He did not
allude to what had passed the evening be-
; and Catharine, though she had supposed
wished that he might, now felt relieved when
lid not, and again ventured to raise her eyes
im when she spoke. He looked grave, and
thought displeased, and immediately after
kfast proposed resuming the examination of
d Dunallan's letters and papers. These were
numerous; and the cause of Lord Dunal-
wish that they should be carefully examin-
as, that, amongst them he believed there was
rrespondence between him and a person now
in power, respecting the representation of
county; which he had left a written wish
allan should see, but which he had not so
ked as to distinguish it from his other numer-
letters and papers. There were other letters
papers which it was necessary to examine;
during this (occasionally very tiresome) oc-
tion, Dunallan had found means to mingle
ersation so successfully, that Catharine had
through her labours without fatigue. After
g busily employed for some hours on this
ning, Dunallan proposed walking out, to
ch she readily consented. It was now towards

the end of March; the weather clear and i rating, and nature beginning to wear the a ance of spring. Dunallan and Catharine s equally to feel its influence, and the coldne reserve of both gradually passed away.] lan was again as interesting in conversatio always was, and Catharine as open and guised as if the note of the preceding e had never been written. Many things, ho as they proceeded, recalled her father to rine's recollection, and mingled a feeling o sadness with the pleasure produced by the ty and freshness of the objects aroun Dunallan seemed to guess what her th were, and soon turned the conversation t jects which led her to give expression thoughts, while his manner became as kin gentle as ever.

"The day is so charming, I for a time every thing else," said Catharine; "bu seldom do we feel unmixed pleasure, even few moments. I have observed this so that now, whenever my heart feels light, I to look about for the grief I had forgot."

"'Tis too true Catharine; yet I believ best. Truth must be best; and there is n on this side the grave in which we have not thing either to mourn for or to dread."

"But that is a very gloomy thought Dunallan."

"It appears so; but what happiness we may joy cannot consist, or rather ought not to consist, *in* delusion. Have your happiest moments, atharine, been those in which you were most y?"

Catharine thought for a little, "No, certain. I have shed tears in my happiest moments, t they were tears of delight."

"Yes, Catharine; but delight which expresses lf by tears partakes of sadness. There will no tears in heaven. And on earth, the most mixed happiness is, I think, enjoyed in those oments when our hearts are most in unison ith the inhabitants of heaven, that is, when they re so completely devoted to the Lord of heaven, s to love all his dispensations whatever they are."

There was an expression of elevation in Dunallan's countenance when he said this, and his yes were raised to the cloudless sky above them ith such fulness of devotion, that Catharine felt ow completely he was speaking from his own eelings. She remained silent. Dunallan turned n her.

"Do you not agree with me, Catharine?"

"I see *you* know what that unmixed happiness is," replied she.

"I attempt to seek it, Catharine; but at this moment I do not quite succeed. I cannot feel entire submission to that duty which will again make me a solitary traveller, uncertain whether

on my return I may not find you formal and r
spectful, and above all so insufferably grateful
Catharine wished to reply, but she was tal
by surprise, and could not; and Dunallan, af
a pause, began to talk on another subject.

On returning towards the house, Cathar
observed that Dunallan's horses were in waiti
for him.

"You are going to ride, Mr. Dunallan."

"Yes. I am so impatient to hear how p
Harcourt is, and what is to be my own fate, t
I am myself going to ride to the village for
letters."

"Do you recollect that the village is se
miles off?"

"I do," replied Dunallan; "but I have s
two hours before dinner. Adieu, dear Catharin
and hurrying from her, he mounted his hor
kissed his hand several times, and was soon
of sight.

These two hours Catharine passed in pain
anxiety, and in conjecturing what could be
cause of Dunallan's extreme unwillingness
leave her; for kind and gentle as he was,
conduct said most plainly that *regard* for her
not the cause. In vain she thought over ev
circumstance she could recollect that could thr
light on the subject. At last she observed fr
her window Dunallan rapidly approaching,
forgetting every thing in her impatience to kn

e result of his hurried ride, she flew down irs to meet him. His looks on entering the ll confirmed all her fears. He seemed grave d sad, and disappointed. On seeing her, how- er, a smile of pleasure for a moment brightened countenance.

"I must go immediately, Catharine," replied to her anxious and inquiring looks. "Poor Harcourt is very ill."

"*Immediately*," repeated she, repressing as uch as she could her regret and disappoint- ent.

"Immediately, dear Catharine. I have a let- r from the physician who attends Harcourt. He hinks very ill of his case."

Dunallan led Catharine into the nearest apart- ent, and gave her the letter he had just re- eived. It was humanely and feelingly written, nd concluded with these words:—"I hope you will forgive my adding, that it seems carrying the punishment too far in the friends of this un- fortunate young man so completely to abandon him, when he has not above a few weeks to live, to all the wretchedness, not only of his own guilty conscience, but to that also arising from the carelessness and neglect of those heartless mercenaries who can alone be found in the wretch- ed place he now inhabits."

"Ought I to resist that appeal, Catharine?"

asked Dunallan, as she returned the lette
him.

"Certainly not," replied she, sighing deep

"I have been thinking, dear Catharine," sumed Dunallan, "that as your cousin El beth cannot come to you, perhaps you might pleasure in spending a short time with her w we are separated."

"I certainly should," replied Catharine.

"Well then, dear Catharine, if you will a me to conduct you to her, I shall feel abs less painful when I know you are so happil tuated."

"And how soon, Mr. Dunallan, must go?"

"I cannot remain here after to-morrow, you could travel so early, my dearest Catha before breakfast, perhaps at seven o'clock morning after."

Catharine's heart sunk on hearing that dreaded separation was so near; and on atte ing to reply, she burst into tears. She s however, succeeded in suppressing her emo which Dunallan now made no attempt to s or overcome, though his voice, when he a addressed her, completely betrayed the soft state of his own feelings. He only spoke, l ever, of indifferent matters, such as finishing examination of papers, and other arrangeme

The evening was devoted to these employments, and passed heavily away.

Part of next morning was spent in the same way; and when at last Dunallan informed Catharine, that every thing necessary was completed; though she felt relieved, she also felt as if, not only her separation from him was to be her next sad task, but as if in finishing all the arrangements directed by her father, she had now indeed put a close to all intercourse with him. She left Dunallan, and went to those apartments which had been her father's. She had spent many many hours since his death in those apartments, in resting her head on that couch where he had breathed his last, and indulging the melancholy which the remembrance of his kindness inspired. His books, his large chair, all remained just as he had left them. She now wept bitterly over those sad remembrancers. She again laid her head where she had last seen that of her dying father. She recalled his beloved countenance; his kindly affectionate looks; his smile of joy whenever she approached, and her tears flowed without control; yet her grief was mixed with a feeling of tenderness and gratitude to heaven. The last expression of her father's countenance was still vividly impressed on her memory; and she dared indulge the hope that she would be led on in the strait and narrow way, till at the close of her pilgrimage, she might

again meet this first known and beloved bein
who had entered before her on that new and u
tried existence to which she too was travellin
Oppressed and sad, Catharine remained indul
ing such ideas, which gradually tended to co
pose and elevate her feelings above all the pa
ing pains, and attachments, and disappointme
of a fleeting world, until hearing some one ent
the antichamber in search of her, she at la
forced herself away, locking the door of t
apartment in which she had last seen her fathe
determined that henceforth it should be inhabit
by no one but herself.

On meeting Dunallan at dinner, he seemed b
the soothing tenderness of his manner, to gue
how she had been employed, and soon by hi
conversation, in some degree, chased away th
melancholy which had nearly overpowered her.

As the evening advanced, however, Dunalla
himself became more and more grave; and o
subject weighed so heavily on Catharine's min
that it rendered her almost silent while she co
tinued to revolve in her thoughts whether the
could be any impropriety, any danger, any thin
that could possibly wound or displease Dunalla
in her indulging her wishes. This was in ask
ing an explanation regarding her own letters t
him during his former absence. At last, whe
the evening drew almost to a close, Dunallan
who had for some time also sunk into thoughtfu

asked Catharine if he had her permission
: to her while away? There was some-
nusually cold and severe in the tone of
ın's voice when he asked this.
arine looked up; Dunallan's eyes were
pon her, while he waited for her answer;
itated and blushed deeply.
u do not wish to write to me, Catharine?"
·. Dunallan," replied she, again blushing
ıre deeply, "may I ask an explanation of
ɔu once said to me respecting my former
to you? only, however, as far as regards
Do you remember to what I allude?"
uestion cost Catharine so much confusion,
e did not perceive the impression it made
nallan. She looked down, and waited
reply to what she thought was perhaps
ɔroper request, without daring to raise
es. His brightened with pleasure. He
in delight for some moments at her now
nd downcast and apprehensive counte-

lo remember most perfectly to what you
Dear Catharine."
ıt surely you were mistaken, or there is
ıing in what you said that I do not under-
,

ı, no, Catharine, I could not be mistaken.
:mber those letters too well; and it is only
lays ago, that in the hope I might have in

some degree mistaken their meaning, I again re[illegible] them. But you shall judge for yourself wheth[illegible] I have been mistaken. I shall return them you to dispose of as you choose. If you can sa[illegible] dearest Catharine, after you have read them, th[illegible] your heart now feels they were too cold, too re[illegible] gardless of what I should feel on receiving them I shall ask no more." He then left the room and returning in a few minutes, presented a packe to Catharine.

"I beg you will read those letters according t[illegible] their dates," said he, "you will then perhaps re[illegible] member to which of mine they were answers."

Catharine promised to do as Dunallan wished and then taking leave, hastened with her packet to her own apartment, wondering what Dunallan could have expected her to write, as she recol[illegible] lected that her only dread had been, on recalling the style of her letters to him, that of having too plainly indulged the feelings of the moment in some expressions.

She opened the first letter in the packet, but it seemed so short she could not believe it was that she had written in reply to Dunallan's long letter, in which he had so generously confided to her all the most private feelings and events of his life. But on examining dates, she found it was the first she could have written to him after his leaving England.

She began to read; but as she proceeded

arted with astonishment at the style. She look-
at the address—the seal—the hand—all were
r own. She again began to read; but before
e had finished the half of the first page, she
s convinced that the letter was not hers, and
t some treachery had been employed to de-
y the happiness of Dunallan and herself. She
gathered up the letters, and was returning
ıform Dunallan of her suspicions, when she
struck with the apparent improbability of
a story. Would Dunallan believe that any
could thus exactly imitate her hand, that any
would dare to open letters addressed to him,
change their meaning?
ıe again sat down in despair. There was
being in the world, who she knew could
: her hand exactly, and every hand he chose
ıitate. It had been his boyish pastime and
ght. This was St. Clair; and she instantly
certain that he was the author of all her late
ıppiness from Dunallan's unaccountable con-
. She recollected the dark expression of
countenance the last morning she had seen
and her suspicions were confirmed. But
ılso recollected the pride and violence of his
acter, and again shuddered at the idea of
allan's attempting to seek from him any ex-
ation on such a subject. Yet she feared that
could thus only clear herself to Dunallan.
soon, however, determined *never* to clear

herself at such a risk, and began again to read the letter Dunallan had so long believed to be her answer to his kind and open avowal of all his errors, and his warm and feeling expressions of interest in herself. She felt sick at heart as she proceeded.

"My Dear Sir,

"I received your very long letter, dated a few days ago. I ought, and do thank you for this new proof of confidence in me, and hope I shall still act so as to deserve it. The account you give of the death of your friend Mr. Churchil affected me much, and I sincerely pity you for having lost such a friend. Allow me again to repeat my grateful thanks to you for the interest you express in my happiness. Mrs. Oswald is very kind and attentive to me; and I still endeavour to find pleasure in those occupations you pointed out to me as most useful to you in your absence, and most beneficial to me. I hope when you return I shall be so happy as to meet with your approbation. My father is still at Dunallan Castle, and is to remain there for some months. I do not mean to leave Arnmore, and I hope this determination will satisfy you. I still only wish to know your desires; and whatever mine might have been, I shall now leave no means untried to teach myself to feel,

Your affectionate and dutiful

C. Dunallan.

tharine clasped her hands, and raised her ıring eyes to heaven, when she had finished old and trifling letter, with its meanly cruel ısion.

What shall I do? Can I leave Dunallan in lief that I could write such an answer to tter? Kind, forgiving Dunallan!" She into tears. "No, no, he must be unde-. But how can I undeceive him? That . Clair, who could stoop to such villany, night he not do in revenge, if he knew that detected and betrayed his vileness." She ıe other letters,—they were colder, and still epining. "What can I do?" exclaimed ıud; and starting up, she again determined o Dunallan, and assure him she had never ı the letters he had given her. But she ıtopt in despair. Dunallan's danger from tred of St. Clair, should he make inquiries, scover what she believed to be the truth, into her mind, and overcame every other , even the desire to vindicate herself. She ıat down in deep and painful thought, but ad recourse to her ever-powerful refuge in ty. She threw herself upon her knees, l she rise from them till she felt able and to leave the event in the hands of the all-ınd all-powerful, and all-good disposer of ;ircumstance in her life. She then retired ı, and undisturbed, and peaceful rest, feel-

ing sweetly and confidently sure that she and Dunallan were safe under "the shadow of the wings of the Almighty."

Early next morning she awoke in the same exalted state of feeling. The carriage was already at the door, and preparations making for the journey before her. She had determined what she should do before she quitted her room. Dunallan was in the hall to meet her, and she received him with composed, though downcast looks.

"I fear I am making you travel too early, Catharine."

"No indeed. Have I detained you?"

"Not at all; but I must now hurry you away."

She gave him her hand. After following her into the carriage, he still detained it in his; and the door was scarcely closed upon them when he turned to her.

"Catharine, I must ask what your opinion of your letters now is. Forgive my impatience; but do they not plead my excuse with you, for any appearance of chagrin or disappointment in mine?"

"Mr. Dunallan," replied Catharine solemnly, and turning to him as she spoke, "I never wrote those letters; they are not mine."

Dunallan looked at her in astonishment. "Not yours, Catharine!"

"I see you do not believe me," said she, turn-

ing away, and bursting into tears. "Indeed, how is it possible you should?"

"Dearest Catharine, you can say nothing I will not believe; but what did you say? Did I understand you? Were those letters not written by you?"

"No, never. Could you believe I had written such a letter as that one, in reply to your generous confidence, and not have detested me?"

Dunallan was silent for a few moments.

"Catharine," said he at last energetically, "I will then leave nothing unexplained. The cold formality of your letters to me did indeed pain me more than I can easily tell you; but another letter fell into my hands, which excited feelings I hope you will never be able to conceive; and which I confess was the cause of my sudden return home. I have this letter with me; indeed it is always with me, because I did not wish to destroy it, yet dreaded its falling into any hands but those who would have delivered it to you. I once said I should never ask an explanation from you,—I meant respecting this letter, which I thought you must have guessed had fallen into my hands; but now—perhaps—"

"I entreat you let me explain every thing regarding myself," said Catharine earnestly.

Dunallan then produced a letter, from which he tore the envelope, and presented it to her. He then turned away, and seemed busily engaged in

looking at the objects seen from the carriage window.

Catharine trembled as she opened this letter. The address was written in her hand; but beneath it was added, in Dunallan's writing, "Addressed by mistake to me;" and on another part of the letter, "To be given unopened to Mrs. Dunallan, in the event of my death. E. DUNALLAN." Catharine began to read; but after the first few words, could scarcely proceed. She however persevered.

"You have convinced me, my dear friend, that there is nothing really wrong in my corresponding with you, since, as you say, it is only the expression of soul. I shall again, therefore, indulge in that pleasure. I do not disavow the misery I feel when I reflect on the tie which binds me for ever to a being so singular,—so unlike whatever could inspire affection in me. Yet, my friend, he is good and gentle to me, and I really wish to feel for him, at least gratitude. I know not what has taken him abroad, but I believe his motive is good. You ask me, if I write frequently to Mr. Dunallan? I do; and you would pity me on the days I have to fulfil this task. Yet I am wrong, and blame myself for not feeling more kindness towards him. Indeed, before he left me, his mildness and goodness had so far won upon me, that I at least felt benevolence—or I do not know what. But adieu to this painful subject; only I

entreat that in your letters you never mention him but with respect. You will pain me if you do otherwise. I admire your definition of the word friendship:—'That kind of love which will not be changed by death. The passion of the soul.' You ask me, do I feel this for you, my friend? If I understand you, I do. O how cheerfully would I lay down my life, and all that it now promises, to meet you and one other friend in another state—you, and my Elizabeth. But this is not allowed us. We must live apart; we must disguise the feelings of our hearts, and pretend to love where we are indifferent; and to be indifferent where we love, till the few short years of our painful existence terminate. I think, my friend, you will scarcely recognise your gay and playful tormentor, as you used to call me; but writing to you recalls every idea of lost happiness.—Adieu, friend of my soul.

Yours,
CATHARINE DUNALLAN."

Catharine's cheek glowed with shame and indignation, while she with difficulty got through this letter. She had unconsciously turned away from Dunallan, as much as she possibly could, while reading it; and when she came to its conclusion, she was so overwhelmed she could neither speak nor raise her eyes. "How could Dunallan forgive this?" thought she. "How could

he even bear me in his sight? Vile! cruel St. Clair! Forgiving, generous, noble Dunallan!"

"My dear Catharine," said Dunallan, "can you forgive my showing you that letter? I have done so that you might understand my past conduct, and in the hope that you would pardon it. I hastened home, because I thought the person who had written the letter to which I supposed that was the answer, could not be a safe friend, because I knew you were too ignorant of the world, dearest Catharine, to know the danger of such friendship."

"And did you believe I had written that letter? Oh! Mr. Dunallan, could you believe I had written such a letter after the vows I had made, and still feel the kindness of a friend for one capable of such——"

"I could have loved you as a brother, Catharine, whatever you had done," interrupted Dunallan. "How have I struggled to overcome a far stronger feeling than that of a brother for you! What a load have you removed from my heart, Catharine—from my conscience!" He looked up to heaven with an expression of the deepest gratitude. His eyes were softened almost to tears.

"Dearest Catharine, dearest of human beings, can I at this moment ask more? Yet you have mentioned those vows which I promised I should

never recall to your recollection; must I still keep that promise?"

"Yes, Dunallan, I wish you still to regard me as your sister until——"

"Until when? dearest Catharine."

"Until I can convince you that I never did write those odious letters."

"I am convinced you never did, Catharine, completely convinced. Your character, which was the most painful enigma to me, while I feared you had written them—at least the last, is now all consistency—all ingenuousness. I have, I am now sure, been right in the way I have read its various feelings ever since I knew you,—and that blush and smile, too, Catharine."

"Oh! do not, I entreat you, attempt to read so exactly!" exclaimed Catharine, blushing still more deeply.

"Why, Catharine," asked Dunallan, looking smilingly at her blushing countenance, "may I not at least ask if I am right in the conclusion I would now form, from all I have read?"

"I do not know—I believe not—I dare say you are mistaken."

Dunallan took her hand in his. "Oh no, my Catharine, I am not mistaken. You are too artless,—your sweet looks are too true to your heart for any one to mistake you. Those very letters could not overcome the influence of that artlessness. Why, Catharine, do you wish to keep me

miserable? Am I now mistaken in thinking that what would make me happy—happier than I have words to express—the certainty that there was no thought, or wish, or feeling, in either of our hearts unknown, unshared by the other, would also add to your happiness? Am I wrong in believing that it is an idea of my still possibly feeling some uncertainty respecting those letters which prevents you, at this moment, from being perfectly frank with me? I shall, the moment I arrive in London, attempt to clear up this strange mystery. I suspect I know who is the author of these cruel mistakes, but——"

"For heaven's sake," interrupted Catharine, with terror in her looks, "make no inquiry,—do nothing about those letters. You do not know the violence—the mad rashness of St. Clair's character. Oh! if you do not wish to make me miserable, promise me you will do nothing in this affair!"

Dunallan smiled. "I did not name Mr. St. Clair, Catharine."

Catharine looked thunderstruck at her own imprudence.

"I see, Catharine, our suspicions have fallen on the same person, however," resumed Dunallan, "and I think probably with justice. I now remember his wonderful facility in imitating writing, particularly yours, Catharine. Oh! had this recollection come sooner! But surely, my sweet,

ristian friend, you do not think I would
;et my duty to Heaven, as to seek this ex-
.on in any way that would endanger the
of either ?"

o, indeed. But, Dunallan, you do not know
ıir. Oh ! if you have any value for my
promise me that you will not attempt to
n," added she, the tears starting into her
'ing eyes.

ıallan seemed rather surprised. "Your
is very dear to me, Catharine. I shall make
'omise you wish, to assure you of this."

harine's face glowed. She did not quite
ɜtand the meaning of Dunallan's words and
; and, taking his hand in both of hers,
are right, Dunallan," said she, "in think-
ıat if every thought and feeling of my heart
ɯown to you, I should be happier, for you
ad it wrong."

Vhy, then, Catharine, lead me to read it
;? Why sometimes make me believe you
be happy with me, and then say what leads
fear there is some unknown objection—
unwillingness you cannot overcome? If
is, tell me, my Catharine,—if there is any
dent friendship, any misplaced confidence,
hing that it might afterwards pain me to
; or tell me only that there exists some thing
o not wish imparted to me, I shall ask no
r."

"There is nothing I do not wish to impart to you, Dunallan. All I wish is this, that you would not make inquiries respecting those letters, because, for your sake, I fear the revengeful violence of St. Clair's character; and because I do not believe his pride would ever suffer him to acknowledge to you that he had been guilty of such dishonourable conduct; and because," added she, looking at Dunallan as she spoke, "I should greatly dislike the idea of disgracing all the St. Clairs, were such a discovery made by legal means. Yet until I can prove to you that I never did write those letters, I cannot feel quite worthy of your confidence; and, until I do, I cannot wish to remember my vows."

"But, Catharine, if you cannot be satisfied unless the mystery regarding those letters is cleared away, and yet will not suffer me to make any inquiries respecting them, what is to be done?"

"I shall myself attempt to come at an explanation."

"But if you do not succeed, dear Catharine which is most probable."

"Why, then, I must just try to *prove* to you that it was *impossible* I should ever have written them."

"I am convinced of that already, Catharine."

"Well, if you will promise me not to seek, by *any* means, a meeting with St. Clair on *any* subject, I shall, on your return, if I cannot find mean

convince you otherwise, and more satisfactori-
attempt to do so by being very obedient, and
tiful, and so forth," said she quickly, and turn-
away as she spoke.

"And with your whole heart, Catharine, even
there had been no vows?"

"With my whole heart, Dunallan."

"Then, my own Catharine, let us now really
ke those vows which one of us at least could
ot take before." He then raised her hand in his
o heaven, and implored that blessing, without
hich they could enjoy no real happiness, though
ll besides should smile upon them. He prayed
or himself,—that the sweetest of all gifts might
ot wean his heart from the Giver; for both, that
ey might remember they were but strangers and
ilgrims on earth, and that their dearest comforts
ould become injurious to their best and ever-
sting interests, if they led them to forget that
etter country, where alone there was perfect
oodness or perfect happiness.

Catharine felt sweetly assured, by Dunallan's
ppeal to heaven for every blessing; and—but
would take volumes to tell all that was said,
nd remembered, and explained, in the first per-
ct confidence of the following hours. Besides,
appiness *will* not describe, for no description sa-
sfies hope, and to experience, every description
ems extravagant. As the day passed, however,
nd the time of separation approached, the bitter

ingredients which mingle with every earthly en
joyment began to depress the feelings of the t
vellers. Still, however, duty said—humanity s
that Dunallan must proceed, and arrangeme
could not be altered; he ought not to delay
Catharine could accompany him. He, howev
at length received Catharine's promise, that if
meeting Harcourt, he should find that he h
any wish to see his children, a wish he had
yet expressed, she would accompany Mrs. Osw
and them, and meet Dunallan in London. T
promise, for a time, dispelled the gathering glo
and again restored a degree of cheerfulness
their conversation.

"And so you think you have read all
thoughts ever since that dreadful day you arri
so willingly at Dunallan Castle," said Catharin
playfully. "I suspect you must be mistaken,
surely you have an affection for some very gr
faults."

"Shall I tell you what I read, my Catharine

She smiled. "Will you not be very unmer
ful?"

"Not more so, I promise, than you long we
to me."

"Oh! I believe I will not trust you; for pe
ple who are given to that kind of reading oft
make mistakes."

"Perhaps they may; but I shall appeal t
yourself whether I do."

"Oh! no, no," replied she; but Dunallan smilingly proceeded, "When I first came to Dunallan Castle, I was much prejudiced against you, Catharine, and on one point, very near my heart, that religion, I knew, for I had made most particular inquiry, that we probably should not have one idea in common."

"Catharine began to listen without opposition."

"Well," proceeded Dunallan, "I did arrive with a very heavy heart, and most melancholy anticipations for the future. I shall not say how much these were done away by the first impression your appearance made upon me. You had been represented to me as haughty and unfeminine in manner. I remembered that you had been so in some degree in your childhood; but then saw you struggling, as you approached, against feelings which, however, overcame you, and gave to your appearance the most feminine softness. You afterwards did assume looks of haughtiness and contempt; and when I found you seated in the drawing-room with several old ladies *standing* around you, while you, regardless of every one else, listless, and careless, reclined in your chair, and received the incense of obsequious admirers, who made court to you by flattering your faults, I felt that my first pleasing impression was taking flight. When, however, the deep blush and look of consciousness followed your obser-

vance of the disapproving countenance of even unwelcome and not esteemed stranger, I was c vinced you had a mind, which, though it mi be injured by prosperity and adulation, was alive to the best impressions. Your obvious d termination, immediately afterwards to show that you did not mean to change your cond one hairbreadth in consequence of my obser tions, seemed to me so perfectly natural in y circumstances, that I found it rather engaging me, and then your generous feeling of pity that evening, when my persecutor, St. Clair, tempted to wound me in the tenderest point; short, on the first day I saw you, I had read far that I had found you at least an object of ver great interest to me. Every day afterwards i creased that interest. I saw you were proud, least in one sense. You had little respect for th opinions of others; and with your uniform ope ness showed the utmost indifference, or even co tempt for those around you, at least most them; but at the same time you really did no think highly of yourself. You were often eve humble in that respect, and always sincere. soon saw you were strongly prejudiced against me, and that several of those around you ende voured to increase that prejudice, yet you gene rally were just and candid, even to me; and I saw with delight, when I expressed sentiments or opinions different from yours, and from others

o sought to please you, by agreeing with you,
t where mine were really more just and right,
ı almost always, before we left the subject, be-
ne of my opinion. This interested me very
rmly in you, and gave me an ardent desire to
every means to lead you to judge and think
yourself. This interest in you, my dearest
harine, I believe defeated its own object. I
ıt too far, and you shrunk from my harsh-
s."

' Ah, I remember the time to which you al-
e," said Catharine, "and how justly you blam-
me. I felt then that you were just, but I
ught you severe."

' I was unpardonably harsh: but I suffered
it. You were then, Catharine, become very
r to me, and I deeply regretted having done
' thing to deprive myself of the little favour
ı sometimes before that had showed me. But,
harine," asked Dunallan, "do you remember
ıt followed?"

Catharine thought for a little, and soon recol-
ed the pleasure she had then felt on perceiving
power she had acquired over Dunallan's hap-
es. She blushed, "I do, Dunallan, and I
ieve you read justly on that occasion."

' Ah, Catharine, that was the first time my pe-
ration gave me any hope, at least transient
)e. I saw that you had no objection to feel
ır power over me. I determined, however,

not to submit to being purposely tormented e
by you, and I saw you understood me. I t
every endeavour I could at that time to inc
your father to delay our union. I hoped,
haps, to gain a place in your esteem, for by
time I really would have felt it a painful sacr
to duty had I succeeded in my endeavours to
a final stop to our marriage. Had I succe
I must have fled from you."

"Why?" asked Catharine.

"Because, my dearest Catharine, you did
then feel on the subject of religion as you now

"But I should have had the same mean
lead me to those feelings, the same instruct
the same example."

"Yes, my Catharine, but a Christian mus
venture to calculate on the success of means
less he is confident that he is in the path of
Success does not depend on him, and he ca
hope for it when he has left the path of duty
preferred the indulgence of his earthly affec
to the plainest interests of his immortal soul;
chosen to place nearest his heart, and to giv
most constant influence over his conduct,
over his affections, and in his family, to one
yet neither knows, nor loves, nor serves his
ter. I should have had no hesitation on this
ject. I too well knew how deceitful my own l
was to listen to its arguments on such a ma
and till the day on which I found I could no l

avoid fulfilling my promise to my father, I
:erely did all in my power, both for your sake
l my own, to prevent, if possible, the fulfilment
ı promise I had sinned in making, and would
bably be led into continual temptation by ful-
ng. But to return—after the day for our
rriage was fixed, I saw my hopes of gaining
ır affection were at an end. You felt your-
a sacrifice, and naturally regarded me with
ad and aversion. You then really detested
. I then wrote those letters I before mention-
to you. I would have done any thing to re-
re you to peace; But while I watched contin-
ly for the possibility of assuring you that I
uld, you as carefully avoided me. You would
even look at me, or if you did, the expression
your countenance said, 'Most hated and mis-
en being, though I sacrifice myself to my fa-
r's wishes, do not flatter yourself that one feel-
of mine agrees with those wishes.'"

"Oh, you have read *very, very* well," said Ca-
ırine, laughing. "And now, pray, what did
face say after that dreaded day was half over?"

"Why," replied Dunallan, "its language was
y pleasing to me. It said, 'Is this the man I
ught so hateful,—this quiet, not very selfish,
least good sort of a harmless creature?'"

"Oh, no, no," interrupted Catharine, still
ghing.

"What then?" asked Dunallan laughing also.

"Oh, it was you who were reading. I did promise to put you right; but now that you h shown me you can be wrong, I think you must no further."

"Then, my Catharine, shall I tell you wha suffered when I could no longer think you the genuous, artless being I had supposed, so ea understood, so sweetly undisguised? No, I w not. You can easily guess how dreadful the id must have been to me, that I had been the me of forcing you into a situation where you w tempted to deceive both me and yourself. Th I had not only made you unhappy, but expo you to all the danger to be dreaded from t plausible sophistry of an insidious destroyer, ai ed by your own disappointed affections. But will not cloud this happy day by recalling suc dreadful ideas, such, to me, most just, but agon izing retribution."

The day, however, could not long remain un clouded. As the hour drew nearer at which the must separate, Catharine became every insta more sad, and Dunallan also seemed overpower ed: but it was absolutely necessary he should pro ceed to London, and he had left himself so little time, that it was now impossible Catharine could accompany him. At last they turned into a road from whence was seen, within a short distance, Edinburgh and its surrounding hills.

"You will not forget to think of me, then, a

ose hours we have agreed upon, my Catharine?" id Dunallan.

"Forget, Dunallan!" she burst into tears.

Dunallan struggled to overcome his own soft- ss. "We shall, I trust, my love, meet again less than a fortnight. We know in whom we ust. When we feel the loneliness and empti- ss of heart which separation brings, let us re- ember He is present with us both. This ought will unite us at least in soul." Dun- lan continued attempting to support Catha- e's drooping spirits, until at last they entered e town, and almost the next minute, the square which Mrs. Melville resided.

"My Catharine, may God bless and be ever ar you."

Catharine clasped his hand in both of hers. You will remember your promise, Dunallan; u will seek no explanation; you will not see at wicked St. Clair."

"I will not, my love, seek to meet him. I do t wish to see him. I need no explanation. ou will write very soon, my Catharine, very equently."

"Oh yes; and you too, Dunallan."

The carriage stopt.

"God bless you, my beloved Catharine. Fare- ell."

"Farewell, my dear Dunallan."

The door of Mrs. Melville's house was open,

and she herself stood on the steps. Dun handed, or rather lifted Catharine out.

"Catharine must make my excuse to you dear Mrs. Melville," said he; again presse tharine's hand in his—hurried into the car and was soon out of sight.

Catharine's heart sunk. She suffered Melville to lead her into the house, but thoughts still followed Dunallan.

Elizabeth looked in her expressive cou ance and said, smiling, "Poor friendship! it must yield to mighty——, what shall I c Catharine?"

Catharine threw her arms around her fr "What you please, my own Elizabeth, ve tion, esteem!"

"But not love," whispered Elizabeth.

"Are you jealous, my Elizabeth?"

"No, my dear Catharine; I wish from soul your present feelings may increase. lieve Mr. Dunallan deserves the warmest tion you can bestow."

"He does indeed, Elizabeth. I have disc ed this, after yielding to every prejudice ag him till it was no longer possible. You, beth, were always more just."

Sad recollections soon began to crowd on tharine's memory. She had not before Elizabeth since her father's death; and s mournful circumstances, with the rememb

f his affection for her friend, formed the subject f a long and interesting conversation. Mr. elville was on that day engaged out, for which e had requested his wife to apologise to Catha- ne, saying, at the same time, that he believed e would not be regretted, but only saved the ain of finding himself an intruder even with his ife. Catharine felt relieved on hearing she hould only see Elizabeth for some hours.

"I have much to learn from you, dearest Ca- harine," said Elizabeth, after she had made very inquiry respecting the last moments of her eloved uncle, and wept with Catharine over the ournful account. "When I left you last, Ca- harine, I was afraid of saying a word when you nd Mr. Dunallan were both present, lest I should nnoy either of you, and somehow you never ere asunder: yet both so much on the alarm: r. Dunallan so cold and formally polite in his anner, while his expressive, and then melan- oly countenance, told the real state of his feel- gs; and you, Catharine, so gentle, so submis- ve, so lowly in your manner to him, so anxious oblige; in short, so completely the reverse of hat you had been when I had formerly seen ou together. Then every turn of your coun- nance expressed the most marked dislike, or ven scorn."

"Oh, Elizabeth, how foolish was I then; how lind! Had you only seen my heart on the even-

ing of that dreaded day on which we parted, my marriage day. I dare say no human being's feelings were ever so suddenly, so completely changed. On that evening, when I saw him received by his own family with such unbounded joy: when I saw how he was loved by all of them; when he read and prayed so impressively! Oh! I shall never forget my feelings then."

"And now, Catharine, you have come on the very subject I wish most particularly to converse with you upon," said Elizabeth, drawing her chair, and putting her face closer to Catharine's, "I did not wish to lead your mind to any thing so gloomy when I last saw you; but have you really, my dear friend, adopted Mr. Dunallan's religious opinions?"

"I have to ask you too, Elizabeth," replied Catharine, smiling, "why you have so studiously avoided answering those parts of my letters in which I attempted to lead you into this subject?"

"Because," replied Elizabeth, "I confess it grieved me to see that your mind had been so soon, so easily perverted; yet you know I do not like to write such strong and plain things. I determined never to enter on the subject with you on paper, because I know there is great pleasure in discovering arguments in favour of opinions held by those we love. I trusted a little to the influence I might have in conversation, when

could see your feelings, but not in the least to my I should have by writing."

"Well, Elizabeth, I am ready to meet you in nversation, though I do not think your excuse very good one, for neglecting what I assure you st me a great deal of trouble and thought to rite, just because I feared you might disagree ith me."

"And I certainly do, my dear Catharine. ould any one have a greater contempt for those inions than you yourself had, my dearest friend, fore you so completely changed your feelings wards Mr. Dunallan?"

"Because, my Elizabeth, I condemned them perfect ignorance of what they were. I allow our inference, however. It certainly was my teem for Mr. Dunallan that first led me to ink more favourably of his opinions. But I ve now learnt that those opinions must be ved for their own sakes, or they are of no alue, and have no influence on those who adopt em. But what, my Elizabeth, is so disliked y you in my religious sentiments?"

"For one thing, dear Catharine, those who adopt them become so ridiculously singular. I shall just give you an instance. I was at a party last Saturday evening, where there were many young people, and amongst them one young man of rank, who, I was informed, was a saint. I at the same time was told he was very stupid.

His countenance, I thought, however, was both pleasing and intelligent; and I felt inclined to judge favourably of him. I happened to be near him in a crowded part of the room, when, by appealing to his watch, which he had been stealing several looks at before, he discovered that it was twelve o'clock. He immediately took leave of the party with whom he had been, and who, notwithstanding his stupidity and saintship, I must allow, seemed very anxious to detain him. 'Pray, my Lord, do not go yet,' was echoed from the whole party; and the mother of two of the young ladies said in her most winning voice and manner, that he really must oblige her by remaining half an hour longer, unless he had some other and more agreeable engagement. He became very confused, and blushing up to the ears, stammered out, 'I find that it is now Sunday morning, Madam; I do not think I am properly employed for that day, and must therefore entreat you to excuse me.'"

"Good young man!" exclaimed Catharine, her eyes glistening.

"My dear Catharine, is it possible you can admire such a parade of religion?"

"I do not admire parade, Elizabeth; and I think it would have been better, perhaps, had your young saint left the party sooner, and avoided this explanation. Yet I think that what you regard as parade, was probably a species of

martyrdom to him, which he forced himself to undergo rather than shrink from avowing his principles, rather than deny what master he served."

"Oh, Catharine, how can you defend such absurdity? What harm could there have been in conversing another half hour even on Sunday?"

"I think I can discover harm in having such late parties on Saturday night, my dear Elizabeth; and therefore equal harm in attending them. You are kept late up yourself, and consequently must be late next morning, perhaps too late to go to church in the early part of the day. Your servants must be late; besides that they at least must break the plain commandments of heaven, for they must necessarily do a great deal of work on Sunday which they ought not to be obliged to do: and indeed, I think the spirit of the commandment at least is broken through also; for can any one return from a gay party late on Saturday, or rather early on Sunday, in a right state of mind for keeping the sacred day holy? I am sure I could not."

"But this is the very thing, Catharine. You get such gloomy dismal notions about every thing. Sunday was surely intended for a day of rest and happiness, not of melancholy deprivations. I should like to know how you spent your Sunday at Arnmore. I suppose Mrs. Oswald would in-

sist on every thing going on exactly as when Mr. Dunallan was at home."

"At least I did," replied Catharine, smiling, "for Mrs. Oswald would take the lead in nothing."

"You, my Catharine! you would be sadly at a loss."

"Mrs. Oswald willingly assisted me, and told me exactly what had been Mr. Dunallan's wishes and her own."

"Well, dear Catharine?"

"Well, Elizabeth, I dare say you will think we were very gloomy. Our hours at Arnmore are always early. On Sunday we were called half an hour earlier than usual, because the parish church is rather distant. We met on that day at eight o'clock to prayers. The servants were ordered to have every thing done on Saturday, to prevent any unnecessary work on Sunday; and all were ordered to assemble, ready dressed, for church, when we met at prayers. This served two purposes; it prevented much time being spent in dressing, and any improper finery, at least in some degree. After prayers and breakfast, it was time for the servants who walked, to set out for church, which they every one did except an old woman, who could not walk so far; and those few servants who were absolutely necessary, returned home after the morning church, and this they did by

s. Mrs. Oswald, the children, and I, and
:times the old woman I mentioned, when she
ıble, went in the carriage. Dr. Angus, our
yman, is a most excellent man, so that go-
› hear him preach was a source of real plea-
ınd improvement to me. All the servants sat
us in church, and I used to be greatly pleas-
th their attentive, and even devout appear-
; but, indeed, Dunallan had taken so much
with them, they must have been very insen-
had they not at least wished for information.
n church was over, every one returned home.
ervant was allowed to visit on Sunday. It
›een Mr. Dunallan's custom to assemble the
servants in the evening, to instruct and con-
: with them. In his absence, they of them-
s requested the steward to read to them,
h he did. He is an excellent and sensible
Mrs. Oswald and I divided the female ser-
:. She took the elder ones, while I assem-
the young ones in my apartment; and I have
d the greatest satisfaction in doing this. We
wards again assembled to prayers, and thus
hed the day."

izabeth sighed, and continued thoughtful for
r moments.

Now tell me, Elizabeth," said Catharine,
w you spend Sunday, since you have been
ress of a family?"

"You will think us sad heathens," repli Elizabeth.

"Let me hear," said Catharine, smiling.

"Well, we are always late on that morni poor Philip has so much to say to me. We so times go to church in the morning, and alway the evening. As to my servants, I really do know what becomes of them. They go out turns, which they settle among themselves, I lieve; and they have a general order to be h by nine o'clock; but as I spend Sunday gener with my mother, I really know very little at them. At my mother's, we sometimes read a mon in the evening. She always wishes us t so, but is so anxious to see us amused and hap she does not always urge it."

Catharine took Elizabeth's hand in hers; "own Elizabeth, can you think this fulfils the to keep the Sabbath day holy?"

"Our conversation is very innocent, Ca rine."

"But, Elizabeth, does Heaven permit it to be otherwise on any day? That cannot f the commandment respecting this one."

"But we are all so happy to meet at my ther's, and have so much to talk about, I ca think Heaven frowns on our affectionate happy circle."

"But why not meet on other days?"

"That is impossible. Philip is so immersed
business now, he has not a day to give to any
during the session, excepting some of those
s on which he must give or go to professional
l of dinners."

But, Elizabeth, what day has he to prepare
eternity?

lizabeth sighed; "Our whole lives, Catha-
, must be that preparation day."

True. But if we have a day mercifully set
t for that momentous work, my Elizabeth,
ıt we to pass it away in other occupations?
ot some knowledge of the truths of religion
ssary? I believe that Mr. Melville's profes-
is calculated highly to benefit his fellow-men;
love to man is only one part of the law of
, you know, my Elizabeth, and the second
. The first is love to God; and can we love
without making ourselves acquainted with
haracter?"

lizabeth was silent for a moment. "I believe
are right, Catharine. *We* spend too little
and thought on those subjects, and *you* per-
too much; but tell me truly, is Mr. Dun-
ı a cheerful man, or is he not rather melan-
y and grave from his religion?"

I appeal to yourself, Elizabeth, whether he is
ıt least singularly agreeable in society," ask-
atharine.

Extremely so," replied Elizabeth. "I never

saw any man with equal powers of conversa
or with more apparent sweetness of temper
warmth of feeling; yet when I have seen
though he has nothing gloomy in his man
he has something unusually grave."

"But when you have seen him, he has a
been in rather painful circumstances. How
I would not characterize Dunallan as exa
very cheerful man, though he has the pow
stealing away one's sadness more than any p
I ever knew. The reason of this I believe is
he guesses the cause, and finds means to d
away. But you are mistaken in supposin
grave and thoughtful cast of his characte
been produced by religion. I believe it to
natural disposition, and that religion has, o
contrary, given a new motive and charm
existence. Since I have been with him, I
learnt his hours of solitude and study of s
things; and when I have met him after
times, I cannot describe to you the hea
calmness of his countenance and manner, o
sweet, feeling, animated liveliness of his con
tion. Ah, my Elizabeth, can the study of t
vine character and perfections fail to im
every power of the mind, and every feeling
heart? Can communion with God fail to l
peace in the soul, which rejoices the whole
nal being, and inspires the most perfect be
lence to all around; and to those most o

ed, a warmth, and purity, and ardour of affec-
ı? Ah, how pleasing! how inexpressibly va-
ble!"

"My own Catharine," said Elizabeth, "what
enthusiast you are become! I feel, too, that
would soon infect me, though I scarcely know
t you mean. But there is Melville's ring at
door." Elizabeth started up, and flew to meet
. "I shall tell him you are come, Catha-
."

atharine was not quite so much delighted
ı the interruption as Elizabeth was. She could
have talked for hours of Dunallan. Even
abeth's husband could scarcely, at this mo-
ıt, excite her interest. Elizabeth returned in-
he room with him, her countenance betraying
anxiety that he and Catharine should confirm
she had said of both. Melville's appearance
; very pleasing, and conveyed an impression of
ch talent, from the fire of his dark eyes, and
lively cast of his whole countenance. His tall
l slight figure, and animated gestures when he
ke, rather added to this. Catharine was ex-
mely pleased with his appearance and manner.
also seemed to find her as amiable as Eliza-
h had described her to be. Elizabeth's coun-
ance beamed with pleasure; but, as the con-
sation became more general, Catharine's sad-
ıs returned. Her thoughts continually follow-
Dunallan, travelling in solitude; and she felt

happy when the hour arrived to separate for the night.

Elizabeth, however, followed her to her apartment. Catharine looked smilingly in her face. "Now, Elizabeth, you want to know what I think of Mr. Melville."

"Well, Catharine, what *do* you think of him?"

"I think he is almost as handsome as Mr. Dunallan."

"*Almost!* Well that is a great deal from you! And his manners, are they *almost* as pleasing?"

"His manners are so different I cannot compare them; but I think Mr. Melville very agreeable indeed."

"Well, I am satisfied," replied Elizabeth. "I see Philip is charmed with you. Good night. I must not keep you up after the fatigues of today."

Catharine, when left alone, recalled all that had that day passed between herself and Dunallan. The certainty of his love for her was peace and delight to her heart. She now deeply regretted having *had* any reserves with him; but for these she might now have been saved that anxiety which she could not overcome, whenever the thought occurred of the possibility of his meeting St. Clair, and of any explanation taking place between them. She trembled at this idea; for she was convinced that St. Clair would rather seek than avoid any cause of quarrel.

In this state of uneasiness, she had but one resource,—to cast all her cares on her Almighty Protector; and, in doing so, she found the truest support and consolation. She also found the truth of what Dunallan had said, "That the remembrance of the presence of that Almighty Guardian with both, united them at least in soul." At that hour Dunallan had promised to meet her in spirit, at the throne of mercy and love. The thought was soothing and delightful; it hallowed while it increased her affection for him; and her anxiety yielded to hope and trust. After thus committing herself to the care of heaven, Catharine began to revolve in her own mind the most proper means to use, in order to obtain an explanation respecting her letters, and also to overcome St. Clair's hatred of Dunallan, and desire of injuring him. She had not forgot the example of Dunallan's mother, in leaving whatever she could have no power over in the hands of heaven, in humble hope and trust; but, in this case, she felt certain of possessing some influence, and she could not be satisfied while she left untried any attempt to secure the safety of Dunallan. She recollected St. Clair from his boyish days, and, in every scene, every circumstance which her memory recalled, while petulant, violent, and contemptuous to every one else, to her he had ever been gentle, feeling, and even delicate. A feeling of pity followed these recollections, and an

earnest desire to see him restored to the path
rectitude at least. When she remembered l
even fastidious sense of honour; his abhorre
of every thing low or mean; his family pride;
haughtiness of character; she could scarcely
lieve herself right in her suspicions; but no
else was capable of such deep-laid schemes
make Dunallan wretched, amongst those she l
formerly known, neither could any being on ea
she believed, succeed so perfectly, from his po
of imitating her writing. She at last determi
to write herself to St. Clair, and to make M
Oswald acquainted with her having done so.
hoped much from this; though, after writing
letter several times over, she was still dissatis
with its contents.

"To A. St. Clair, Esq.

"You will be surprised to see a letter from
Mr. St. Clair; perhaps you will not be so m
surprised to be told, that you have it in y
power to add very much to my happiness, o
you refuse a request I wish to make, to le
that happiness very materially. I feel extreme
luctance, however, to make this request; not
cause I feel unwilling to be under an obliga
to you, but because I shrink from entering on
subject regarding which I wish to make this
quest. I shrink from putting into words

ı too certain I am right in believing to be
; but I think you must understand me. I
wish to entreat you to put it into my power
nvince the person to whom I am united for
that I am not unworthy of his confidence.
›ing this no explanation, no mortifying con-
n is asked. *I* at least will consider myself
ed. I only wish the return of those letters
ı expressed the real feelings of my heart to
›erson to whom they are addressed. I am
lent that I plead for your own happiness,
St. Clair, when I ask you to do this. I
I may also appeal to yourself whether I
in the slightest degree, gave you cause for
present desire to make me unhappy. You
my father's plan to unite me to Mr. Dunal-
lmost as soon as I knew it myself—you
my promise, and my determination to ful-
; wishes, whatever it should cost me. Have
ot (indirectly at least) praised my filial de-
ı, as you called it? And yet you wish to
r me unhappy and despised, because I per-
ed in doing what you yourself approved!
wish to subject me to the most painful and
ding of all suspicions! You wish me to live
ssed with the feeling that I must appear de-
ıg of those suspicions! Can it be possible
his kind of power over my happiness can
ou any pleasure? Can you recollect how

you have obtained it, and not long for the po
to free yourself from it? I think I know you
ficiently to be certain, that you will never e
a moment's peace or satisfaction of mind w
you are conscious yourself of this taint upon
honour, were you even perfectly convinced
world would never know it. You also know
sufficiently, Mr. St. Clair, to be certain th
wish not intentionally to mislead you in the sli
est degree. I think you under the influence
very powerful passion; but not of that pas
which finds an excuse in almost every heart,
of one which finds pity or excuse nowhere,—
hate Mr. Dunallan. I take the privilege of a
friend, and entreat you to forgive me, an
your own sake ask yourself whether I am wr
I entreat you to call to your aid those nobler
more generous feelings which, for a time, you
banished, and attempt to overcome this degra
and dangerous passion,—degrading to you,
dangerous (I cannot help dreading) to
against whom you indulge it. I do not co
from you my dread of his danger; for, by
throwing myself on your humanity, I feel a
chained up your very thoughts from inju
him.

I shall ask Mrs. Oswald to forward this to
as I am ignorant of your address, and think
will discover it more easily than I can, and

I wish her to know what I have written to
nce I must conceal it from Mr. Dunallan.
C. DUNALLAN."

r finishing this letter, Catharine retired to
over the occurrences of the day.

CHAPTER VI.

CATHARINE next morning rose at her usual early hour, and again renewed her intreaties to heaven for every blessing on Dunallan, and for improvement to herself. She had been reading for some time with composure and attention, and her heart raised to heaven for guidance, when she was interrupted by some one tapping gently at her door. She went to open it.

"My dearest Catharine!" exclaimed the happy voice of Helen Graham, who rushed into the room, and clasped Catharine to her bosom.

"My dear Helen!"

"My beloved Catharine! Mrs. Melville would not allow us to come here last night. She said we would only disturb you, and she must have you all to herself for one evening; but Rose and I determined to come very early this morning."

Rose Lennox now threw her gentle arms also round Catharine.

"Rose! my dear Rose! This is an unexpected pleasure."

"My dearest Catharine, how I have longed to see you."

"My sweet Rose! My dear kind Helen!" said Catharine, kissing first the one, and then the other. She then seated herself between them, an arm round each, and looked smilingly at them. "Helen you look more blooming than ever. I see you can live without me."

"Oh! indeed Catharine, I have never ceased thinking of you, and forming plans how I should see you again, since we parted."

"And you Rose," said Catharine, turning to her, "I think your cheek may still be compared to the blush rose, and your forehead to the lily of the valley, as your old admirer, Mr. Lovat used to say."

"My dearest Catharine," replied Rose, "we may return all your compliments a thousand fold. How different are your looks from what they were the last morning I saw you! You were then like a marble statue, so still, and pale, and sad."

"All is different here too, Rose," said Catharine, putting her hand on her heart. "I now look back to that morning as the time in which I secured my greatest happiness."

"Thank heaven, dearest Catharine!" exclaimed Rose, emphatically.

"Yes, my dear Rose, I do thank heaven; Mr. Dunallan has taught me to be like you, Rose; to desire to regard all events as overruled by heaven for the wisest and kindest purposes."

"Like me!" repeated Rose, sighing, "How can you thus reproach me Catharine?"

"Reproach you Rose! I mean all I say."

"Oh! you are mistaken then, sadly mistaken. But we have interrupted you Catharine," observing her Bible lying open.

"No, my dear Rose, I shall not be interrupted; we shall finish what I was reading. I know you will like it; and Helen I am sure is too early to have read any to herself." Catharine then pressed her two young friends more closely to her, and read in a feeling manner a short passage of Scripture.

"Thank you, dear Catharine," said Rose, when she stopped. "How beautiful is that passage!"

"Beautiful indeed!" replied Catharine, "What do you think Helen?"

"Really, I do not understand it."

"Because it can only be understood by the heart, my Helen, and yours is strangely shut against all religious feeling. Do you still prefer Shakespeare to the Bible, Helen? as you once avowed to me you did?"

"And if I do, Catharine, I cannot change my natural taste, though I may conceal it."

"No, no, my dear, do not conceal it. Your frankness on every subject is your greatest virtue; but it is very unaccountable that you, who

re so uncommonly alive to all that is beautiful n creation, and in human character, and in poetry, nd every work of man, should be so dead to the eauty and sublimity of the Scriptures; and at you should feel so deeply the kindness of hose who love you, and be so cold and ungrate- l to the greatest love."

Helen reddened and remained silent.

"Forgive me dear Helen," said Catharine, issing her cheek; "I did not mean to offend; I am too plain in what I say; but indeed I should eel very little affection for you if I did not re- gret this indifference on your part to your own happiness."

Helen's eyes filled with tears, "you cannot offend me, Catharine, whatever you say."

"I will say no more now, dear Helen; but if you knew how I sometimes reproach myself for not having used the influence your affection for me gave me over you, to induce you to think and read more on that subject, you would not be dis- pleased with me; but I hear Elizabeth's voice: let us join her."

Elizabeth was coming slowly up stairs. "So young ladies, this is the way you obey my ma- tronly instructions; you have disturbed my poor fatigued Catharine before she could have been half rested."

"We found her up, and reading, my dear Mrs. Melville," said Rose.

When seated at breakfast, the little party soo became so gay that Catharine's spirits began t sink. She, however, made an effort to join in cheerfulness which had been chiefly produced b pleasure at again meeting her, and which she fe would be checked by her grave looks.

Helen's usual bashfulness completely gave wa to the extreme gaiety of her spirits, and Eliz beth, seated opposite to Melville, and next t Catharine, seemed to feel so perfectly happy, th she joined and promoted Helen's mirth, wh Melville, with scarcely a smile on his own cou tenance, was so excessively amusing, and real witty, that even Rose could not resist his power and was as gay almost as Helen. Every tim Catharine laughed, however, she felt still mor depressed. The late scenes she had witnessed her dying father; Dunallan perhaps in danger mingled, with the lightness of heart of thos around her, so ill, that she in vain attempte to join in the general cheerfulness; at last Mel ville seemed to observe that her smiles were com pletely forced, and immediately gave a grave turn to the conversation.

"Miss Lennox," said he, "may I ask wha is become of the poor family you were going t visit when I met you two days ago? Did you fin their dwelling?"

"Yes we did," replied Rose, "and you never saw so wretched a place. Had mamma known

hat Miss Morven intended taking me to such a place, I am sure she would have objected to my oing even with her."

"Indeed," replied Melville, "I was so surrised at meeting you where I did, that I completely forgot the impertinence of my question hen I asked you with so little ceremony where ou could be going. I hope you and your friend rgave me."

"Oh quite, we were not at all surprised at e question. I was glad, however, that I went; r I should never have believed that such wretchdness existed, had I not seen it; though Miss Morven tells me she knows of cases still more miserable than that I witnessed."

"Where did you find this wretched family, Rose?" asked Catharine, "Can any one assist ou in comforting them?"

"Yes, my dear Catharine, though I cannot ell you where we found them. Miss Morven ook me through so many little lanes and byays, I was surprised at her remembering them; nd then we mounted up a wooden staircase almost perpendicular, and some of the steps broken. was almost afraid, and asked Miss Morven if it as not dangerous to trust ourselves upon them. She desired me to follow her without fear, and I hould see the kind of beings who were obliged onstantly to ascend and descend this unsafe ladler as I thought it. When we had reached the

top of it, Miss Morven, who is tall, could n stand upright; and it was so dark we had t feel our way to a door, through the crevices which we saw the light; and within which w heard a low moaning voice of one who seeme to be reading. 'We must not interrupt tha voice,' said Miss Morven to me in a whisper, ' think it is some one praying.' We stopped fo a few minutes, and easily heard, through th thin door, all that passed within. Miss Morve was right; the voice was that of a person pray ing; and I was greatly struck with the beaut and tenderness of his ideas, pronounced, to be sure, in the broadest accent. At last, the voice stopped, and Miss Morven softly opened the door, and stooped to enter. It was a small garret room, with a little skylight, just sufficient to show its wretchedness. At one corner there was a miserable bed without curtains, on which sat, supported by a large bundle of something, for it was not even pillows, a young woman very pale and thin, but with a sweet and placid countenance. Close by the fire sat an old woman, almost bent together, and trembling from palsy. There were several other people in the miserable little room, upon whom the light, when we entered, shone so dimly I scarcely perceived them. After being a little accustomed to the darkness, however, I discovered, at another corner, under the sloping ceiling, a little bed of straw, on which

ay a child, so emaciated, I had no idea life could ave remained in such a form. Bending over is poor innocent was another woman, whose ce was almost concealed by a large shade drawn er her eyes. A man, who had stepped aside our entrance, and who was the person we had eard praying, soon after left the room. Miss orven addressed the woman in bed in the most ntle and compassionate tone of voice, telling r she had been informed of the distressed siation of her family, and she had come to see she could be of any use to them. The woman's countenance brightened."

"You are very kind, Madam. We have indeed been in great distress, but God has not forsaken us. He has made our strength sufficient or the burden he has seen fit to lay upon us. We have had reason to say his promises never il, and that it has been good for us to be aficted."

"Miss Morven expressed her pleasure at finding so much resignation and thankfulness in the midst of such sufferings.

"The young woman then told us that the infirm old woman was her mother, and that till within the last year she and her sister had been able to support her. The old woman here interrupted her daughter, to tell us that this good child had left an excellent situation in the country, where she had been a servant, to come and take care of

her. The mother wept as she spoke, and finished by saying, that it gave her a sore heart indeed to see her Mary laid there; but she hoped she would be kept from repining, and might never forget the precious words, 'That whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' The daughter then told us, that about eight months ago her mother took a fever, which lasted so long, and during which she required such constant attendance, that the daughter had to sit up part of the night to get the work done necessary for their subsistence; and that, even with that exertion, she was often unable to procure the many little comforts her mother's situation required. She had therefore been obliged to sell their little articles of dress and furniture, one after another, until they were reduced to their present state of want. Mary had hoped that, on the recovery of her mother, she would be able, by continuing her exertions, to support her, and recover some of their things; but before her mother could leave her bed, poor Mary was herself seized with a low fever, which reduced her to extreme weakness, and during which, she had caught a cold that had since settled on her lungs, and from which, she added with perfect composure, the doctor had told her she could never recover. The woman who sat by the sick child was Mary's sister; her husband was abroad; but they knew not whether he was alive or dead, for they had

not heard from him for two years. The poor woman bent closer over her child when her sister told us this, but said nothing.

"'She brought her little boy here,' continued Mary, 'when I was taken ill, that she might nurse us both. She worked hard in the day, and by fire-light at night, to support us, till she is now nearly blind; and since she is no longer able, the Lord has sent you, Madam, to help us. At this moment there is not a farthing nor a morsel in the house; and my sister's two other children will be coming in directly from school hungry enough poor things. We have had one great mercy mingled in our cup of affliction. We have got them admitted into a charity school, where they learn their education, and the fear of God.'

"At this moment the children came in; two neatly, though poorly clothed little girls, with sickly looks. Miss Morven spoke to them so sweetly and kindly, that they replied to her without any fear or shyness. The youngest of the two, however, soon stepped to her mother, and whispered something into her ear. The mother shook her head, and the poor child stood beside her for a moment in silence,—then the tears began to trickle down her little pale cheeks, and fall on her mother's shoulder. The poor mother took the child's hand kindly in hers, and drawing its little head down on her breast, gently

stroked it, while she seemed to whisper comfor into her ear. I went to them, and asked wha was the matter with the poor little thing.

"'Oh she will soon be better, Miss,' said th mother, 'Come Jessy, say that pretty hym about the patient child to the young lady.' Th little thing instantly looked up, and began t obey, but her heart was full, and she could n speak.

"You shall first tell me what is the matter, said I, drawing her away to a little distance.

"'I am only hungry,' said the poor innocen in such a little melancholy voice, 'but moth had nothing to give us before we went to th morning school,' and her tears redoubled.

"Do not tell us any more, for heaven's sak Rose," exclaimed Helen, attempting in vain suppress her own tears, "there is nothing h so heartbreaking as the distress of children, po helpless things!"

"Wait till I have finished my account of t inhabitants of this house before you say so," r plied Rose, "unless you are tired of my story looking around.

"Oh no, oh no,"

"My dear Rose," said Catharine, "you tea us how sinful and unthankful we are in repini at our trifling misfortunes. To think of an a sent husband, of whose fate one is uncertain. child dying before our eyes—and another sile

ly weeping from hunger!—Oh! we ought to know there are such sufferings in the world. But go on, my dear Rose."

"I assure you," continued Rose, "that though I was very much affected by seeing this family, yet the impression they left on me was rather pleasing. The heavenly composure of the sick sister; the gentle quietness of the other; and the thankfulness with which our little assistance inspired them; the care with which they reared up the little girls, who (after Miss Morven had sent for some food, during which time we visited another family on the same floor,) repeated an amazing number of hymns and chapters of the Bible; and answered Miss Morven's questions to discover if they understood what they said, in a way that surprised us all. This, in some degree, reconciled me to the distress of their situation; for it proved to me the power of religion to give comfort in the most calamitous circumstances. When we left them they seemed even happy; and so grateful to heaven; and felt certain that whatever they suffered in this life was only intended to prepare them for a better. How different the other family was! Before we entered their wretched abode, we heard the horrid sounds of scolding, and a child screaming. Miss Morven opened the door without being observed, so great was the confusion within. A woman, squalid and

dirty, held a miserable child by the arm, occasionally shaking him violently."

"'I'll learn ye, ye handless little devil—ye'll ken how to break every thing ye touch—what ha'e ye done wi' the bottle?'

"'I could na' help it, mother,' screamed the child.

"'Gi'e him't weel,' cried a man who lay stretched out in his clothes on a miserable filthy bed. 'I'll help ye if ye canna.'

"'Ye'll help me! ye had better help me to some meat for his stomach, lying up there for half the day when naething ails ye.'

"'As weel lying here as working for you tc drink, ye usefu' wife,' replied the man carelessly.

She turned to retort with a face of fury, but discovering us, it smoothed in a moment. Miss Morven asked her if her name was—something I forget what, and if she had a sick husband.

"'Oh ay, Ma'am, I'm just the woman, and my gudeman's sick very often—he is lying there a this minute sae badly he canna stir, and he has had nae work for a fortnight. I'm sure I dinna ken what we'll do,' and she began to whimper 'Johnny, my man, ye maun be going to the school,—we would want any thing sooner, Ma'am than no gie him schooling.'

"'Are you fond of school, Johnny?' said Miss Morven gently to the child; but the boy, con-

scious of his present safety, called out as loud as he could, 'I ne'er was at ony school,' and then looking triumphantly at his mother, ran out of the room. 'He's a sad laddy,' said his mother, quite unconcerned, 'he thinks naething o' telling lies by the minute.'

"'That is sad indeed,' replied Miss Morven, 'but I think a little attention on your part might cure so young a child of any habit; and if you allow this one to strengthen, it may not only hurt his future prospects in this world, but may also shut him out from that place where we are told 'no liars shall enter.'

"'Oh ay, Ma'am,' its very true, 'and I'm sure, to please you, I would take any pains or do any thing.'

"'To please me!' repeated Miss Morven indignantly, 'would you not make this exertion for your child's sake, or for your own? as a mother you are accountable for the faults of so young a child.'

"'It's very true, Ma'am.'

"'Do you go yourself, and take your child to church?' asked Miss Morven.

"'Sometimes, Ma'am; and if I had a gown, and Johnny had a hat and shoes, I would like very weel to gang.'

"Miss Morven tried to convince her of the duty of going to a place of worship, to seek instruction for her soul, which would live for ever,

although she could not make her person so fine as she wished; but she seemed dead to every thing that did not give some immediate prospect of worldly advantage. During this conversation I looked round the room. It was larger and better than that we had seen the other poor family in; and there was no want of furniture, though it was covered with filth,—indeed, the whole room was offensive in every way. The woman observed my eyes wandering round her dwelling—and slipping her hand behind her, she drew a dirty cloth over a piece of raw meat, which had been flung on the large chest on which she sat. Miss Morven saw this, and, looking at me significantly, said in French, she did not believe the woman was in want, and soon after we took our leave. The woman followed us, expecting something, but Miss Morven gave her nothing. I felt ashamed, and gave her a trifle, for which the woman, with an impudent nod of her vile head, wished me a handsome husband; and Miss Morven laughed at my reward, which she said I deserved for my false shame. We found afterwards that this was not the woman Miss Morven had wished to visit; and that the husband was so good a workman he could make very high wages whenever he chose, and they had but the one child to support. "Yet surely, Helen," said Rose, "they were much more miserable than the

poor family who could look to heaven for comfort."

Helen agreed, and Mr. Melville, telling Rose that her stories must have kept a client of his waiting for the last hour, took his leave, after very particularly asking the address of the poor family, in whose fate Rose had interested every one.

"Who is this Miss Morven, Rose?" asked Catharine.

"She is the daughter of a Sir William Morven, who died abroad some years ago. She has seen a great deal of the world, and is extremely agreeable and well informed. She is much liked, and every one wishes to be acquainted with her. She has two sisters younger than herself, to whom she acts the part of a mother, though she is still a young and handsome woman. She is very benevolent, and spends her time and fortune in doing good. She is also remarkably accomplished, though she sets little value on common accomplishments, and is courted by every body; so mamma has no objection to my being as much with her as I choose, though her opinions on religious subjects are just those mamma is so afraid I shall adopt."

"I am sure I should like Miss Morven," said Catharine.

"Well," replied Rose, her eyes brightening with pleasure, "I know Miss Morven wishes

much to be acquainted with you; and mamma is to be here by and by, to request you to meet her at a little party we are to have this evening."

"I shall have great pleasure in doing so, my dear Rose. You must also take me to see your poor family."

Mrs. Lennox arrived early in the forenoon.

"My dear Lady Dunallan!" exclaimed she on entering; "how rejoiced I am to see you. Oh how charmingly you look!"

Catharine had not before been addressed by her new title, and the paleness which followed on her father's being thus recalled to her memory, showed Mrs. Lennox that she had touched on wounds too recently healed to be approached by her. She immediately flew to twenty subjects quite uninteresting to Catharine, and at last finished by intreating her to meet Miss Morven the most charming, or rather, next to Lady Dunallan, the most charming woman she ever knew. Catharine immediately promised to comply with her wish, and Mrs. Lennox soon after took leave.

The evening was far advanced, when Catharine, who had been deeply interested in conversation with Elizabeth and Helen, recollected her engagement to Mrs. Lennox. "Elizabeth!" exclaimed she, "what shall we do? we have forgot our engagement to Mrs. Lennox."

"We are not too late," replied Elizabeth, "it cannot be nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock! *you* at least must dress; I shall make little change: but we shall not be there till near ten."

"That is soon enough," replied Elizabeth, smiling; "what country ideas you have, my Catharine!"

"But you know, Elizabeth, if there is to be a large party at Mrs. Lennox's, which these late hours seem to threaten, I cannot, I ought not to go."

"Mrs. Lennox assured me she was to have only a few friends you knew," said Elizabeth; "she certainly would not have expected to see either of us at a large party."

When Catharine and her friends arrived at Mrs. Lennox's house, however, they perceived, by the numerous carriages and chairs which blockaded the door, that the party could not be small. Catharine wished to return; but Elizabeth assuring her that she might come away whenever she chose, and reminding her of Mrs. Lennox's aptness to take offence, her better judgment was overruled, and she allowed Mr. Melville to hand her from the carriage; and after hearing "Lady Dunallan" announced, she entered a room full of people. Those who had been within hearing of her name had their eyes eagerly bent towards her. Catharine felt abash-

ed, and would have shrunk from the gaze, but Mrs. Lennox immediately ap ed,—

"My dear Lady Dunallan, what ples gives me to see you again in my house whom I have so long regarded almost as of my own. Allow me to introduce some of mine to you, who have long desired the ness of your acquaintance."

"Mrs. Lennox," said Catharine, in a l indignant tone of voice, "I ought not to ha at such a party as this,—looking at he mourning,—you have deceived me. I o pected to have met Miss Morven; and request, that, during the short time I stay be introduced to no other person whateve

Mrs. Lennox had drawn Catharine's ar in hers, and was conducting her to th end of the room. She looked confounde reproach,—"My dear young friend, yo on these subjects are like no one's else days. I assure you no creature will th have violated any form in being here, b too scrupulous self."

"It is not *form* I regard," replied Ca warmly; "but this scene ought to be, a painful contrast to my present feelings. I Mrs. Lennox, you do not wish to make comfortable in your house. I shall be ex

so, unless you leave me entirely unnoticed for the half-hour I shall remain."

"Come in here then," said Mrs. Lennox, much disappointed, and conducting Catharine into a smaller apartment, in which there were only a few people; "I must account to those friends of mine who wished to be introduced to you, my dear, for my breach of promise, what can I say?"

"Say the truth," replied Catharine.

Rose was in this apartment, and approached with an expression of confusion on her ingenuous countenance.

"Ah, Rose," whispered Catharine, "why did you suffer me to be here?"

"My dear Catharine, I could not prevent it. Mamma has asked most of these people since the morning, just to meet you. I said I was sure you would dislike so large a party; but mamma really did not believe me. But, if you remain in this little room, you will see very few people; only a few card-players."

Catharine shook her head, and, retiring to a sofa in a corner of the apartment, she told Elizabeth that she would continue there until the time came at which she had ordered her carriage. Her heart was so full, she could scarcely suppress her tears for a few moments.

Elizabeth seated herself on one side of Catharine, and Helen on the other; and Melville, drawing a chair in front of them, said, "We have

only to suppose ourselves at home, and be as comfortable as if we were there."

"My imagination cannot be so accommodating," said Helen; "only look at the party behind you, Mr. Melville."

Melville turned half round. Two very old ladies and two not much younger gentlemen, were seating themselves at a card-table, with looks of much eagerness, though the head of one of the ladies, and also her hands, shook from age; and the other was carefully settling a pair of spectacles on her nose before she began.

"I declare, Colonel," said the shaking lady, in a mumbling voice, "I have thought of nothing since I saw you, but your extraordinary run of good fortune the last time we played together."

The Colonel answered, with a smile of importance, "I hope, madam, you do not ascribe my success entirely to good fortune?"

"Oh no, Colonel, your play ———; but why, in the name of wonder, did you play a spade now?"

"I played a club, madam," replied the Colonel, stiffly.

"A club!" The old lady raised the disputed card to her dim eyes. "I protest it is a club. The lights are surely ill arranged."

"I am sure a pair of spectacles, in some cases, would save a great deal of time," said the other lady, rather impatiently.

"We have lost the odd trick by that last admirable card of yours!" exclaimed the Colonel, oking at his poor old partner with suppressed ath.

"What could I play, Colonel? I have not other of the kind in my whole hand ———."

"Good heavens! madam, why do you add to ur irreparable mistakes, by also betraying your akness?"

"I have, however, gained more tricks than u have, Colonel," retorted the old lady, beginig to get warm.

"We have it!" exclaimed the other lady triiphantly, and snatching up the last trick.—ie Colonel darted a look of angry contempt at s fair partner, who now with much difficulty gan to deal the cards.

Helen laughed. "What miserable figures!" claimed she.

"Miserable, indeed! my dear Helen," said itharine, "but I do not feel inclined to laugh them."

"Nor I," said Melville. "Human nature in degraded a state, is always a painful sight to e."

"But you are both too severe," said Elizabeth. Our amusements must, in some degree, be ited to our age. You would not have people, st because they are old and infirm, give up all tercourse with the world and each other. They

can no longer join in the pleasures of the you
—why deprive them of what is now their o
means of being amused and happy in society

"Happy!" repeated Catharine. "Look
those four faces, and tell me if you really thi
they are happy?"

"Well, perhaps they are not happy in yo
sense of the word," replied Elizabeth; "but t
passions and feelings which still remain alive
them are excited; and I believe all our happine
consists in some kind of excitement."

"And shall we all come to this, my love
asked Melville, looking smilingly in his wife
face.

"Heaven forbid!" replied Elizabeth, return
ing his smile.

"But what is to prevent us?" asked Catharin

"Now Catharine," said Elizabeth, "wha
would you have these old people do all their lon
evenings?"

"I must answer you too gravely, Elizabeth, i
I say what I really think. But what is the us
of education, or religion, or any attempt to regu-
late the mind and feelings, if we are innocent
and safe, just before we reach the end of all ou
aims, in thus trifling, or worse than trifling,
away our few remaining hours of preparation?—
But here comes Mrs. Lennox; see, she is look
ing for us as if we were under the chairs. I sup
pose the lady with her is Miss Morven."

"My dear Lady Dunallan!" exclaimed Mrs. Lennox, "I thought you had made your escape. Allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Morven."

Miss Morven and Catharine regarded each other with looks of equal pleasure. Miss Morven's appearance was extremely prepossessing.

"Both of my most valued friends are extremely displeased with me this evening," resumed Mrs. Lennox; "My only hope of making my peace is, by being able to prove that it is possible, even at a large, and mixed, and late party, to meet with people whose friendship is very valuable. I shall return soon, in the hope of obtaining your forgiveness," continued Mrs. Lennox, "and in the mean time, I shall farther show my penitence by inviting Miss Weston and her harp into this apartment; but do not be afraid, I shall only give her the hope of being introduced to you on some future evening." Mrs. Lennox then hurried away.

"What is your objection to large parties, Miss Morven?" asked Melville, who had frequently before met with her.

"Indeed, Mr. Melville, it would take me a whole evening to tell you half of my objections; but before I begin, let me ask you what benefit is to be got at them? or even what pleasure?"

Melville smiled: "I do not think I can allow

you to escape answering my question by askin one I shall find it so difficult to meet."

"Well," continued Miss Morven, "I sha try to answer you. I think that at a party suc as this, one sees or hears nothing at all impro ing either to the mind or heart; vanity and di play, and at least only trifling chit-chat; then on feelings of ridicule are excited," looking round the card-table, "where one should only feel pit precious time is lost for absolutely nothing, n even amusement; for every one tires of the crowds: then late hours and late rising next da and if you have any plan of life at all, that pl deranged; and if you enter the vortex, you m do this every evening and every day."

"No!" said Melville, smiling, "that is n necessary. You *really* good ladies, are too v lently anxious to be right, I think, and see mo evil in some things than *really* exists. A m with a profession like myself, must have a plan life, and must keep regular hours; and yet th is no party at which you do not see many la yers."

"True, Mr. Melville, but I believe the plan life we scrupulous ladies wish to pursue, is not e actly of the same nature as that of a lawyer. includes, and chiefly consists in studies and forts, which are far more affected by such scen than the study of law can be."

" But then," resumed Melville, smiling gaily, what would become of all the poor mammas hout these opportunities of showing us their tty daughters?"

' Well! there you mention the only case in ich I can discover their use; but that arises m a fault in the present state of society, not cessary surely; and which you gentlemen pro- te, I suppose, to protect your own hearts; for hink you all agree in *saying*, at least, that wo- n appear most lovely, and most engaging, when st domestic."

" Certainly," replied Melville, " and I think atever introduced those large parties, the gen- men, at least those who cannot or who do not sh to marry, have greatly benefited by them.— for those who really desire to enter into that ppy state, but who wish to be in love first, the se is different. For my part, when I see around so many lovely young faces, and slightly at- ed persons, I first wonder how any man can eserve his heart, and then how it is possible to se it; for, after you have seen one look, and ile, and dimple, till your heart is going, you ve only to look around you, and you see twenty st as charming, and you forget the first, and so for ever. Now to go where there is perhaps old father, who talks of nothing that has hap- ned within your recollection, and a mother o is no more modern in any way, it follows,

of course, that you fall in love with the bloomin daughter, who appears completely irresistibl from the contrast."

The sound of Miss Weston's harp now arres ed the attention of our little party. Her voic too seemed charming; but when loud enough t be distinctly heard, the party at the card tabl raised in an equal degree their tones of peevis reproach, or angry retort.

"Are you fond of music, Lady Dunallan, asked Miss Morven.

"Yes! extremely so."

"Shall we go nearer Miss Weston, then? for I fear we shall not enjoy any harmonious sounds in this corner. Catharine consented, and they approached the part of the room where Miss Weston sat. She was a plain looking girl, rather coarse in her figure and appearance; and, excepting Rose Lennox, who, looking very pretty and modest, stood close by her, no one paid her any attention. The little apartment had nearly filled with people, but they had separated into parties, and talked and laughed without any regard whatever to the poor harp player, who, nevertheless, continued to go through a long and elaborate piece with great skill and execution. Two young men stood near Rose and attempted to draw her into conversation, but in vain; she continued politely attentive to her mother's guest,

d the two gentlemen were also obliged to be-
me patient listeners.

Every eye was immediately fixed on Catharine
hen she issued from her retreat, and approach-
to where Miss Weston sat; and by degrees
veral people joined also as listeners, or rather
t they might gaze at a new face in the fa-
ionable world. Catharine, however, uncon-
ious of the notice she attracted, continued to
ten with pleased attention to a degree of skill
d knowledge of music she had never before
ard possessed by a lady. Her notice was at-
cted at last, however, by the appearance of
lady and gentleman, who attempted to enter
o conversation with Miss Morven, but whom
e avoided with the most marked coldness,
ough Catharine thought there was something
their appearance strikingly noble and pleasing.
ne gentleman, she knew not why, reminded her
Dunallan; he did not exactly resemble him,
t there was a something in his air and manner
at made her heart beat by recalling him. The
ly was not young, but Catharine thought she
d never before seen so beautiful a countenance,
so graceful a form. Her attention became
mpletely occupied by the strangers; their eyes
o were constantly turned towards her.

At last Miss Weston's piece came to a close.
rs. Lennox loaded her with flattery and thanks.
hen Miss Weston had retired amongst her

young friends, Mrs. Lennox said in a loud v
per to Miss Morven,

"Ah! if you heard Lady Dunallan's har
but I must not hope to-night to——"

"Certainly not," interrupted Catharine
displeasure.

Mrs. Lennox turned to the beautiful stra
"Lady Fitzhenry, I fear I shall not be ab
gratify you as I rashly promised."

Lady Fitzhenry smiled with the most capt
ing sweetness. "The reason you have al
given us, Mrs. Lennox, is too good, too am
for me even to desire to overcome it for my
gratification."

"I had promised, my dear Lady Dunal
resumed Mrs. Lennox, "that I should use a
little influence I possessed with you to induc
to sing a Scotch song with all its native una
ed sweetness."

Catharine blushed deeply; every eye
fixed upon her. "I believe," said she, lo
at the stranger, "I should not save Mrs.
nox's breach of promise by complying witl
wish."

Miss Morven, who stood by Catharine, g
touched her arm. Catharine turned to her.
Morven stept past her, and looked at the
book, which was open on the stand, then tu
her face to Catharine, and thus concealing it
the strangers,

"You wished to know whose music that was," iid she; then, as she passed into her former place, ıe said in a low voice, "don't sing."

Catharine was surprised; however, on Mrs. ennox again hinting her wish, she positively deined singing.

Lady Fitzhenry looked disappointed, and Caıarine could not resist saying to her, as she rered from the circle with Miss Morven:

"I hope I shall at some other time have it in ıy power to prove how happy I should be to blige you."

Lady Fitzhenry returned her thanks, in the ıost graceful manner, from which Miss Morven ırned away with apparent disgust.

Catharine then took leave of Mrs. Lennox, and lose, and quitted the apartment—but not before he heard Lady Fitzhenry say with a deep sigh ɔ the gentleman who accompanied her, and on hose arm she leant, "She is indeed very charmng."

When Catharine was seated in the carriage ıith her own party, and Miss Morven, who had ɔnsented that they should carry her home, Miss Morven said,

"I have come into your carriage, Lady Dunallan, to intreat your forgiveness, and to explain my reasons for so soon having taken the privilege of a friend."

"I beg you will only tell me who that charm-

ing looking couple are," replied Catharine, " why they seem to possess so little of your teem ?"

" Because I know them to be as worthles they are singularly charming," replied Miss M ven. " Worthless ! and how could Mrs. M nox have them at her house ?"

" Charity, my dear Lady Dunallan," said M ville, " nobody is certain of their misdeeds; suspicions are strong against them."

" I never saw so handsome a man !" exclai Helen: " I declare he looked like a prince king, compared to the other gentlemen."

" We are greatly flattered, Miss Grah said Melville.

" But who are they ?" asked Catharine.

" The gentleman's name is Sir Henry M ton," replied Miss Morven." He has long o ly admired Lady Fitzhenry, although he is a r ried man. Poor Lady Moncton stays quietl home with her children, while this cruel husb attends Lady Fitzhenry with the most dev attention wherever she goes. Lady Fitzher husband is excessively worthless every way, quite regardless of the reputation of his wife, v though she does not exactly reside with Sir H ry, is never seen without him. She is very li ary, and I believe highly accomplished in e way. She wishes to go abroad, but as th almost impossible at present, she is to rer

here for a short time. I am peculiarly alive to the greatness of her guilt; perhaps, because some members of her family are my most intimate friends; and I know her conduct has thrown a dark cloud over their happiest days; particularly over those of her eldest brother General Hartford, who has left no effort untried, which kindness could dictate, to reclaim her."

It was fortunate for Catharine that there was no light to betray the emotion which the last part of Miss Morven's speech occasioned; and when she added, "could I suffer you, Lady Dunallan, to be charmed into doing any thing you disapproved, by such a woman?" Catharine replied with so much emotion,

"I am more obliged to you than I have words to express," that Elizabeth could not help laughing.

"Surely, my dear Catharine," said she, "you are in no danger of being injured by this amiable person."

Catharine remained silent till the carriage stopt. Her thoughts dwelt on what she had heard. She must have seen Dunallan's Aspasia! Did he know how guilty she still was? What a dark cloud must the knowledge of her guilt throw also over his happiest days!

When the carriage stopt, Catharine took leave of Miss Morven, after obtaining her promise to spend part of next day with her and Elizabeth.

After a few minutes conversation with El beth, Catharine retired to her apartment. It past the hour at which she had promised to m Dunallan in the most sacred of all duties. felt wrong, and unkind, and unhappy. The b scene she had left—Lady Fitzhenry—all sw before her eyes, and led away her thoughts w she wished to collect them in devotion. Be she was aware, her attempt to examine her heart, as she always wished to do before she c ed the day, gave way to an attempt to disc why Sir Henry Moncton so greatly resem Dunallan! She supposed their manners been formed in the same society. She again tempted to perform those duties which gene gave her satisfaction—sometimes delight, but could not succeed, and bursting into tears, implored the mercy of Heaven for herself, for Dunallan, and then retired to sleep, at broken and disturbed, but at length tranquil profound.

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning, Catharine, with more self-command, reviewed the events of the preceding evening, and the manner in which she had spent it. She knew that such was the usual way of spending time by people in her situation. She was ignorant of Dunallan's opinion on the subject; but she thought it impossible that he should approve of what, even to her, appeared inconsistent with that regulation of thought and spirit—that separation from the follies and vices of the world, which she believed was required in Scripture. When she recalled Mrs. Lennox's anxious countenance, her gross flattery, and above all, her want of principle, which could allow fashion so to blind her,—which could suffer a mother to introduce such people as Sir Henry Moncton and Lady Fitzhenry to the acquaintance of a son and daughter—people who seemed formed to make vice seducing, she shuddered at the idea of ever being so infatuated; "and yet," thought she, "what reason have I to imagine that I should escape the errors that such a life leads to if I pursued it?" She tried to avoid thinking of

Lady Fitzhenry. All regarding her was p
What a continued source of misery mu
life of guilt be to Dunallan! Never did sl
so thankful for that mercy which had sn
him from ruin! This morning she expe
letter from him, and with mixed feelings a
its arrival. At last she received it, just
expected to be summoned to breakfast.
the first in which he had ventured to indu
expressions of tenderness, and she soon
that Aspasia, or any other being, existed
world but him.

"My dear Dunallan, my guide, my frien
husband!" exclaimed she at last, in a lo
of voice. Again she read the concluding e
sions.

"And now I must say adieu, my ow
tharine, and again continue this Journey,
every moment carries me farther from he
is now the first earthly charm of my exis
The idea of you brings to me all that is
and loveable on earth; and more than ear
claim—a sister spirit, with whom, after en
as much dear intercourse as is possible i
imperfect state of existence, I hope to li
ever. Adieu, my love. To the tender ca
only wise care, of that almighty, ever p
Friend, in whom you believe and trust, to h
humble confidence, I now commend my b
wife. How sweet, my Catharine, are the

associated with this dearest of appellations! But I must not trust myself; but again say that hateful little word that contains so much painful meaning, "adieu! That we may never again say it, is the earnest prayer of your

DUNALLAN."

"May we indeed never again say that painful word!" sighed Catharine. She then sunk into a sweet and pleasing dream, from which she was awakened by the entrance of Elizabeth.

"Oh Catharine! that blush tells whose letter has detained you so late this morning."

"Late! Elizabeth, I did not know that it was late."

"It is very late, however, my dear; and Martin, after several attempts to induce you to join us, to which, she says, you always assented, has at last given up her efforts, I suppose in despair."

"I believe I did hear her say something about breakfast, but I soon forgot. Am I indeed very late?"

"So late that Melville has gone out in despair of seeing you, and Miss Morven has been here for an hour."

"Dear Elizabeth, how could you allow me?"

Catharine hurried down stairs, and with many conscious blushes, apologized to Miss Morven for her lateness.

"I do not think you have suffered from dissipation of last night, Lady Dunallan," Miss Morven, smiling.

Catharine again blushed, conscious of th cause of her glowing looks. "One eveni suppose, may be productive of no evil c quences," replied she; "but I do earnestly my lot may never make it necessary for r spend my evenings in such a crowd, such a some bustle. I have poor Mrs. Lennox's still before me—so busy, so dissatisfied, anc easy. Pray, Miss Morven, is that the usual py state of the lady of the house on such sions?" "Oh no," replied Miss Morven, " Mrs. Lennox is, I see, quite new to such ki parties; and supposes it necessary that ever should be amused and attended to by herse she must do in the country when her higl neighbours visit her. A really fashionable would be greatly amused with poor Mrs. nox toiling from card table to harp player, stopping a moment near each little party, t certain whether they are enjoying themse and then bustling away to procure unw partners for the poor neglected misses, wh drooping in the dancing room." "But," a Miss Morven, "it is impossible to judg others. There must be some charm in large parties to the people who so regularly a them, which to me is quite unaccountable

t *is too* uncharitable to think that all who spend
ening after evening in such scenes, do so either
om want of mind or principle."

"I think," said Elizabeth, "I could easily
cover good motives for the presence of many
hose who go to such parties. I shall begin
ı myself. I know Melville would never go
did not, because he tires to death; yet it is
ɔer that a man in his profession should both
ıire new acquaintances, and retain those he

I do not see how this is possible, unless
mixes in society in the only way one can;
I really do not feel any bad consequences
ı it. Then mothers, who have grown up
ghters to dispose of, I need not say how im-
ıible it would be for them, in the present
e of society, to accomplish this, were they to
ish themselves from such parties. Then
ng ladies and young gentlemen, naturally
innocently love each other's society wherever
y can find it. I really am at a loss to discover
ıt you find so improper in these parties, Miss
ırven. You, too, Catharine, seem to regard
m as dangerous to every thing good."

'I certainly do *feel*," replied Catharine, "that
y would be dangerous to every thing good in
self at least.

'But why, dear Catharine?" asked Elizabeth.

'Because," replied Catharine, "they seem to
quite inconsistent with that state of mind and

feeling which, I think, we are required by
ture to cultivate; and which, when in any
attained, is so delightful, I should dread l
more than any other earthly blessing.

"But I know of no feeling, Catharin
commended in Scripture, which would be
by witnessing our fellow creatures amus
happy."

"I think Scripture requires us for ou
improvement, my dear Elizabeth, to ha
presence of our Creator, and our duty to
constantly uppermost in our thoughts, tha
ever we do, or think, or say, should be
by a desire to please him, and to honour
far as such creatures can. Now, what
witness last night calculated to produce
state of feeling? On the contrary, did we
rive our amusement partly from the fo
others? Can any one pretend to say th
spirit which prevailed last night was the s
religion? You smile, Elizabeth, at the id
can it be right to spend our time in society
is so governed by other principles, that th
idea of religion having any influence ex
smile of ridicule?"

"But still, Catharine, there is nothin
trary to the spirit of religion."

"Not even in the presence of such pe
Sir Henry Moncton and Lady Fitzhenry
ed Miss Morven, smiling.

"But there is no necessity for having such people at our parties," replied Elizabeth, "and many who frequently have such parties, would be quite as scrupulous in that respect as the very strictest methodist could be."

"Methodist!" repeated Catharine.

"Yes, my dearest Catharine. You are not aware of it, but your sentiments are becoming quite methodistical."

"What do you mean by 'methodistical,' my dear Elizabeth?

"I mean that narrow uncharitable spirit which limits all goodness to a few strict, and, to people who live in the world,—impracticable rules; such as never going to a party of more than a few religious people, or at least mostly religious—never stirring out on Sunday unless to go half a dozen times to hear some canting preacher—never opening your mouth but to pronounce some religious sentence; and holding in utter contempt all the pleasures derived from the cultivation of taste, or literature, or whatever can embellish or charm in life,—indeed, every thing but the contemptible pursuits of the self-satisfied sect."

Catharine smiled; "My dear Elizabeth I am not conscious of being guilty of any of the crimes you have mentioned."

"Nor would those who are dignified by the epithet of methodist recognise themselves in Mrs.

Melville's character of them," said Miss M
with some severity.

Elizabeth reddened, "I speak from re
said she, "I am not myself acquainted wi
methodist."

"Yes, you are," replied Miss Morven si
"unless you mean to strike me off the list c
acquaintances."

"You, my dear Miss Morven!" replied
beth, blushing deeply, "I have heard y
cused of this peculiarity I confess, but I
defended you with all the eloquence I p
ed."

"I, however deserve the contemptuo
pellation, in the sense it is usually appli
hope, at the day of reckoning, I may o
found amongst those who have borne it th
lives that ought to have proved the perfec
any principles. But now, my dear Mrs.
ville, I entreat you will be equally frank wi
and answer me, whether you think it c
possible to be too anxious to please the
being?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, if we are convinced, by the way
derstand Scripture, that a certain line of tho
and feelings, and actions, are alone pleas
him, are we wrong in pursuing that course,
ever unlike it may be to that of others?"

"Assuredly not."

"Well, my dear Mrs. Melville, this is all we do, and why is this so disagreeable?"

"I did not say any thing Miss Morven did was disagreeable," replied Elizabeth, smiling.

"No; but you seemed to think Lady Dunallan would become much less amiable by adopting the opinions of those who are called methodists, and only heard her express what I have just said; an earnest desire to regulate her thoughts and feelings so as to please her God."

Elizabeth hesitated—and then said, "I perhaps felt so, because Catharine, instead of replying to my question, how it was possible to live in the world, without taking society as we found it, began talking religiously, I do not know how."

"I do not recollect what I said, dear Elizabeth," said Catharine, "but perhaps I did not feel that I could answer your question. I certainly do not see how you can otherwise be in society; but I cannot argue this subject with you on these grounds. If it is absolutely necessary for Mr. Melville to court the world, he must do it, but I cannot perceive this necessity,—yet do not suppose that I think Mr. Melville should not mix in society. I do not intend by any means to say so. I mean only to say, that I think *I* should myself be injured by doing so very often; and that I can feel the necessity, the absolute necessity of only one thing, either for myself or others, which is, to learn the way of salvation for our

souls, for, What shall we profit, if we gain the whole world, and lose n?"

"True, my dear C arine, I believe the miserable old party we saw at the card table last night would have agreed with you thus far, though they might differ with you as to what is necessary to secure this safety to the soul. I believe, my dear Catharine, we must not expect all to travel on the same road to heaven; but let us leave this subject—it is new, and very painful to me to differ from you," added Elizabeth, tears starting into her eyes as she spoke. "If you please, we shall avoid this subject for the future." Catharine took her hand affectionately in hers; "I cannot promise this, my own Elizabeth, I love you too dearly; but for a few days I shall avoid it, if you will promise to think seriously of what I am going to ask you."

"I will, Catharine."

"Well, my Elizabeth, do you think it possible that it could be necessary for the Son of God himself to leave his glory, and veil himself in the human form, and live on earth so many years, suffering grief and contempt, and at last an ignominious and agonizing death, if the salvation of our souls, for which he endured all this, is a matter of so little moment that we may venture to trifle or delay attending to it? Do you think our Saviour did not mean what he said, when he assured his hearers that, 'Strai

the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth everlasting life, and few there be that find it? Will you think of this, and answer me, Elizabeth?"

"I will, my dear Catharine," replied Elizabeth very gravely, and becoming pale on seeing the extreme earnestness of Catharine's looks and manner.

Catharine kissed her cheek tenderly.

After a short pause, Elizabeth asked how they should spend the day?

"You shall decide, my dear Elizabeth," said Catharine: "Perhaps, if Miss Morven is disengaged she will join our little party in the evening; you know my aunt and cousins are to be with us."

Miss Morven immediately consented.

"The first thing we do must be to leave our cards at Mrs. Lennox's door, however," said Elizabeth.

It was agreed that this should be done immediately.

Mrs. Lennox had given orders, that if Lady Dunallan called, she should be admitted, so Catharine and her party were obliged to pay her a visit. They found her apparently in excessive bad humour, which she at first with difficulty suppressed, though she received Catharine and her friends with her usual exclamations of joy. Rose's joy was real.

"I am glad to see you *can* look happy, Rose," said her mother, with an expression of resentment, which showed there had been some recent cause of displeasure.

"Yes, dear mamma," said Rose, smiling sweetly in her face, "we can both be happy now, and you know I cannot be so when it is otherwise."

Mrs. Lennox turned away her angry eyes, and remained silent for a moment; then turning to Catharine, "Do you know, Lady Dunallan, you surprised every one last night."

"Surprised every one!" repeated Catharine, with a look of apprehension, "How?"

"Oh! I shall tell you how. I do not know what I had said before you came. I had, to be sure, prepared some of my friends to see what the style of beauty was I admired more than any other. Well I do not know what kind of taste they supposed me to have, but when you left the room, Sir George Campbell, who is thought a great connoisseur in beauty, came to me; well, Sir George, said I, are you disappointed? Extremely so, Madam. You smile, Lady Dunallan, but wait a little. Disappointed! repeated I. Yes, Madam. I expected that I should see one of those charming creatures, a gay young beauty, willing to show her lovely smiles to any one who chose to win them from her by a sufficient degree of flattery and admiration; instead of which, this beauty of yours is one of those

inching creatures I never dare approach, because I cannot get rid of the impression they make on me; and because there is such dignity in their youthful assumption of matronly staidness of manner, that I cannot venture to address them as I do common beauties."

"I am very glad I looked so matronly," said Catharine, smiling.

"And Lady Fitzhenry," continued Mrs. Lennox, "could talk of no one else, after you were gone. Is that the young lady, asked she, who has lived almost entirely in seclusion? and then she raved about your beauty and manners."

"Now, Mrs. Lennox," said Catharine, smiling, "do not you begin with all these pretty speeches about me, to avert the question you must expect from a lady who has always lived in seclusion;—how you possibly can admit such people as Lady Fitzhenry and Sir Henry Moncton into your house?"

"Not at all, my dear. Your asking such a question only proves how innocently ignorant you are of the ways of the fashionable world."

"I hope I shall continue ignorant of such bad ways, Mrs. Lennox."

"Well, wait a little, we shall see; but Lady Fitzhenry's taste at least cannot be disputed; besides, Sir Henry also joined in admiring you; and Lady Fitzhenry asked so very particularly and minutely about Lord Dunallan; where he

was; when he had left you; and a thc other questions; and with such very deep rest, I really was half surprised myself, we know the impression your appearance mal strangers."

Catharine felt uneasy, yet dreaded beti any emotion. "Do not speak any more of people to me, Mrs. Lennox," said she, forced gaiety; "you surely do not wish th make a conquest of me in return."

"Oh no. Yet I am sure you would like Fitzhenry if you knew her. She is a very c ing woman."

"She has no charm at all for me," said "every sentiment or opinion almost, the utters, is to me, unnatural or erroneous her manners are far too refinedly free; bu is her carriage, I think," continued Rose, ing towards the window, then drawing bac she might not be observed. "Mamma, di desire her to be admitted? The servant is ing the carriage door."

Mrs. Lennox looked confused; Miss M immediately rose—

"Do not go, I entreat you, exclaimed Lennox;" but Catharine immediately rose and took leave of Mrs. Lennox with a lo offended dignity.

Lady Fitzhenry was just entering as the the apartment. She stood back until they

l, and returned Catharine's cold and slight rtsy, with one of such graceful lowliness, and ccompanied by such an expression of humility, hat Catharine was touched, and when she got nto the carriage remarked it to Miss Morven.

Miss Morven's cheek still glowed. "Intolerable!" exclaimed she; "to be forced to meet such woman. You remark her lowliness of manner; hy should she have it, unless she is conscious of uilt? and if so, she loses the excuse her friends ish to plead for her, that her very powers of dging between right and wrong have been destroyed by the principles she has adopted."

"But she must be aware," said Elizabeth, that she is condemned by others, and that is a pressing feeling."

"Unhappy creature!" exclaimed Catharine, with much emotion, "how pitiable to see one, pparently so feeling, so superior in talent, so aptivating in manners, thus completely lost!"

"Yes," replied Miss Morven, "it is truly so. I cannot, however, suppose she possesses feeling, at least not the kind of feeling you mean. She has no pity for others. A father, brothers, sisters, have all been sacrificed by her, to feelings, she would say; but I say to selfish guilty passions. I have no patience for the admiration and pity this woman inspires," continued Miss Morven; "in my opinion, there cannot be a more worthless creature. Had you seen her fa-

ther, Lady Dunallan, or you, Mrs. Melville, [illegible] venerable! such a noble countenance! his ch[illegible] racter held in the highest honour by all wh[illegible] knew him—had you seen him, as I did, retu[illegible] from visiting this guilty woman, in the hope [illegible] reviving some feeling of virtue in her breast; had you seen him, struggling with shame a[illegible] indignation, and remaining tenderness, comman[illegible] his family never more to mention her name [illegible] his presence; and then from day to day sink in[illegible] to deeper dejection, until his life became the vic[illegible] tim to her shame! had you heard his dying me[illegible] sage to this cruel daughter, 'Tell Augusta th[illegible] I forgive her, though she has brought my gray hairs with shame and sorrow to the grave,' you would feel as I do."

"And did she ever hear that message?" asked Catharine, greatly shocked.

"General Hartford himself conveyed it to her."

"And what followed?"

"Her brother hoped it had made some impression; but no—in less than two months she again appeared in public in all the outward marks of woe, but constantly attended by Sir Henry Moncton. She, however, did look ill, and there was a story told, that during these two months, or a part of them, her spirits had been so miserably low, that at one time she had attempted to put an end to her existence by swallowing a

quantity of laudanum. I know not, however, whether there is any truth in this story."

Catharine felt greatly shocked; and when again alone, her thoughts were deeply occupied with Miss Morven's account of the unhappy Lady Fitzhenry. Could Dunallan know all her guilt and want of feeling? He probably did, and Catharine thought with pain of the many wretched hours her conduct must occasion him. There was but one event which could remove this wretchedness—a total change of heart and life in Lady Fitzhenry. Was this likely? Catharine remembered that the Christian religion excluded none from its hopes—none, however depraved, from its offer of renovation of heart, and complete forgiveness. Lady Fitzhenry she now regarded with very painful interest for Dunallan's sake. She recollected what Churchill had said, "That in her conscience there seemed to be no light;" and she fervently raised her soul to heaven in behalf of this unhappy woman; and from that day she prayed regularly for that mercy and light from heaven to rest on the perverted and guilty Lady Fitzhenry, which she sought not herself, and was apparently unconscious she required.

Next morning, and every morning following for several days, brought a letter to Catharine from Dunallan, each succeeding one more tenderly affectionate than the former. In his last he said—"I have now spent two days almost

constantly with my miserable brother-in-law. I shall not shock you, either by describing the situation in which I found him, or the state of his mind. The last, indeed, is indescribable. No language could convey to you the deep and settled gloom which has taken possession of him, and which only gives place to moments of horror so overpowering, that he seems unconscious of the presence of those around him, and gives expression to the agony of his feelings with such vehemence, and in language so appalling, that even the hardened beings I found attending on him did so with reluctance. Can I witness such a mind in such a state, my dearest Catharine, and not remember from what I myself have been saved? Poor Harcourt is no more ignorant of true religion than I was before my beloved Churchill, with such unwearied patience, pursued me with instruction; and to whose providence do I owe my ever having known that friend of my soul. I now attempt to follow Churchill's example of patience in watching every moment for an opportunity to introduce into the mind of Harcourt, some ray of light or hope, or peace, from the only source of truth—the word of God; but to the admission of light, or hope, or peace, his mind seems closed in the hardness of stone, and the darkness of eternal night. Walderford is now in London, and, with Christian compassion, joins me in watching over this wretch-

being. Another dear and feeling friend, a
gyman, also visits him. He is best pleased
en we are all with him; but nothing, for a mo-
nt, dispels the awful gloom of his awakened
science. My indefatigably kind friend Clan-
r has procured a house for us near his own,
——— Square, to which Harcourt was re-
oved this morning; my agent, Mr. Howell,
ving accommodated matters with his creditors.
rcourt has no wish to see his children; indeed
atever would recall the past, he seems to dread
uld only add to his misery. I think, however,
t his seeing them might tend to soften his feel-
s, and any softness of heart in his present state
ght, I think, be a means of good; but I feel
t I am selfish in this wish, so shall not attempt
find good reasons. I have written to my aunt;
hink she will come; and if so, she will be in
inburgh two days after you receive this; she
l remain one night, and on the day after, I
st I may hope that my Catharine is on the
d to London. I shall not trust myself to say
re."

In another part of his letter Dunallan wrote—
"You ask me, my Catharine, to tell you if I
ve seen St. Clair, and *exactly* to describe his
ks and manner on meeting me. I shall attempt
do as you wish. I have met him twice, for short
ervals, at Clanmar's. His looks and manner
e as cold and contemptuous as possible, and

certainly convey as much aversion and hatred
looks or manner could convey. I have,
times we met, avoided all intercourse with
further than common civility required, and
continue, my Catharine, to do so, while his
ings seem so unconquerably hostile towards
but I never return his looks of contempt; ind
how can I feel any thing but pity for him,
I recollect how long and intimately he was
quainted with the loveliest and most attrac
woman I ever knew, and how much his nat
vanity had led him to hope? So you see,
sweet friend, how groundless your apprehensi
on this subject are; indeed, I scarcely und
stand them; for you know, that whatever tr
ment this St. Clair chooses to bestow on me,
a Christian I must just patiently bear it.

Before I leave this subject, however, I m
tell you that I am acquainted with what you
tended to keep secret from me. My aunt, dre
ing further misunderstandings between us, h
informed me of your having written to St. Cla
I suppose, my love, he has not attended to yo
request. I do not suppose he ever will; indee
when I recollect how you are to prove to me th
you never wrote those cruel letters, I wish h
never may. You remember, Catharine, how yo
are to prove this—by your kindness—your affe
tion for me. I think I shall be very difficult
convince," &c.

Catharine, after reading this letter, could think little of any part of its contents, compared to the passage respecting St Clair. She perceived that he did not mean to answer her letter to him. He might have done so, since there had been time for Dunallan's receiving Mrs. Oswald's letter; and his continued and evident hatred of Dunallan, she felt certain, foreboded evil. She had known St. Clair from his early youth, and there was a determined resolution in his character, and a carelessness of what means he used to attain a purpose on which he had once fixed, which she now recollected with terror. Dunallan too seemed so little on his guard, that her fears increased the longer she allowed herself to think.

Next morning her forebodings seemed realized—the usual hour passed, and no letter came from Dunallan. She could not suppress her disappointment and anxiety; yet what cause had she to expect she should hear from him every day? No other than that she had hitherto done so. She could not, however, reason herself into any peace of mind. Her apprehensions increased with her attempts to overcome them. Ashamed, however, to confess to Elizabeth that Dunallan's omitting to write one day occasioned her so much uneasiness, and unwilling to reveal the real cause of her anxiety, she suffered her friend to suppose that her pale looks proceeded from headach. It was Sunday, and Elizabeth objected to her

taking an aching head to church, but Catharine hoped to find support there for her oppressed spirits, and insisted on going.

Elizabeth, as they went, praised the eloquence of the preacher they were to hear, and Catharine, when he pronounced, in an emphatic and solemn voice, the beautiful words of Scripture on which he meant to discourse, felt how admirably suitable the consolation offered by the author of our existence is to his creatures in every situation, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Catharine reproached herself for having for an instant sought to stay her mind on any other support; and she soon felt that calm which accompanies the pursuasion that we rest upon omnipotence. The preacher's ideas, however, instead of increasing this delightful feeling, rather weakened it, by the distance at which he kept from explaining the nature of that support which the feelings and necessities of the human heart require. He spoke of grief and disappointment, and anxiety of mind, and of the insufficiency of all human support; but this was all he seemed himself to have learned. When he spoke of the support given by God to his creatures, he so clothed his ideas in metaphors, that the heart which really sought some place of refuge and strength, saw none where to fix.

"You have seen," said he, "the wide expanse of heaven clothed with dark and threatening

louds, their gloom so deep that they obscured he cheering rays of that glorious orb on which ll nature depends for life and joy. You still be- eved, however, that his beams shone resplend- ntly behind that gloomy veil. You have seen im, before he left your sky to sink into the cean, rend the dark veil, and after skirting its dges with glory, burst upon your sight in all is brightness; while mountains, fields, woods, nd the broad deep, as if rejoicing in his return, eflected his rays with glorious splendour;—thus ill you feel, my friends, when prosperity again beams upon you, if in adversity you have stayed your minds on God." And thus he went on from one metaphor to another, while his admiring audience listened to words which had no power to do more than please the imagination. It was only in describing the deeper religious feelings, however, that he had recourse to such unintelligible language. In matters less connected with the devotion of the heart, he was simple and wise, as well as eloquent.

When the service was over, Elizabeth whispered to Catharine, "I am sure you must be pleased." Catharine shook her head. Elizabeth seemed disappointed, and rather displeased.

Miss Morven joined them as they left the church. When they had got into the carriage, Elizabeth appealed to Miss Morven whether any thing could be more beautiful than what they had just heard.

"Beautiful indeed, in some parts," r
Miss Morven; "but tell me what does the
phet mean when he speaks of staying our h
on God? I am sure I understand his words
better than when I entered the church. Clou
prosperity; sun; he left us all in the clo
whenever I particularly wished him to be cl
and explicit."

Elizabeth attempted, but in vain, to explain
language of her favourite orator.

"If you will spend the interval, until aftern
church with me," said Miss Morven, "I thin
can undertake to introduce you to a be
preacher."

"Catharine and her friend consented,
after Miss Morven had, with some difficulty,
rected the servants to the place, they stop
at the entrance into a narrow lane, which M
Morven called—Close. She seemed quite
home in this wretched part of the town, and c
ducted her friends to the top of a flight of st
which Catharine recognised as those descri
by Rose Lennox. Miss Morven opened
door in the dark passage, and herself led
way into the apartment where the poor fam
resided. All was now as comfortable as
smallness of the place would admit. The s
woman sat up in bed, supported by pillo
while the mother and the sister, with her p
little child in her lap, sat close by her. A Bi
lay upon Mary's bed.

"How are you, Mary?" said Miss Morven, holding out her hand with the gentleness and familiarity of a sister.

Mary clasped it in both of hers, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, "Dear, blessed Miss Morven!" exclaimed she.

"I have brought two friends of mine to see you, Mary," continued Miss Morven, "and to stay with you between sermons. This is Lady Dunallan, who sent you so many things."

Catharine held out her hand to her—she looked earnestly at Catharine, who smiled in return. "You look as if you knew me, Mary."

"Oh no, my lady, but I seldom see such sights." She then looked at Elizabeth with great pleasure, and turning to Miss Morven, said, with an expression of elevated joy, "How delightful to see such ladies brought to remember their glorious Creator in the days of their youth. Oh! ladies, how much you have in your power!"

Catharine, refusing to take the seat of the poor sister who held the child, sat down on Mary's bed. Miss Morven and Elizabeth did the same; and Catharine lifting the Bible, Mary said she had been attempting to read to her mother and sister, but the exertion had increased the cough and pain in her side so much, she had been forced to stop. Catharine offered to read, and the poor people accepted of her offer with much gratitude.

She turned to the passage on which th
man had preached, and began reading
commencement of the chapter. When
to the passage, Mary clasped her hands
exclaiming in a low voice, "Yes, perf
fect peace!" Catharine stopped. "
you think is the meaning of this passage,
asked she.

"Ah Madam!" replied Mary, "I am
know its meaning by sweet experienc
you wish me to add my testimony to th
this precious promise, I can say that th
enjoy, when I simply rely on my Lord
deemer for the salvation of my soul, an
liverance from darkness and sin, and
my cares and sorrows into his hands,
lightful—so perfect—I would not exc
for health, and friends, and plenty; nc
all the world has to offer without it."

Mary's countenance expressed even
her words. Elizabeth turned away, t
the tears she could not suppress. Mis
and Catharine smiled with softened pl
each other. Catharine then continue
for some time to the poor people, who a
pressed their emotions as she proceede
she had finished, Mary thanked her
moving expressions from Scripture,
tharine felt she was the gainer. "Bles
Mary, "is she that considereth the pc

Lord will deliver her in the time of trouble. The Lord will preserve her, and keep her alive, and she shall be blessed upon the earth. The Lord will strengthen her upon the bed of languishing. Thou wilt make all her bed in her sickness. He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he."

Catharine entered into conversation with the other sister.

"I believe your husband is abroad."

"Yes, my lady."

"And you have not heard very lately from him?"

"Not for two years, my lady; but Miss Morven has found out for me that he is alive in India."

"I rejoice to hear that! How happy this intelligence must have made you. Should you like to go to him? for you shall be enabled if you wish it."

"Oh! my lady, I should like it well, but I must not think of it. Do not say any thing about it, if you please, my Lady. I must not leave my mother and Mary; I know he is alive, that is a great mercy. O what days I have spent when I thought he might be gone for ever, and knew not whether he was prepared for his change! That was a heavy burden to bear!"

"Heavy indeed!" replied Catharine, her own anxiety about Dunallan on such comparatively trifling grounds returning to her recollection.

"O Madam," said the woman, "if I knew that he had a regard for the everlasting interests of his soul, I could easily bear any thing, I think, that the Lord should choose to lay upon me."

Catharine's heart smote her for her own unthankfulness. "This is indeed a sermon," thought she. She then inquired more particularly regarding what means of intercourse the woman had with her husband; and making herself mistress of all the information respecting him that she could, she hoped that Dunallan would be able to assist her in procuring some intelligence respecting him for his poor wife.

When Catharine and her friends took leave of this suffering family, each member of it seemed really happy. The two little girls had come in from church looking well and joyous. Poor Mary, as she raised her eyes to heaven, fervently imploring a blessing on her benefactresses, seemed beyond the reach of this world's griefs; and the tranquillity of her soul gave to her countenance an expression so heavenly, that, as Miss Morven remarked when they left her, no one could think it kindness to wish to keep her from that state, in which only she could now find those holy joys, of which her soul seemed to enjoy a foretaste on this side the grave.

Catharine and Elizabeth accompanied Miss Morven to another church in the afternoon. It was meaner in its appearance, very crowded, but

half filled with poor people. The clergyman's eloquence was only that of the heart, yet Catharine felt it more affecting than the flowing language of the other, or rather his ideas were more so. He too discoursed on the consolation afforded by religion in situations of distress; but where the last preacher had seemed to lose himself in vague uncertainty, the present seemed to speak from the most intimate knowledge of his subject. "If we have indeed received the Lord Jesus Christ for our Lord and Master," said he, "we must be certain he is leading us in that road which will terminate in everlasting happiness, however rough some parts of it may appear to be. Why do we call ourselves his servants? Why do we profess to believe in his wisdom, his truth, his care, his love; and yet shrink from the very expressions of those towards ourselves? If we truly believed, we would lay ourselves in humility at his feet, and say, Lord we know that we cannot guide our own hearts and ways; we know that thou only canst sanctify and prepare us for thyself. Take our hearts, and in thy own wisdom mould them by what means thou wilt into thy glorious likeness; thou knowest all our temptations and weakness, order every circumstance in our lives, for our ultimate eternal happiness with thee—regard not our prayers, but as they tend to those only valuable ends. Thus believing, we should look on every event as coming im-

mediately from that wisdom which canno
from that love which is more deep—more
than we can conceive. We should be r
accept whatever he sent us, as best and
though it should appear clothed in all t
cites present anguish. Believing thus, we
experience his power to support, and eve
able us to rejoice in the most severe afflic

Catharine listened with the deepest
and fervently raised her heart in prayer
ven, that this firm trust, this devotion
feeling, and every wish to the will of her
ly Lord, might be imparted to her.
deeply affected, so much so, that after M
ven, who seemed to understand her feeli
left her, and she returned to Elizabeth'
she found it irksome to enter into con
with those around her. Elizabeth, kno
newly acquired ideas about keeping Sun
declined going, as she usually did, to her r
but had invited her family to spend the
her, telling Catharine she should presc
way in which they should pass the eveni
tharine, however, longed for solitude;
staying with her young relations until
had read a sermon, during which Elizabe
ed with deep attention, Melville swallowe
dred yawns, and Helen Graham in vain
ed to suppress the smiles which Elizabe
ther Arthur purposely provoked; she r

her own apartment, to indulge those devotional feelings which were deeply wounded by the want of religion in those she loved—"This too I must eave to him who can alone change their hearts," ighed she, as she bent her knees to pray for iem. Elizabeth, however, seemed more thought-l, and this filled her heart with gratitude.

When Catharine had remained about an hour one, she was interrupted by Helen Graham ocking softly at her door,—

"Will you admit me, dear Catharine?"

"Certainly, Helen."

"You are displeased with me, Catharine,—u looked much so as you left the drawing-om."

"No, Helen; I am only grieved."

"My dear Catharine, I could not help laugh-g."

"Oh, Helen, how childish! but forgive me, I not mean to offend you."

"But you think me wrong, dear Catharine."

"I do, dear Helen, most certainly think so. I ink every one wrong who neglects the positive mmandments of God, which you certainly do trifling away the Sunday as you do. Surely our own conscience must reproach you. I must e very frank and plain with you, my own Helen. do think you very wrong, but my thinking so of very little consequence—this is not what I ish you to think of——"

"Oh I know what you wish me to think of interrupted Helen—"and I promise I shall a tempt to do as you wish. I cannot bear tho grave looks," added she, the tears starting in her eyes.

Catharine embraced her, "you will not repe doing so, my own dear Helen. Where is Eliz beth?"

"She left the room just after you. I have n seen her since."

Catharine was pleased. She hoped Elizabe had felt a desire to examine her heart in privat and she knew that this was a first and necessa step towards the knowledge of true religion. S went in search of her, and found her, as she wis ed, employing herself in reading and reflectin on what she read, with a desire to understand i meaning, and to judge her opinions and feelin by the Scriptures. Catharine remained long i conversation with this (next to Dunallan) deare of friends.

"I have not forgot your questions my tru friend," said Elizabeth during their conversatio "they have not been absent from my though half an hour since you asked them; and they c be answered but in one way, and that complete condemns my neglect of religion hitherto. I a deeply sensible of this, and wish, my own Cath rine, that you will be very plain with me in you say on this subject."

"Elizabeth, my dear first friend, you may trust me," replied Catharine with delight.

On the following morning Catharine was again disappointed in receiving a letter from Dunallan, and the day passed heavily on. She could engage in nothing proposed by Elizabeth, and was at last obliged to confide to her the cause of her uneasiness. Elizabeth knew St. Clair; and though she considered Catharine's fears as going too far, yet did not regard them as altogether groundless; and by thus partly agreeing with her, succeeded in some degree in bringing Catharine to think as she did.

In the evening Mrs. Oswald arrived, and so completely did she regard the very idea of Dunallan being led by any circumstances whatever into such a quarrel with St. Clair, as would endanger his safety as an impossibility, that Catharine felt assured, and in some degree at peace. Mrs. Oswald too had twenty reasons to assign for his not writing; and when she left Catharine to go to her hotel for the night, Catharine had almost forgot her apprehensions.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT morning Catharine rose with her heart unusually light. She had, on first waking, implored the power to leave all her anxieties and fears with Him who guides the affairs of his people with unerring wisdom and love; and her prayer seemed to be granted.

The hour again passed, however, and there was no letter from Dunallan. She felt that this indeed tried her confidence in heaven.

She joined Elizabeth and Melville. The latter seemed very grave, though he talked away in his usual manner. She observed that Elizabeth watched his countenance, and when she anxiously inquired if he was well, he turned away with an expression of so much uneasiness, although he attempted to laugh at Elizabeth's fears, that Catharine felt certain something had happened which he wished to conceal. Her heart began to beat violently. Elizabeth looked at her, then at Melville, and then exclaimed with a look of terror; "Catharine! Philip! what has happened? I see you both attempt to conceal something from me." She rose and laid her hand on

lelville's arm: "do not conceal any thing from e, Philip—what! who is ill? Is my mother——"
Melville took her hand, "come with me, my lizabeth; do not be alarmed." He led her out the room.
Catharine for a moment supposed that it was ɔm Elizabeth that Melville had wished to con- al something; but soon her fears respecting unallan returned, and she hurried after them. ıey stood at a little distance from the door, elville whispering to Elizabeth, but on seeing ıtharine, he drew her away.
"I see how it is, my friends!" exclaimed she th forced calmness; "do not be afraid to tell ɜ—I am prepared—Oh my God have pity on ɜ! He is not gone—say not this! Speak, Eli- beth.——"
"No, my dearest Catharine, but be composed, y dear friend, and you shall know all."
"I am composed, Elizabeth. Tell me quickly ıat is it? How! why are you silent?"
Elizabeth led her back into the room.
This letter is from Mr. Clanmar, you shall read yourself, Catharine."
"From Clanmar! Oh merciful Father have ty! Is Dunallan unable to write? I cannot see, lizabeth! Read it to me."
Elizabeth did as she desired.
"It is with extreme pain, my dear Madam, at I sit down to inform you of an event which

took place yesterday, in which my beloved fi
Lord Dunallan, received a wound which I
will, at least, prove troublesome and tedio
recovering. His anxiety about Lady Dun
will, I fear, increase the difficulty.——."

Catharine started up: "I will go to him, I
beth! Instantly I will go! Why should I
a moment? he is my husband!"

"You shall do as you wish, dear Catharir
will accompany you, for Mrs. Oswald will n
able to travel so rapidly as you will wish to

"You, Elizabeth! no, no, you ought not
Elizabeth—you shall not—I wish for no o
accompany me. Will you order every thin
mediately for me, Mr. Melville?"

"I shall instantly, my dear Lady Duna
and myself accompany you."

"Oh! no, my too kind friends; give me
letter, Elizabeth." She hastily took it, and
rying to her apartment, threw herself in an
ny of grief and apprehension on her knees.

"Oh! not this! not this! gracious, mer
Father! Oh spare him! save him!" She
into fervent internal prayer. At last a feelin
trust in the mercy and compassion of hea
produced a burst of tears which relieved
heart. She trembled, however, on recollec
that she had herself, on the evening before p
ed that she might experience what that firm t
in the love of God was, which could suppo

e severest afflictions. She again poured out r soul in humble and fervent prayer. Some e at last knocked at her door; she started up, e door was gently opened, and Miss Morven ıtered. Catharine turned away.

" I intrude, dear Lady Dunallan, but I come ask a favour."

Catharine turned to her; Miss Morven seem- greatly affected. " What can I do for you, ss Morven?" said Catharine in a gentle tone voice. Miss Morven seemed unable to speak. took Catharine's hand in hers; " How soon you called on, my dear Lady Dunallan, to ex- ience the truth of what we heard yesterday!"

' Oh Miss Morven, I cannot!—I shrink from -I cannot—" she shuddered, " but I must not ık."

' But why anticipate more than is necessary?" l Miss Morven.

' How! I scarcely know what I anticipate; he ınot write! Oh! he would not easily have left ıt office to another. Here is the letter, but I mble so, I cannot read it."

Miss Morven took it and read after where Eli- ɔeth had stopt.

" Lord Dunallan did nothing to provoke or pose himself to this outrage, for I can give it nó more honourable name. Mr. St. Clair's ılence of temper led him to forget all the feel- ɣs of a gentleman; and Lord Dunallan's char-

acter, perfect as it was, is still more exalted his conduct on this occasion. I shall not sp of my own feelings farther than to say, that if consciousness of the deepest obligations, retı ed for a time by the deepest ingratitude, wl was most generously forgiven and forgotten, bind the heart, mine will leave no possible me untried to preserve the precious life, whicl now dearer to me than my own. Assure L Dunallan of this, my dear Madam, and as soo it is possible, I entreat you to enable me to g my friend satisfactory accounts of this objec his deepest anxiety and solicitude."

Catharine wept profusely, and Miss Mor wept with her. "The favour that I have to of you, dear Lady Dunallan," said Miss Mor "is leave to accompany you."

"To accompany me! Oh no; why shou trouble and distress all my friends? Let go alone, God will take care of me."

"You will indeed distress your friends if reject their attempts to lessen their own anx about you, dear Lady Dunallan. In asking l to accompany you, I really ask a favour. I l a dear friend in London I wish much to see cannot go alone; will you consent to my g with you? Yes! you will."

"You are too, too kind, Miss Morven; I k it is on my account your humanity leads yc ask this—but where is Mrs. Oswald? Wl

er? To whom was this letter—was it not
?"
he letter is to Mrs. Melville," replied Miss
en, looking at the address.
nd Mrs. Oswald!" exclaimed Catharine,
may not know; I must go immediately to
We were to have set out to-day."
this moment Mrs. Oswald entered the room.
was as pale as marble, but perfectly compos-
On seeing Catharine, however, she was over-
, and burst into tears.
Shall we not go immediately, Mrs. Oswald?"
l Catharine, eagerly.
Certainly, my love, instantly."
But, Mrs. Oswald, I would not stop: you
allow me to proceed without stopping."
We shall not stop, my love, if God gives us
gth to go on."
artin was hurrying about, making prepara-
, and Elizabeth also soon entered.
My Catharine, I shall now be at rest. Mrs.
ald is not afraid of being able to accompany
Her children will remain with me."
No! dear Mrs. Melville," said Mrs. Oswald,
e children must do as Dunallan wished.
y will follow as soon as Mrs. Scott can join
."
iss Morven entreated that she might be trust-
o follow with the children, and it was at last
ettled. Catharine then embraced her friend,

"Elizabeth, fare you well. Martin, you m
have done. Is the carriage ready, Elizabeth?

"It is."

"God bless you, my Elizabeth—pray for y
friend—we may perhaps soon meet if,——ye
think—I hope I could not survive; but I
wrong—farewell, my own Elizabeth."

Mrs. Oswald was soon in the carriage.

"I do not intrude myself," said Melville,
he placed Catharine by her; "I see my pl
far more properly filled; but I have sent a p
son to attend you, who will make such arran
ments as will always enable you to proceed
every part of the road when you wish to do so

"Thank you, Mr. Melville: that is what
most desire."

The carriage drove rapidly away. For so
time Mrs. Oswald continued silent, and Cat
rine indulged those thoughts into which she da
not before to enter. At last she broke the silen
"was that letter from Mr. Clanmar the o
one which Elizabeth received, my dear Mrs.
wald?" asked she; "were there no particular

"I have another letter, my dear, which M
Melville put into my hand—but I have not op
ed it—I scarcely know what I am doing—I c
not credit what I have heard."

"Oh give me the letter, dearest Mrs. Oswa
She unfolded it, "but I cannot see the wri
distinctly." Mrs. Oswald again took the le

with some difficulty read as follows. (It was ten by Mr. Cameron and addressed to Eliza-.)

MADAM,

At last convinced that I have ignorantly been ıged in a very dishonourable action, in which person's happiness is involved, whom on h I should most wish to render happy; I ıot leave the country, which my rash con- ion with Mr. St. Clair obliges me to do im- iately, without attempting, by the only means ıy power, to alleviate those sufferings, which ɔw know the danger of Lord Dunallan will .te; and this is by merely doing him justice, ch, at this moment, I have it more in my er to do, than any other person, excepting Clair. You, Madam, are not ignorant of my ons for disliking, I believe I ought to say, ng, Lord Dunallan. I regarded him as the t selfish, cold-hearted, and hypocritical of ıan beings; because I had seen him, while, at same time he pretended to more than common ctness of principle, persist in completing the appiness of the most amiable of her sex. All ; I afterwards learned of his character could do away this impression. I was assured by Clair that Lady Dunallan was miserable. I eved him; and when, two evenings ago, Lord ıallan called at Mr. Clanmar's, while I was

there, every feeling of resentment and aversi
resumed their influence so completely over m
that I felt disgusted with the conciliating mildne
of his manners, and was insensible to the superi
tone of his conversation, which seemed to arr
and charm the attention of every one else the m
ment he began to talk.

" I thought him consummate in art, and dete
mined not to be duped. St. Clair was one
the party at Clanmar's. His manner to Lo
Dunallan, the instant he appeared, was co
temptuous, even to insolence. All he said w
pointed at him, sometimes even grossly so, y
Lord Dunallan remained unprovoked. He tre
ed St. Clair with that mild dignity he so emine
ly possesses, and which makes those who atta
him appear so little and contemptible. I
provoked; and though St. Clair's mode of
pressing his dislike was not exactly what I sho
have chosen, I attempted to support him. L
Dunallan seemed more sensible to my remar
and answered them with some warmth.
Clair was delighted to see him moved, and
doubled his attacks on every subject on which
thought Lord Dunallan could feel sore, but w
out success. To him Lord Dunallan contin
uniformly, but coldly, polite and reserved.
again joined. He looked distressed, and Cl
mar interposed, to smooth an irritation wh
seemed to threaten something more serious.

smile of pleasure brightened St. Clair's
nance, as if some happy recollection had
ed upon him. 'I believe,' said he, ap-
ing Mrs. Clanmar, near whom Lord
an stood, 'I believe you expressed a wish,
a, to possess those lines I happened to re-
ı your presence a few days ago. I have
them, and hope you will be equally pleas-
ı them on a second perusal.' He stood
› Lord Dunallan, and opened up a paper.
I am mistaken, this is only a letter.' I
ıo standing near, and saw this letter was
in a hand I well knew. Had I not
it, I should have been at no loss, however,
Clair had thrown it with apparent careless-
ı the table, with the signature just under
Dunallan's eye, while he seemed to search
: poem. The writing was Lady Dunal-
—."

ıarine could hear no farther—she became
: as death; and, in an agony, clasped her
together, and exclaimed, "And I am the
Rash, presumptuous folly! Oh Dun-
How much am I to make you suffer!"
ok the letter, and again attempted to read,
uld not. She gave it back to Mrs. Oswald,
fter hastily glancing at what followed, con-
to read, while Catharine listened, pale,
most overwhelmed with grief and self-re-
ı.

" I was not surprised at seeing this
continued Cameron, " for St. Clair had
tioned to me having received a few line
Lady Dunallan, respecting a favourite s
whom Lord Dunallan had dismissed.
mediately saw St. Clair's purpose, whicl
have been premeditated. It had almos
defeated however, for Lord Dunallan neve
ed at the letter, until Mrs. Clanmar excl
' What beautiful little female writing!
look at it, Mr. St. Clair?'

" ' Certainly, Madam,' replied he.

" ' Look, my Lord!' continued Mrs.
mar.

" He turned his eyes to the letter, and in
became pale, but held out his hand to rec
St. Clair would have snatched it from hi
he retired a step, and said, while he calml
ed it up, and looking sternly at St. Clair,
I will certainly not suffer. I know the sul
this letter, Mr. St. Clair, and the gener
you which dictated it, although I knew of
at the time it was written.' He then put
letter, and calmly resumed his place nea
Clanmar, though his countenance still ex
considerable emotion.

" St. Clair's lip became pale, and his eye
ed fire, but he remained silent. Clann
vanced with a look of alarm. ' Do not be
ed, my friend,' said Lord Dunallan. '

I immediately took my leave, and returned to Clair. He did not seem at all surprised. 'I cted this,' said he, 'but he shall meet me. nd I shall not both see another week.'

I left St. Clair, but soon had a note from him, ing me to meet him at seven o'clock on the ring morning, at ——— Farm.

was at the place at the hour appointed, and St. Clair alone, anxiously awaiting my ar-

I asked him how he had induced Lord llan to consent to meet him?

He shall meet me!' replied he furiously. ier carriage soon arrived with Clanmar; on after another, which was stopped by a it of St. Clair's as it was proceeding past the where we stood, and Lord Dunallan alight- d joined us.

le seemed surprised on seeing us.

What has happened, Clanmar?' asked he, y am I sent for?'

t. Clair, who had stood rather concealed me bushes, approached,

You are sent for, my Lord,' said he, with essed violence, 'to give me an opportunity aring my honour from the stain you have pted to fix upon it. Your scruples are now s—the world will know you have met me, ver happens.'

ord Dunallan turned to Clanmar and me, clare to you,' said he, 'I have been deceiv-

ed. This note, (showing it to us,) is an in vitation to be with a friend of mine who lives few miles from town, at eight o'clock. I suppos Sir,' turning to St. Clair, 'I need proceed n farther. This note, I presume, was written b you?'

"'No, my Lord, you need proceed no farthe Clanmar is your friend. Here are pistols— take your choice.'

"'Clanmar,' said Lord Dunallan, 'I suppos you also came here without knowing for why?'

"'I came here, Dunallan, because I had a mes sage in your name asking me to meet you here.'

"'Then, my friend, we may return together. He turned towards his carriage. St. Clair rush ed before him.

"'Never, Dunallan; we shall never part ti you have given me the satisfaction I demand.'

"'Madman!' exclaimed Lord Dunallan in an ger; but instantly recovering himself, he turne to me, 'Mr. Cameron, you know my determin tion. Your friend is too violent to listen to me but again I repeat it, nothing will induce me t do as he wishes.'

"He again turned to leave the ground, whe St. Clair, quite beside himself, held a pistol his breast. 'You shall not go—your cowardi shall not protect you.'

"Lord Dunallan seized his arm, and wrenchi the pistol from his hand, fired it in the air, an

rew it away. St. Clair seized another.
t his arm. 'Are you mad, St. Clair?'
'as too late. Lord Dunallan received its
s in his side, and fell."
ank God! thank God!" exclaimed Mrs.
, clasping her hands together, and raising
s to heaven, "Dunallan has not forsaken
ıs nobly kept the path of duty! Thanks
·od. Oh Catharine, what I have suffered
last hour, in the dread that he had! Mr.
e said he had been wounded in an affair
ur,—your forebodings, Catharine. Dear,
, Dunallan!"
ad on, Mrs. Oswald, I entreat you," ex-
Catharine. Mrs. Oswald seemed a new
e. She wept, but proceeded.
hen St. Clair saw Lord Dunallan fall, he
horrid laugh, exclaiming, 'It is done!'
ırning to me, said, 'Cameron, why did
ıch my arm?'
ınmar had raised Lord Dunallan. He
nearly fainting, but held out his hand to

ameron,' said he, speaking with great dif-
'you are deceived. You know not the
ıu call your friend. Tell him, however,
'orgive him, as I hope my own soul to be
ı. Tell him also, that if he consults his
fety, he will leave the country instantly,
privately as possible. His servant, La-

mont, was with me last night. I need say more.' Lord Dunallan then fainted, from the ertion of speaking. One of his servants gone in search of a surgeon, and soon retur with one from a neighbouring village. With assistance we had Lord Dunallan carried to house in London. On recovering from his fa he seemed very uneasy on seeing me still n him. 'Cameron,' said he, 'you must not st You indeed seem unfit for such a business.'

"I asked his forgiveness; 'I have nothing forgive,' replied he. 'I never blamed you—y have been deceived. But you can do me an sential favour, Cameron,' added he. 'The wo will suppose I met St. Clair for the purpose wished. You cannot yet enter into the pain t idea gives me. I hope you one day will; l now, will you, as far as it is in your power, m the truth known? I do not mean you to crim ate your friend. My wound was perhaps cidental.' He could say no more. I wai impatiently to hear the opinions of the medi gentlemen who examined the wound——" M Oswald read on to herself. "Go on, for heave sake, Mrs. Oswald!" exclaimed Catharine, terror. "Let me know all. I am prepared any thing."

Mrs. Oswald continued, "Their opinion that the wound is dangerous, but they give ho of his recovery, from the apparent strength

his constitution, and the known temperance of his habits."

"Well," exclaimed Catharine, clasping her hands together, "Then there still is hope?" She burst into tears. "Oh my dear Mrs. Oswald, I do not deserve this—I feel so rebellious to the will of God. I cannot be resigned to—I cannot even meet the thought."

For a time Mrs. Oswald could only weep with Catharine, but at length reproaching herself for her sinful unwillingness to acquiesce in an event which, in its every circumstance, had proved the strength of Dunallan's principles, and his complete change of heart and character, she attempted, from such considerations, also to sooth Catharine's agitated feelings; and in some degree succeeded.

"Yes; whatever happens," said Catharine, "those he leaves behind him will alone suffer. Death to Dunallan has no terrors. He looks for complete happiness only beyond the grave." She became more calm and collected; and could think of his departure to another world; but inwardly and fervently prayed that, should this be the event, she at least might not survive him.

Two days passed on. The next would terminate their journey. Catharine had yielded to every wish of Mrs. Oswald's except stopping on the road to sleep, and this Mrs. Oswald had not urged

till the last day. She then entreated her to st
for a few hours.

"We shall arrive exhausted, my Catharin
You will be unable to meet any exertion w
composure. You will be unable—"

"If he still lives, my dear Mrs. Oswald," terrupted Catharine, "and we are unable to c mand our feelings without rest, we can tak when we arrive. If he has left us, I wish for strength to bear it."

Mrs. Oswald did not attempt to answer.

"You think me wrong, dear Mrs. Oswald, bear with me for a little. I hope God too forgive me; but if I stop at this moment, I th my reason would be the sacrifice."

"You shall not stop, my love,—but recol yourself, dear Catharine. You will not be t beyond the strength you will receive to bear trial. Attempt to trust to this, my love."

"I do—I attempt it—but I feel so hurried, confused. Do not speak to me, dear Mrs. wald."

Mrs. Oswald put her arms around her, supported her head on her bosom; and worn with fatigue and misery, she soon fell into a turbed slumber, which gradually became n tranquil, till at last she really slept. Mrs. wald bent over her with feelings of the dee anxiety. Catharine's young and lovely cou

ce already betrayed the power of the misera-
and anxious state of her feelings. Her pale
ek, parched lips, and deeply sad expression
n in sleep, filled Mrs. Oswald with alarm.
continued to sleep until awakened by the
ing of the carriage on the pavement as they
red the suburbs of London. She started up.
Where are we?"
My love, we are near the end of our jour-
"
Thank God." Mrs. Oswald remained silent
e Catharine raised her heart to heaven, im-
ing support.
he streets, crowded with people and carriages,
ıed endless.
And this is London!" said Catharine, "and
: I once thought all was pleasure. How
ımy it looks! how large! How much misery
ust contain! Are we still distant from ——
ıre?"
Yes! still two or three miles."
atharine remained silent, but quite composed.
: carriage drove rapidly on. At last an at-
lant who had rode forward, was now seen
rning. The carriage stopt.
My Lord is considered better to-day," said
man joyfully, and the carriage immediately
:eeded as rapidly as possible. Mrs. Oswald
ibly returned thanks to heaven. Catharine
ıme faint for a moment, but was soon relieved

by tears. She took Mrs. Oswald's hand, "
has had pity on me, dear Mrs. Oswald, he
heard my prayers, evil and rebellious as I am

The carriage at last stopt; Clanmar and
amiable wife received Mrs. Oswald and Ca
rine at the door of the house.

"Lord Dunallan is better to-day," said
Clanmar immediately, and embracing Catha

"Is he considered out of danger?" asked
Oswald, eagerly.

Mrs. Clanmar was silent, and looked at
husband.

"Tell us the truth, Mr. Clanmar," said
tharine, faintly.

"Your arrival, Madam, will, I hope, haste
recovery. His anxiety on your account ha
creased the danger of fever, which is the
most to be dreaded."

"He cannot know of our arrival, Mrs. C
mar," said Catharine, leading her aside. "
he expect us? When may we see him?"

"He did not expect you for several days s
replied Mrs. Clanmar. "When your se
arrived about half an hour ago, his physician
consulted whether he might be informed of
arrival. The physician said he certainly mi
and Mr. Walderford is at this moment prep
him to see you. Whenever Mr. Walderfor
turns, I am sure you will be allowed to
him."

Catharine listened impatiently for Walderford's approach. At last he entered the room accompanied by the physician.

"Is Dunallan able to see us?" asked Mrs. Oswald immediately, "or ought we to delay?"

The doctor replied in a cheerful tone of voice, "We did not know ourselves, Madam, that you were actually arrived; we supposed you on the road;" then looking first at Catharine, and then at Mrs. Oswald, "it depends entirely on yourselves, ladies, whether your presence may be of the greatest use or the contrary to Lord Dunallan."

"You may trust us, I believe, doctor," replied Catharine, attempting to appear composed.

He bowed. "What I mean, Madam, is, that emotion of any kind would, in Lord Dunallan's present state, be highly injurious; but I know I need say no more; and the quiet which is absolutely necessary for him will be more perfectly secured by you than by any one else. If you please I shall now go with you to his apartment. Mr. Walderford will precede us, and when he has informed his Lordship that you are here, we shall leave you with him."

Catharine assented; and, suppressing emotions, which at another time would have been too powerful for her, followed Walderford and Mrs. Oswald to the apartment where Dunallan lay. They entered, and the doctor stopped them near

said Dunallan, "How shall I express my gra tude to you?"

"Dunallan," replied Catharine, struggling t suppress her feelings, "you must say nothi kind to me. We must excite no emotion. For get, Dunallan, that I am any thing but you nurse."

"But, my Catharine, my aunt, why have yo travelled so rapidly? Who attended you? Wh suffered you? Have you never stopped?"

Catharine looked up to reply to Dunallan questions, but on seeing his altered looks, w unable to proceed. Dunallan smiled. "Do n be alarmed, my Catharine. Loss of blood mak one always look dreadfully ill. That is all, n love. I do not suffer much."

Catharine burst into tears, and turned away conceal them. Dunallan held her hand. "M Catharine, we must find courage to see things they are. We must venture to look to th future. Do not struggle thus to suppress yo feelings."

"Oh Dunallan, do not exhaust yourself thus exclaimed Catharine, in a voice of agony, as spoke with extreme difficulty. "I entreat y seek repose. Mrs. Oswald and I shall watch you."

"No, my Catharine, you and my aunt mu need repose. I must now send you from n

truth. I again repeat that your reco-
:pends on your avoiding all emotion."
am prepared to attempt following all your
iptions, doctor! but my recovery, my dear
epends on God."
)ear Dunallan," whispered Mrs. Oswald.
Ay dear friend," said Walderford, "we wish
epare you to see Lady Dunallan."
Well, my friend, I am prepared. Catharine
ot be already come! Walderford, she is
here?"
She is, Dunallan."
' Heavenly Father, support us both," prayed
nallan, fervently. Catharine, as she now ap-
oached, pale, but composed, breathed the same
ayer.
"No emotion," whispered the doctor, as with
/alderford he passed to quit the room.
"My Catharine! my aunt! Oh you have been
o, too kind. You have travelled too rapidly,"
id Dunallan, as they approached.
"No, no, dear Dunallan," said Mrs. Oswald;
we have received the strength we required. Do
t think of us." Catharine could not speak, nor
d she venture to raise her eyes to Dunallan's
:e; but taking the hand he had held out to her,
e pressed her forehead upon it, and in vain at-
mpted to suppress her tears.
"My love—my dearest, kindest, Catharine,"

said Dunallan, "How shall I express my gratitude to you?"

"Dunallan," replied Catharine, struggling to suppress her feelings, "you must say nothing kind to me. We must excite no emotion. Forget, Dunallan, that I am any thing but your nurse."

"But, my Catharine, my aunt, why have you travelled so rapidly? Who attended you? Who suffered you? Have you never stopped?"

Catharine looked up to reply to Dunallan's questions, but on seeing his altered looks, was unable to proceed. Dunallan smiled. "Do not be alarmed, my Catharine. Loss of blood makes one always look dreadfully ill. That is all, my love. I do not suffer much."

Catharine burst into tears, and turned away to conceal them. Dunallan held her hand. "My Catharine, we must find courage to see things as they are. We must venture to look to the future. Do not struggle thus to suppress your feelings."

"Oh Dunallan, do not exhaust yourself thus!" exclaimed Catharine, in a voice of agony, as he spoke with extreme difficulty. "I entreat you to seek repose. Mrs. Oswald and I shall watch by you."

"No, my Catharine, you and my aunt must need repose. I must now send you from me.

ıose pale looks distress me. Leave me to 'alderford. When you have rested, and return me, I shall have many things to say to you, ıich ought to be said while I am able."

Catharine started.

"My love, you must know the truth. I am ıt yet out of danger. There is still either anher ball or some fragment of my dress in the ɔund, and until that is extracted I cannot re-ver. This will be attempted as soon as I am ought in a state to bear it—perhaps to-morrow. will not be painful, my love," added Dunallan, ı observing that Catharine shuddered, "but it ay not succeed. I therefore wish to say all I ıght to say to you as soon as we have had reɔse. Let us all, for each other's sakes, really ːek that repose."

Dunallan became himself affected deeply, and atharine, unable longer to suppress her feelings, ısped his hand in agony for a moment, and en hurried from him. Dunallan intreated his nt immediately to follow her.

"Oh, Mrs. Oswald!" exclaimed Catharine, ıe is ill—ill indeed;" and instantly fainted.

On recovering, she found herself in bed, and rs. Oswald and Mrs. Clanmar hanging anxiousover her.

"My kind friends," said she, "How I plague u all. Mrs Oswald, you must not stay with

me. You need rest. You have promise seek it."

"Yes, dear Catharine, let us both really *that rest*, both for body and soul, which will for whatever is before us."

Catharine embraced Mrs. Oswald. "I me then, dearest Madam, and I shall trul tempt to do so. After this, nothing shall s ate me from him, I hope for ever."

Catharine's friends willingly consented to her; but when alone, Dunallan's counter was again before her,—so, languid, so hea the expression, as he lay unable to move pain and weakness. "He cannot reco thought she, giving way to the anguish she struggled to suppress in his presence. thought with terror of what he might yet to suffer. She could find no hope, no re no rest, but in prayer. She fervently impl resignation to the divine will—and for pow overcome her selfish feelings, and to be a su and comfort to Dunallan, whatever might b event, instead of a source of anxiety and Her thoughts became elevated as she pr The nothingness of the things of time, comp with those of eternity, appeared so clearly a most to surprise her. She almost longed t part—to be taken with Dunallan. But wa prepared for this? She trembled as the thc

ıck her, that love for a fellow-creature led her desire to die. She prayed with fervour that heart might be delivered from such earthli- and devoted supremely to its Creator, so as ve him above all human love,—and some- seemed to whisper that Dunallan's death be the means.

er many tears and much humiliation of she at length could from her heart say, will be done," and from that moment felt ne measure calm, and collected, and resign- ıd soon sunk into that repose she had pro- to seek.

vas early next morning before Catharine . She instantly rose, and after fervently for help from heaven, left her room to go rch of some one from whom she might hear unallan. She met Mrs. Oswald on the

"I was coming to you, Catharine."

ou have seen Dunallan, dear Mrs. Os-

es, my love, I have just been with him. as slept, and is, I think, less uneasy this ıng. He will not allow me to mention the suffering to him. He says he has cause or thankfulness."

lear Dunallan!" said Catharine, her eyes

ou, my love, must now be his nurse, his ınt nurse. He has received my promise

that I shall devote my time and cares t
wretched Harcourt."

"Harcourt," repeated Catharine, "I ha
gotten his existence. Is he not in this hou

"He is, my love, and a source of the d
anxiety to Dunallan. He is very ill, in th
stage of consumption, but his mind, Mr. W
fold tells Dunallan, as vividly acute, and a
and miserable as ever. Dunallan will no
up attempting to enlighten this darkness
has proved to me that I ought to leave him
care of the many friends heaven has b
ed upon him, and devote my every mom
watch over, and attempt every means i
power, while life remains, to bring this for
wretched, but immortal being, to the h
Christianity. But now, my love, let us ret
Dunallan's room, and I shall show you th
rangements I have been making."

Catharine then followed Mrs. Oswald
softly entered a small apartment, one d
which opened into the room where Dunalla
The arrangements in this outer apartment p
how well Mrs. Oswald had been accustom
sickness. Nothing seemed to be forgo
could possibly be wanted. Mrs. Oswald
opened the door into Dunallan's apar
Catharine followed. His attendant retir
their approach, and Mrs. Oswald motion
Catharine to take his place. Dunallan

and Mrs. Oswald, after watching his slum-
r some minutes, whispered to Catharine,
ı certain he is better. I see no cause of
here. Now, my love, I leave him to you.
nber, composure and cheerfulness are the
ıalities of a nurse." She kissed Catharine's
and then softly stole away.
ıarine continued to watch her patient,
ly daring to move or to breathe lest she
disturb him; but attempting to raise her
ıts, and to rest her trust in heaven.
ıallan's sleep at last became disturbed, and
pression of pain for a moment contracted
ɔw. Catharine rose hastily, and bent anx-
over him. It passed away, and his coun-
e again resumed its heavenly mildness of
sion. Soon, however, it was again disturb-
l, attempting to move, he awoke. He start-
seeing Catharine, and a flush of pleasure
l his brow.
ou are in pain, Dunallan."
o! my Catharine; at this moment I only
easure. Have you, my love, had repose?"
ı yes! and now, Dunallan, I am to be your
nt nurse, and neither of us must think of
ing but your getting well. At this mo-
. prescribe more repose. It was pain which
you." She arranged the pillows which
:ted him, while he looked at her with an
sion of melancholy pleasure.

"What ease you have given me, my beloved nurse!"

"You must remember we are to avoid all emotion, Dunallan."

"Yes, dearest Catharine, if possible: but while I have strength, I must say what I wish to you."

"Say those wishes in one word then, dear Dunallan."

"I shall, my Catharine. I still think I may recover; but should I not, I must leave you, Catharine, without an earthly protector, but your own prudence. This thought is almost insupportable to me, but in this I am wrong, and I hope I have at last been enabled to leave you to his Almighty care in whom I hope you trust. Beware my Catharine of St. Clair. He is a desperate character. There is, I fear, nothing of which he is not capable. I dare scarcely think of what you may be exposed to from his violent and selfish attachment to you."

"Do not fear, my dear Dunallan," interrupted Catharine, we shall not be separated. I shall need no protector. God will hear my prayers. Do not seek to prepare me for an existence I could not endure for a day. I feel it, Dunallan—we shall not be separated!" She spoke with a melancholy energy, which almost overcame Dunallan. He however struggled to regain composure, and proceeded,

"I shall not dispute this with you, my Catha-

ine, but you may be mistaken; and if so, you vill have a melancholy pleasure in remembering your friend's last wishes."

Catharine could not suppress her tears, and bent down her head to conceal them; while Dunallan proceeded to inform her of his wishes respecting herself—respecting Mrs. Oswald and the children—respecting his people at Arnmore.

"I have been unable to assist you by writing any explanation of my views, but I believe you will be able to comprehend from my papers all that is necessary. All the influence that was committed to us, with regard to these people, is now left to you, my Catharine; all is now yours; you have much in your power; much good; remember this, my love. And now, my beloved, too much beloved Catharine, there is still another thing I must say——God will not suffer idols. My own heart has been guilty before him in this, but I will say no more. We must be taught to love him more than each other, however painful the lesson.

"And now, my Catharine, I have only to speak of myself. I have but one other grief in leaving the world, besides that of being separated from those who are dearer to me than self—this grief is the appearance of my consenting to meet St. Clair. This, I fear, may injure the cause of religion; but this is God's own cause, and I must leave it in his hands. Join your prayers with

mine, my dear Catharine, that I may not be the unhappy means of bringing reflections on religion. I have now, my love, said all I wish, but this——that my soul is in perfect peace. I have no fears as to the future—I find the truths I believed while death seemed at a distance, completely sufficient to support me in the immediate prospect of appearing before God; my confidence increases; my surety is sufficient. There is no condemnation to them who believe in him for their whole salvation. My heart would still delay in this world for the sake of one idol, but I would be miserable even with that idol, were she to lead me to forget one duty to him who gave his life to save us. I have prayed that our affections might be so regulated, that we might live and serve him together; but I wish humbly to resign my will to his; I would say—separate us not Oh God—let us together enter on our new state of existence—or together love thee supremely and seek to glorify thee by our lives on earth.- But I know not what is best—I know not what he may see necessary, that he may purify us for himself."

Dunallan stopped, greatly exhausted.

Catharine did not raise her head. Dunallan's last words had elevated her thoughts to heaven in earnest supplications for him and for herself that they might be willing to submit to the will of God; that she might be enabled to overcome

sinful terror for what he should see fit to
, and be ready to receive every dispensation
mmediately from the love of a father—the
merciful discipline of a Saviour. She was
ly agitated, and sobbed aloud. Dunallan
ot for a time interrupt her. At last laying
and gently on her head,

My Catharine," said he, in a broken voice,
separation cannot be long, should it be ne-
ry. Let us think of the eternity we shall
together; time, my love, compared to that,
thing. Devote yourself, my Catharine, to
earnest preparation for that state; lay open
heart to your heavenly teacher—wait on
ill he moulds it to his will—till he moulds
fections and desires to rest in himself—and
even in this world, you will be able to say
: it was good for you to be afflicted.' And
we meet in another—Ah! Catharine, what
be my joy! How real that world appears to
t this moment!"

Oh that I could do as you wish—that I
l feel resigned to the will of God!" exclaim-
atharine earnestly, and clasping Dunallan's
in hers.

He will regard your wish, my love," replied
allan; " and now, my Catharine, you must
be my soul's nurse. I have been unable to
Walderford has hitherto read to me—
my love, I shall trust to you."

"But, Dunallan, you are fatigued; you must rest a little."

"I will, my sweet nurse; now you shall prescribe to me."

Catharine seated herself by him while he remained silent, his eyes mildly fixed upon her. She watched every varying expression of his countenance. She changed his supporting pillows, so as to relieve the weariness of weakness, and the pain of his wound; and as he was able to listen, she read or repeated passages of Scripture calculated to carry the thoughts beyond death, and all that is on this side the grave. Her own mind became more calm and resigned, and elevated.

The day passed away. The physician was to come again in the evening, and as the hour approached, Catharine began to listen eagerly to every footstep. At last he came, and Catharine retired while he dressed his patient's wound. She watched for his leaving Dunallan's room, and taking him apart, entreated him to tell her the whole truth.

"My Lord has less fever to-night, Madam. To-morrow I think we may examine the wound."

"I know what you mean, doctor; that will be painful and dangerous."

"I hope not, Madam. Lord Dunallan has an admirable constitution, and as for pain, in all my practice, I never saw any one endure it with

ch fortitude. His religion never forsakes him. e seems to find cause for gratitude even in in. When I ask if I make him suffer, he re- es, smiling, ‘ it is not you, doctor; it is a phy- an of even deeper skill, but who cannot err.’ always answers me in this kind of way." Ca- rine's eyes filled with tears.

But, doctor, in usual cases, would the exa- ation you talk of be dangerous?"

Not the examination, Madam, but the con- iences. But, Madam, Lord Dunallan teaches our duty. We shall use those means which ear proper to us, and leave the consequences n God. The future, Madam, is wisely con- led from us; present duty is plain."

‘ True, doctor; you are perhaps right in not sfying me. In the mean time you prescribe plete quiet."

‘ Yes, Madam, for my Lord; and for your- ' a whole night of repose. You will then, I nk, be able for the fatigue which is before . After to-morrow, undisturbed quiet will absolutely necessary for Lord Dunallan. You, dam, will be his most careful nurse."

Catharine returned to Dunallan without trust- herself to think. The physician had not taken hope away; yet, his conversation, from its un- tainty, had left an unhappy impression. She ld form no opinion regarding the future from

what he had said, and she shrunk from t
tempt.

Dunallan's languid eyes brightened with
sure on Catharine's return. Walderford w
him, and rose to retire on her entrance.

"Do not go, Mr. Walderford," said sh
ly, "Dunallan will regret my arrival, if I
away all his friends."

"Walderford is to be with me durin
night, my dear Catharine," said Dunallan,
look reproachfully at me. Do you think
sible I should recover, if I saw you worn
attending on me? I have so many kind
willing to be with me, that I hope I shall
to manage so as to fatigue no one. Wh
Clanmar, Walderford? I have not seen him
the morning."

Walderford hesitated—— "He is——
is an examination going on in some law
which, I believe, he has been obliged to at

Dunallan looked fixedly at his friend, "
Clair concerned in that examination, W
ford?"

"St. Clair has left the country," replied
derford, and then hastily left the room,
he would return in an hour or two.

Dunallan became very thoughtful. Cat
held his hand in hers, and anxiously watch
darkening expression of his countenance.

"My dear Dunallan, may I ask what is the bject of your thought? I fear it is some pain- l one. Is it St. Clair?"

"It is, my love."

"But, Dunallan, should we not wish the truth this horrid affair to be known?"

"Perhaps we ought; but, my love, were all the ıth known, the consequences to St. Clair would : more serious than either of us would choose to ticipate. Clanmar this morning asked to see the te which had induced me to go to ——— farm i that morning I met St. Clair. Will you, my ıtharine, oblige me, by looking whether he re- aced it in my writing case?

Catharine searched in vain for the note.

"I see how it is!" exclaimed Dunallan, with uch emotion. "I pray God that the unhappy . Clair may have indeed left the country."

"My dear Dunallan, you will hurt yourself · this emotion. Why will you—why should u be so deeply interested about one who is so cked—so horribly revengeful? I dare not ink of him——."

"You must try to overcome those feelings, my ıtharine, and from your heart forgive him. ou do not know, my love, how much there is to ead. St. Clair's servant came to me the night fore I last saw him, and offered to make me quainted with all the means used to intercept ur letters. The man had formerly been my

servant, and said his conscience would give him no rest for having been induced by bribery to injure me. At that time I felt unwilling to listen to him. I had just declined answering St. Clair's challenge. I therefore assured the man of my forgiveness, on condition he would never, without my permission, mention the matter to any one. He left me, however, muttering revenge against his master, for some personal ill treatment."

"But now, my dear Dunallan, banish, I entreat you, this horrid subject from your thoughts."

"No, my dearest Catharine; whatever is in our power we ought to do, and must do immediately, my love. Will you, my Catharine, go to Mrs. Clanmar, and endeavour to discover every particular of this business for me? You must not consider me incapable of performing any duty while I live. I shall at least attempt it. It will not hurt me, dear Catharine. Miserable St. Clair! I hope he is in safety somewhere out of the country."

Catharine attempted to dissuade Dunallan from his purpose, but in vain.

"You are mistaken, dearest Catharine. It will not hurt me to know the truth. If I can do nothing I shall be at rest; but I trust that you, my other self, my wife, will not deceive me."

Catharine left Dunallan, intending to go immediately to Mrs. Clanmar's house. She found,

ver, that both she and Mr. Clanmar were at
noment engaged with Mrs. Oswald. She
diately joined them. Walderford was also
nt, and the party stood close together, ap-
tly in deep conversation.
Mr. Clanmar," said Catharine, anxiously, "has
ning unpleasant happened? Dunallan is de-
ned to know all. What *has* happened?"
Nothing of any importance, my dear Madam.
ot be alarmed. I shall go and inform Dun-
of every thing," and he immediately left
oom.
tharine then entreated Mrs. Oswald to tell
hat had passed.
You do not understand law-matters any bet-
an I do, my dear Catharine," replied Mrs.
ld, "but I shall tell you exactly what I un-
ood Mr. Clanmar to say. Mr. St. Clair's
nt went two days ago to a magistrate, and
ed to give some extraordinary information
cting the cause of the meeting between Dun-
and St. Clair, which had been the wonder
e day, Mr. Clanmar said, from Dunallan's
n principles. From some things said by
ervant, and also from some reports in cir-
ion, orders were issued by the proper autho-
to search for and take into custody, Mr. St.
and Mr. Cameron. The latter, who had
eft the country, immediately gave himself
nd is at large on bail. St. Clair has not

been heard of. To-day Mr. Clanmar underwent an examination on the subject. Mr. Cameron was also examined, and his evidence went greatly to criminate St. Clair, who, however, is supposed by every one to have left the country; and this examination will, I trust, have no other consequence than that of clearing Dunallan's character. Indeed, Mr. Clanmar says it has cleared it already; for though the examination was called a private one, the court was crowded to excess. Am I correct, Mr. Walderford?" asked Mrs. Oswald.

"Perfectly so, Madam."

"What would be the consequence, Mr. Walderford," asked Catharine, "were Mr. St. Clair still in the country? for Dunallan is quite miserable, from the apprehension that he may not have escaped."

"Were all the charges proved against him," replied Walderford, "Mr. St. Clair in intention is a murderer, and would be considered so in law."

Catharine shuddered, "Can Dunallan, in any way, lessen his appearance of guilt?"

"I think it impossible, Madam, that he can. Mr. Cameron, when on oath, said, that he believed Mr. St. Clair intended to fire, and that he did not cause him to do so by touching his arm. Clanmar did not exactly see the transaction, neither, I suppose, could Dunallan."

" Oh, I hope for Dunallan's sake, that he may leed have escaped!" exclaimed Catharine, and ıy he never, never return, horrid, wretched ing! Do you really think he is gone, Mr. 'alderford?"

" Certainly, Madam, I believe, Oh certainly, ere can be no doubt of it," added he.

Catharine, after spending a short time in conrsation with Mrs. Oswald, returned to Dunal-ı. He appeared excessively grave.

" I have been right, Catharine."

" Yes, Dunallan, but nothing is in your power. ɔu promised that if this was the case you would ɛmpt to banish the subject from your thoughts."

" I will make the attempt, at least, now——."

Clanmar left the room. Dunallan seemed ɛatly exhausted, and Catharine sat silently and xiously by him for the next hour—and then, er many entreaties on his part, left him to the re of Walderford and his own attendants.

But this is the last time you must ask me to ıve you, my friend," said she, " for I cannot ain consent."

Catharine retired to her apartment, wishing, if ssible, to strengthen herself by repose for every ɛrtion; and, struggling to banish every painful ɔught, she laid herself to sleep. For some ıe, however, the attempt was vain. At last ed nature overcame her harassed mind, and she nk gradually into profound repose. Towards

morning she dreamed she was at Arnmore. Dunallan was there also, and they together enjoyed the freshness of the opening spring. She saw its beautiful scenery, as she had seen it on her first arrival there, but she conversed with Dunallan as her friend and husband. She awoke, and could not, for a moment, recollect where she was, so deeply had she been absorbed in her delightful dream. The truth, so painfully different, soon returned to her recollection, and her heart sickened at the contrast. She started from her pillow, and withdrew the curtain which screened her apartment from the rays of a clouded sun. She looked from the window, but instead of the luxuriant scenery of her dream, she saw only the miserable and stunted shrubs of a London garden. It was still early; but after seeking strength and consolation from heaven, she determined to go to Dunallan. All was still in the house. She softly entered the room next Dunallan's. The door into his was half open. She approached cautiously. All was quiet. Mrs. Oswald and Walderford were in the room. Mrs. Oswald was seated with her back towards her. No light had yet been admitted into the apartment, but she read by the dim rays of a night lamp, and as she cautiously turned the leaf of her book, looked earnestly at Dunallan; then again began to read. Catharine saw that her patient slept, and earnestly prayed that his repose might continue, and be

blessed. She softly retired from the door, and seated herself near it, that she might watch his slumbers, and pray for him and for herself. His sleep continued. It seemed as if her prayers were heard. She felt a holy calm of soul, and kneeled down to express her humble gratitude and trust. She continued on her knees—light and peace following her fervent supplications, and elevating her affections to the source of all good, of all purity, of all happiness. At last Dunallan spoke, and Catharine was instantly near him. She inquired with earnest tenderness how he had slept? How he felt? Dunallan's replies were even beyond her hopes, and she read in his countenance the ease and refreshment he said he had received from sleep. His own looks expressed the calm and elevated state of his feelings.

"My friend," said Dunallan to Walderford, "you must not leave us, till you have expressed our gratitude to heaven." Walderford immediately kneeled down. Catharine and Mrs. Oswald kneeled also, while Walderford poured forth, in touching language, the very feelings and desires of their souls. When he rose from his knees, he took leave of Dunallan with almost a woman's softness. "You *must* allow me to be with you to-day, Dunallan."

"Well, my friend, you shall have your wish, but I require no earthly support, believe me."

Catharine knew what Walderford alluded to, and when he was gone, expressed the satisfaction she felt in thinking he would be present.

"It gives me only pain, my Catharine," said Dunallan; "yet I know were I in his place I should feel as he does, therefore I do not object, though I believe he will suffer more in supposing I suffer, than I really will. But this, my love, is one of the attendants of warm affections on this side the grave. A time is coming, my Catharine, when we may love and be loved, without fear of suffering, or excess, or change."

"Yes, my dear Dunallan, and I feel how selfish it is to be so unwilling to think *that* happy time may possibly be near for only one of us. Were it for both—Oh how I could welcome it!"

"Could you, my love—have you no fears—no doubts respecting the future?"

"Ought I to have fears or doubts, Dunallan? Tell me truly. Do you think I deceive myself? Do you think I have not a right foundation of hope?"

"I hope you have, my love—I trust you rest on the rock of ages—the only refuge for any soul—but I feel anxious, my Catharine——Love for me——for any created good is not the motive which ought to excite your desires after another world. You would believe and feel this, my Catharine, were you, as I am, more certain of death than of life. Preparation for death, my love,

must consist in such devoted love to our Divine Master, as would also be the best preparation for life, were he to will that. I speak plainly, my Catharine. If you knew how I love you, you would forgive me; even your sweet expressions of affection pain me, when they seem confused with what ought to be superior to all earthly affections. My Catharine, the human heart, even on this side the grave, is capable of feelings which no created being can inspire. Believe this; I say it from my own experience. You know I would not deceive you at such a moment. Should we be separated, my dearest of earthly beings, remember this."

Dunallan became exhausted, but after a few moments pause, turned to Mrs. Oswald, "My dear aunt, did you tell Harcourt my wish?"

"I did, Dunallan, and he is impatient to agree to it."

"And you think he is able?"

"Quite so; but dear Dunallan there is no change in Harcourt. He has, as yet, no power at times, over the horror of his feelings, and is still nearer the grave than when you saw him. Ought you, when perfect quiet has been prescribed, to expose yourself to the emotion he may excite?"

"Dunallan, what are you going to do?" asked Catharine in alarm.

"A plain duty, my love. I wish once more,

while I have strength, to see Harcourt. After the examination of my wound I shall not be able, even if I should recover, till perhaps too late for him. It is possible he might listen to *one* perhaps as near death as himself."

Catharine anxiously attempted to dissuade Dunallan from his purpose, but without success; and Mrs. Oswald left the room to assist in fulfilling his wishes.

"Must we leave you with Mr. Harcourt?" asked Catharine anxiously.

"Yes, my love! I could not speak as I wish to him before witnesses,—and my Catharine, when you return to me, if I can find heart to do it, I shall try to chide you for joining even with my aunt in attempting to make me more careful about my own ease for an hour in this world, than about that of another's soul during eternity."

Dunallan's servant and another attendant now entered, and softly placed a sofa near Dunallan's bed, on which they arranged pillows for Harcourt. Catharine felt half afraid to see him, and now listened anxiously for his approach, while Dunallan seemed collecting his thoughts before meeting him. At last Mrs. Oswald entered, and Catharine's eyes were anxiously bent in the direction where Harcourt would appear. When he did, one glance at his countenance confirmed the fearful impression she had received of the awful gloom of his mind. Harcourt walked into

the room, supported by two attendants. His tall figure was emaciated to the last degree—his face equally so. His eyes were hollow, and his features shrunk in the thinness of approaching death, while the expression of his countenance was so awfully serious, and his breathing, as the servants laid him on the sofa, so quick, and loud, and difficult, that Catharine watched in terror, expecting the last struggles of death. A pause of silence ensued, every eye fixed on the sufferer as he continued to struggle for breath, and to recover from the effects of exertion on exhausted nature. Dunallan's looks were bent on him with an expression of the most painful anxiety and sympathy. Harcourt at last in some degree recovered, and his attendant retired.

Another silent pause ensued. It was broken by Dunallan.

"I wished to see you once more, Harcourt."

"I too wished to see you, Dunallan," replied Harcourt, almost in a whisper.

"I wished to know from yourself, Harcourt, whether you were more willing to meet a change of existence than when I last saw you."

"Willing!" repeated Harcourt, in a voice that made Catharine start; it was so hollow, and proceeding from his death-like frame, seemed so unnaturally loud,—"*willing*, to change hell in prospect for hell in reality."

"Harcourt! why do you determine to indulge

such horrible anticipations?" replied Dunallan with much emotion. "You have the offer of heaven without one condition but that of humbling yourself to receive it. We are perhaps both on the verge of an eternal state, Harcourt, and——"

"*Eternal!*" interrupted Harcourt, in a voice that made Catharine unconsciously shrink closer to Dunallan; "*eternal!*" repeated he. The word seemed to have awakened ideas of extreme horror. "I once believed in an *eternal* sleep," continued he, "*now* I believe in an eternal, never to be satisfied searching for sleep. I am awake—vividly awake for ever. I cannot sleep now. I never more shall sleep! Oh for one single hour of dreamless sleep!"

Catharine was moved, for Harcourt's voice had changed in uttering the last words, from a tone of horror, to one of despairing sadness. The state of his own feelings too seemed so overpowering, as to make him scarcely conscious of the presence of others, and she ventured to say, "it is that want of necessary sleep, Mr. Harcourt, which makes the future appear so gloomy. One night of quiet repose would dispel all those horrors."

"And who denies me sleep?" asked he in the same despairing tone of voice. "They repeat words to me, and say they are the words of God; they tell me that the hairs of my head cannot become white or black without his permission; and

:n you speak of sleep—sleep, to one who would
'e a world for one night's sleep, as if it was a
ng of chance. If I cannot sleep, it is because
d has decreed that I never more shall sleep."

"You cannot know, Harcourt, of any such
:ree," said Mrs. Oswald, quickly, but gently,
You reject truth, and believe dreams of your
n imagination."

"Is your story of the worm that never dies,
: fire that is not quenched, a dream?" asked
ırcourt, with an expression of countenance and
ıe of voice that made Catharine shudder.

"Leave us, dear Catharine," whispered Dun-
an. "There is no change here. You must
t listen to him. I shall not attempt to say
ıch, my love," added he, on seeing that Catha-
ıe was unwilling to leave him. Mrs. Oswald
d Catharine then left the room, Harcourt
ırcely seeming to observe their departure.

"It was more than an hour before Mrs. Os-
ld was informed that her patient had again
ən carried to his own apartment. Catharine
mediately returned to Dunallan; she found
n quite worn out. He held out his hand for
rs.

"He has left me as dark and miserable as
ər," said he. "He has only found additional
ɔunds of despair in every thing I have attempt-
to say. Offers of mercy, the most touching,
listens to as a stone; while his soul seems

fearfully alive to every word which can awake ideas of rejection and condemnation."

Dunallan seemed greatly overcome, and for the next hour yielded to Catharine's anxious intreaties to seek repose, while she in silence watched by him. He then seemed in some degree recovered and again began to converse with Catharine, and as he ever did, succeeded in leading her to give expression to her inmost thoughts; and thus, if painful, as they now were, almost stealing away their bitterness.

Some one at last entered the room. It was the physician. Catharine became pale and faint.

"You are early, my dear Sir," said Dunallan.

"It is my usual hour," replied the doctor.

"Is it?" said Dunallan, then turning to Catharine and smiling sadly; "time has passed rapidly this morning."

The physician felt his pulse.

"Well, Sir," said Dunallan, "are you satisfied?"

"Quite so, my Lord. It is even more favourable than I expected. Will you admit my brethren?"

"When you please."

"I shall return immediately then," said the doctor, adding cheerfully, while he looked with much interest at Catharine; "we shall soon again, Madam, require your cares. I hope every thing happy from them."

He then left the room.

"I shall not suffer much, dear Catharine," said Dunallan, kissing her pale cheek as in agony she bent over him—"indeed they will probably do nothing till the evening."

Catharine trembled violently. She could not speak.

"My beloved Catharine, I must ask you to leave me."

"Oh Dunallan! can I do nothing? must I leave you?"

"You can pray for me, dearest Catharine, and that will support us both."

Catharine heard steps approaching; she, in anguish pressed Dunallan's hand to her forehead, and hastened to another door as the doctors entered the room. She looked back for Walderford. He was there, looking so calm, that she felt more assured. She entered the apartment next to Dunallan's; no one perceived her.

"My dear Walderford," said Dunallan, "*must* you be present to see my side probed? You will suffer more than I shall—I wish you would consent——"

"Say no more, Dunallan, you must allow me."

"Well then, come and give me your kind breast for a pillow."

Walderford supported him on his breast, and the surgeon prepared to uncover Dunallan's wound. Catharine became faint, and could scarce-

ly reach the door of the room. She found Mrs. Clanmar and Mrs. Oswald were waiting without, and fell lifeless into their arms. They conveyed her to an apartment distant from Dunallan's, and Mrs. Oswald used no other means to restore her to recollection, than laying her on a sofa, and opening a window. She almost wished she might continue insensible until the painful operation was over, and stood watching her lifeless countenance, herself almost as pale and motionless. Mrs. Clanmar knelt by the sofa, her hands clasped together, and her eyes raised in supplication to heaven. Catharine remained for a considerable time insensible. At last she began to show symptoms of returning life. On opening her eyes, and seeing Mrs. Oswald bending over her, with looks of the deepest anxiety, she started up—"where am I? what has happened?" She looked dreadfully alarmed, but soon recollecting what had passed; "Oh! is it not over?"

"It soon will now, I trust," said Mrs. Oswald. "I shall return and tell you the moment it is." She left the room.

Mrs. Clanmar still knelt—"Oh! that is indeed right, my dear Mrs. Clanmar!" Catharine knelt down beside her, "we shall remain here." She covered her face, and in broken ejaculations supplicated heaven in behalf of Dunallan.

"Oh what a time they take!" exclaimed she

last. "I must go." She started up—Mrs. Glenmar gently detained her.

At length Mrs. Oswald returned; "It is over quite safely, thank God. Another ball has been extracted."

"Thank heaven! Horrid St. Clair!" exclaimed Catharine, raising her clasped hands to heaven, and shuddering at the same moment.

"May I now go to Dunallan?"

She had again become very pale. "Not quite yet, my dear Catharine," replied Mrs. Oswald, "you must be very calm. I saw him. He seems greatly exhausted, and you must, my love, have perfect command of yourself."

Catharine was sensible of this, and allowed Mrs. Oswald to detain her for a few minutes, and listened to all she said; for Mrs. Oswald's self-denial and composure, but still more her deep piety, she always found greatly contributed to restore her self-command, and powers of thought. She then returned to Dunallan's apartment. She softly entered through the antiroom. She found the doctor and Walderford still with him, but the curtains of his bed were all closely drawn, and the doctor made a sign to her on her entrance to be perfectly silent. She seated herself near Dunallan's bed. For some time the doctor and Walderford remained quite still. Catharine listened, but could not perceive that Dunallan even breathed. After some time the doctor approached, and

softly drew aside the curtain. Catharine star on seeing Dunallan, he looked so excessively p and languid. He saw her, however, and smi faintly. The doctor held something to his li which he with difficulty swallowed; and then, ter looking for a moment at Catharine, and m ing his lips as if to speak, he closed his eyes, a looked so gone, that Catharine's terror was pressed by a countenance almost as pale. T doctor whispered to her that there was no ca for alarm, and again resumed his seat. He lo ed constantly at his watch, and after each sh interval, again and again administered resto tives to his patient, whose looks filled Catha with apprehension.

The physician remained during the rest of day, and great part of the night: he then g up his charge to Catharine, who had eagerly quired into the minutest of his prescriptions, anxiously watched his method of treating patient.

When she herself approached, and hel draught to his lips, Dunallan smiled, and an pression of pleasure, for a moment, bright his eyes. "I do not suffer," said he, in a voice. "Thank God!" was all that Catha allowed herself to say, in a voice as low. doctor had intreated her to avoid all conversa for some time. Dunallan, whenever she proached him, wished to speak, but she perse

in imposing silence on him, and also on her-

For several days Dunallan continued almost in same state of weakness, and the doctor con- ued to evade all Catharine's importunate in- ries. She thought at last that both he and s. Oswald looked disappointed and alarmed, en they found Dunallan did not recover, and strength began to sink under fatigue and stant apprehension.

One evening as she sat by him, Dunallan's ep, which had been hitherto short and disturb- became tranquil, and continued for several irs. Catharine was frightened, because this unusual. She stood leaning over him. His ntenance was perfectly calm—there was al- st a smile upon it, and he breathed quite ily. Catharine dared not disturb him by ching his arm to feel the pulse, in the strength weakness of which she had become very skil- , but she could see, by the motion of the things ound him, that it was stronger and more re- ar than usual. All she had heard of the short erval of strength, which is sometimes a prelude death, returned at that moment to her recol- tion, and she bent over him, almost expecting see him stop breathing,—and worn out in dy and in mind, she scarcely felt any emotion. nallan's sleep, tranquil and profound, still ntinued for many hours. At last he awoke,

just after the physician had softly stolen into apartment. Catharine watched his counten as he felt Dunallan's pulse, it brightened.

"Ah, here is a change indeed!" exclaimed "I think, my Lord, you will now be force remain with us. Your pulse is as good as own, or any man's."

Catharine nearly fainted. The physician s ported her to a seat out of Dunallan's sight, she was soon relieved by a burst of tears; after yielding to them for a few moments, turned to Dunallan. He seemed absorbed thought. His face was turned away, and eyes raised to heaven.

The physician approached, "My Lord, you surprisingly recovered."

Dunallan now perceived Catharine, and h out his hand for hers. "My Catharine, wha nurse you have been! Doctor, how could suffer her thus to fatigue herself? She sai was by your directions she would neither ans me nor listen to me when I spoke."

"Lady Dunallan will now converse with y my Lord, and may also leave you to seek rep There will no longer be any cause, I hope, such close attendance."

"My own Catharine!" exclaimed Dunall when the doctor had left the room, "You pale and exhausted. How you have distres me, my love! You must not stay another n

nt with me, but go to rest. When you re-
rn we may speak of the future."

"But, Dunallan, I think you look sad; you
e grieved to remain in this world. It is for my
ke, my friend. I need a guide, a counsellor,
d God has listened to my prayers."

"Ah no, Catharine. The doctor's favourable
inion has, on the contrary, made me too hap-
. I am most ungrateful—earthly!——" He
rst into tears, and covering his face, was, for a
ment, deeply agitated."

Catharine pressed his hand to her lips, "Are
u thus grieved at my happiness, Dunallan!"

'I am grieved at not being more anxious to
ve this world and all it has to offer for an-
er, which, in my soul, I believe to be far pre-
able. I do not understand my own feelings,
tharine—leave me, my love—while I see that
e countenance I can think of nothing else—
t too dear—idolized countenance," added he.
When you return I shall perhaps comprehend
self."

Catharine consented to leave him, and retired
a repose which was soon profound. She had
en too much worn out to feel the full extent of
r happiness, but her mind was now relieved
m anxiety, and she was almost asleep before
artin had finished undressing her, and remain-
profoundly so for many hours. When at length
e awoke, Martin was by her, and gave her the

delightful intelligence that Dunallan was pro-
nounced out of danger.

Catharine felt the most subduing sense of gra-
titude to Heaven, and once, and again, befo
she left her room, returned to her knees to ex-
press it.

"Do you yet comprehend yourself, my friend?"
said she, when again alone with Dunallan.

"Too well, my dear Catharine. I now kno
something of the deceitfulness of the huma
heart, but it is better I should know it than r
main deceived."

"May I ask how your heart has deceived you
Dunallan?"

"Why, my dear Catharine, I had persuade
myself that I was really willing to die—that I di
not wish to recover—that my will was not on
resigned, but that I preferred the will of Go
and the glorious prospects which open to
Christian in another state, to all that this wor
could offer me—even to you, my Catharine. Y
I was not disappointed—at least, only for a mo-
ment, when I felt returning strength. The plea-
sures of this world, so much better known, re-
sumed their power to captivate. You, my Ca-
tharine,—my wife so long only in name, now s
sweetly returning my affection—ah, my love! I
should be tempted to doubt the reality of my re-
ligion altogether, did I not feel that this worl
would be nothing to me without its hopes; and

, in my soul, I belie e I should have been far pier had I died."

My dear Dunallan," said Catharine, "it is wrong to value the essings of life when God tows them on you. You once asked me to re-ve you when I saw you valued them too high-

I shall try to remember this; but I think, l you turned from them with disgust and dis-ointment, you would also have been wrong. u were prepared to die, Dunallan; you will o be enabled so to live as to honour God in s world. You will find happiness in attempt-g this; and oh! how happy shall I be in se-nding your every wish to promote his glory, as as shall be in our power."

"Sweet preacher!" said Dunallan; "You sh to reconcile me to myself. You will find it o easy. But now, my love, read to me. I can-t yet do so myself. You must assist me to di-ct my thoughts aright."

Catharine read, while Dunallan continued still listen. Her own heart was light and thankful. Shall I find any directions for the happy here?" id she, again opening the sacred volume, "Da-id's harp is often tuned to joy and praise." She ng a few words in the joyfulness of her heart, en blushing, stopped.

"Do not stop, sweet nurse," said Dunallan. Those words express the very feelings of my ul, and your voice is music to every feeling."

Catharine again sung, but was soon inte
ed by the entrance of Mrs. Oswald. She l
ed to meet and embrace her: "Dearest M
wald, how kind, how self-denying you have
Now you are rewarded!—Dunallan is spa
us!"

Mrs. Oswald warmly, but silently, re
Catharine's embrace. She then tenderly em
Dunallan, in vain attempting to suppress t
joy and thankfulness.

"My dearest, kindest aunt!" exclaimed
turning her embrace. He then inquired f
patient.

"He at last sleeps," replied Mrs. Oswal

"What! is he gone?"

"Yes, about an hour ago."

"And was there any change?"

"I trust there was."

Dunallan was moved. "Then, my deare
you are amply rewarded. Your efforts ha
blest when all others failed. Walderford's
swerable reasonings—Selwyn's instructio
prayers—my own attempts.—How I rejoi
it has been so ordered."

"You are mistaken, dear Dunallan; all
forts proved utterly ineffectual. Mr. Wal
ceased not also to reason with poor Harcou
he had some answer against his own soul
ready. Your amiable and most Christian
Mr. Selwyn, continued too, with the most a

le, to place before him every offer of mer-
ɔardon; but, though he eagerly sought to
ɜ with us, he listened to all we said as if
er of admitting the ideas we presented to
ɨ utterly gone; and we continued to use
to join in praying for him, with scarcely a
ıope remaining, when we were joined by
ıng preachers, from whom we certainly
look for the effects which followed—our
e girls."

ɜ children!" exclaimed Catharine.

, my dear. I believe you scarcely heard
v days ago, when I told you, as you an-
watched your patient here, that Miss
and the children were arrived. Miss
had prepared them in the most judicious
for their meeting with their father; and,
took them to him, the little creatures
so full of concern, and approached with
nixture of reverence and anxiety to please
artless manner, that Harcourt at once
ıt they had been taught to feel for him as
', and received them with much kindness
ɔtion. Their presence at first seemed to
ıost painful recollections; but after a time
ɜared less gloomy when they were with
d seemed even to forget the future while
ɣ to their prattle, or following them with
ɨ as they softly moved about in his room.
hese happy, lovely, innocent creatures be

mine!" said he, with some returning softness o feeling. The children showed so much concer too, when he was attacked by fits of coughin and breathlessness, that Harcourt was quite mo ed. After one of these attacks, little Mary ha placed herself close by his sofa, and putting h face coaxingly to his, she said, "Papa, you w soon be very, very good."

"I, Mary! How shall I be very good?"

"Because, Papa, God afflicts us to make good."

"Does he not afflict us, Mary, as a punis ment for having been wicked?"

Harcourt looked for the child's reply, as if could have sealed his doom.

"But it is to make us give up being wick papa," said Mary, "and if we confess that have been wicked, and come back to God, will not punish us any more, but will love when he sees us coming, and will come to m us."

"Come to meet us," repeated Harcourt.

"Yes, papa," said Mary, "shall I read y about that in the Bible?"

Harcourt allowed the child to do as she wi ed, and she brought her Bible, and seating h self close to him, she read the parable to wh she had alluded. Harcourt listened earnes and the hardness and darkness which had w stood all our attempts, seemed to yield be

vly means. When Mary came to that
, " But when he was yet a great way off,
er saw him, and had compassion, and ran,
on his neck, and kissed him," she looked
said, " now, papa, did I not tell you ?"
ourt, I saw, was much overcome, but his
owards me showed that he disliked being
d, and I immediately left the room. I did
ırn for a considerable time. When I did,
dren were both close by him, and I saw
had been shedding tears; and when the
ı afterwards left him, I observed that he
ɔt their Bible. During that and the day
g he often read it at times while he was
ıd the two following nights he enjoyed
ɔurs of tranquil sleep. He spoke little to
for the last few days, but his looks and
were entirely changed. He was, how-
ost anxious to secure the certainty of his
ı being left entirely under your guardian-
unallan, and was assisted by Mr. Walder-
do all that was in his power to secure
t his own relations should ever attempt
fere. He warmly thanked us all for our
ıd patience with him; and his last words
were, " Tell Dunallan that I die in the
the thief on the cross."
several succeeding days, Catharine con-
o devote her every moment to Dunallan.
ad to him, or conversed with him, or

sung, or sought by her gentle and playful g
to amuse him, and every day seemed to dis
some new way of charming or interesting.
ing these days, Walderford had performe
last duties to poor Harcourt, and Mrs. Os
had set out with the children on their retu
Scotland.

Dunallan continued to recover rapidly, th
still too weak to leave his room. Catharine
was expressed in her animated looks, her
step, and sweetly playful manners.

"The Doctor says you may now admit o
two friends, Dunallan," said she one day, '
such crowds are desirous of seeing you, I
suppose if they are admitted, two at a time,
will last at least for a month."

Dunallan smiled, but did not seem grea
enjoy this permission. "I shall, I fear,
reason to regret my being so far recovere
Catharine. Those friends, kind as they ar
not supply the place of my nurse to me."

"And is she to be banished when they cc

"Will she not wish to banish herself?
not Miss Morven demand her attention,
Mrs. Clanmar? But I am very selfish, or I
wish you to escape from a sick-room, whic
have made to me the sweetest place I ever
bited."

"Perhaps, since you say so," replied C
rine playfully, though blushing deeply, '

ɔe the proper time to make you confess that
believe I always felt as I ought for you—
ys wrote as I ought."
ɔ, no, Catharine, your own test was the
tion of a wife, not the compassionate kind-
of a nurse. In that you are perfect. I shall
asily think you so in the other."
Jnreasonable distinctions," exclaimed Catha-
blushing again. "I think I must show you
a nurse, who is not a wife, would treat you
now which of your friends will you admit
:vening to relieve me from my cares?"
. cannot tell—but, Catharine, do you con-
t from me, or do you really hear nothing of
lair?"
Nothing, Dunallan. I hope I never shall."
My Catharine, you are wrong in this, you
forgive him."
[do forgive him, I hope; but must I wish
ar of, or take any interest in the horrid be-
vho, in intention, was your murderer, Dun-
?" A message from Walderford at this mo-
requested admission.
alderford had spent many anxious hours by
llan during his illness, and his natural re-
had with Catharine entirely worn off. She
ɔr him as for a brother, and now cordially
med him.
Mr. Walderford will be able to answer all

your inquiries, Dunallan," said she on his e trance.

"Can you, Walderford, tell me any thing St. Clair?" asked Dunallan.

Walderford hesitated.

"I see you can," resumed Dunallan; "I i treat you to tell me without reserve all you kn Has he left the country?"

"No. He was arrested at ———, and is n in confinement. He must be tried."

"But on what grounds?"

"There are several charges against him. ter the morning on which you met, he contin for some time in concealment, I know not wh and was at last discovered by a servant who l been bribed by him, it appears, to stop letter some post office on the coast. This fellow l repented, and had determined to leave St. Cla service before that morning. St. Clair, howe had believed him faithful, and when the serv went to him one day lately, and boldly decla his determination to appear against him, sh he remain in this country, and confess the wh business respecting the letters, and also the m which had been taken to bring about the mee at ——— Farm, St. Clair, already fretted aln to madness, (by the necessity of his skull about in concealment—a necessity so gallin his arrogant spirit—and also by the report

culation respecting the duel,) became so exas-
ated, as to repeatedly and violently strike the
n, and then push him out of the room with
h force as to throw him down stairs, by
ich he was seriously hurt. St. Clair made no
empt to escape, but when the people crowded
to secure him, he defended himself with the
perate bravery, or rather fury of a madman.
is assault is one charge—stopping the letters
other—the duel a third—but I think it likely
thing serious will be proved against him. The
te which brought you to —— Farm was so
fully written that it can do him no harm."

"I sincerely hope not," said Dunallan, with
ich concern. "When does his trial come
?"

"I do not know. His friends, I fear, will in-
re him by their many attempts to interest men
power in his behalf. They only call the atten-
on of the public to the business, which is a very
shonourable one for him."

"Is it said whose those letters were which he
opped?" asked Dunallan.

"No, but that will probably appear on the
ial."

Catharine became very pale; "Will the letters
pear?" asked she, trembling.

"I think he has probably destroyed them," re-
ied Walderford. "Are you, Madam, at all

interested in their appearing?" asked he, anxiously.

"I will surprise you, my friend, when I tel you," said Dunallan, "that those letters wer Catharine's and my own; and that St. Clair a that time had almost, indeed did succeed, in mak ing me believe that Catharine detested me. Yo never before knew, Walderford, what it was tha hastened my return home. It was the conten of the letters forwarded to me, I believe by S Clair, instead of those really written by Cath rine."

"Then," exclaimed Walderford, "I from m soul wish this villany may be proved again him—he is unfit to die—therefore, I hope nothin more serious than this may be proved—but ma he spend the next ten years in banishment!"

"Oh no," said Dunallan, "I cannot wish that

"His character will be gone for ever," sa Walderford; "his country can have no charm for him."

"Unhappy St. Clair!" exclaimed Dunalla with much feeling.

"You surprise me by the interest you take that vile St. Clair, my dear Dunallan," said C tharine; "surely disgrace is a very just punis ment for a man who has stooped to such mea ness; and too slight for one who, in the sight heaven, is a murderer."

"I do feel deeply for him, my dear Catharine, because I can judge from experience, to what dreadful forgetfulness of all that is most honourable or sacred we may be led by the indulgence of strong passions. From my soul I lament the fate of St. Clair."

"But dishonourable mean actions, Dunallan! passion never could have bent your soul to them."

"Do you think violating my promise to a dying friend less base, Catharine?"

"But you did not violate that promise, Dunallan."

"In intention I did; circumstances interposed and saved me; for these I humbly thank God. In myself I was completely lost—subdued by passions, which I now recollect with too keen remorse to suffer me to feel any thing but pity for a wretched being under their influence. Have you seen St. Clair, my dear Walderford?"

"I have. He sent for me to ask some questions respecting you. He wished, he said, to know the truth. I told him you were recovering. He asked how many balls had been extracted from your side. I said, two, without making any remark. He smiled bitterly, 'I did not wish either of us to survive,' said he, 'at least not him.' I attempted to reason with him on his injustice, but he said our ideas of justice did not, nor ever would agree. He thought the principles I

professed as well as you, the meanest on the face of the earth. They condemned, he said, every virtue that in his opinion constituted the character of a man, and exalted into virtues, whatever was abject and mean; 'and the unaccountable, diabolical thing is,' added he, almost with fury, 'that those who profess them, after using the most heartless persevering meanness to attain their ends, succeed in convincing their unhappy dupes, that they are saints and angels, and with their hypocritical jargon confuse and subdue those minds, which are too modest—too amiable—too gentle—too enthusiastically good, to condemn what they imagine must be right, since practised by such religious people.'"

"I know to what he alludes," said Dunallan, "and unhappily I have given him cause for part of what he says."

"You! Dunallan," said Catharine tenderly, "how you condemn yourself!"

"Perhaps, my love," replied he, "you would have been of St. Clair's opinion had he expressed it during the first month of our acquaintance. You see, my Catharine, how spotless the life of a Christian must be. I *was* criminal in making the promise I did to my dying father."

"I attempted," continued Walderford, "to separate what you yourself allowed to be wrong in your conduct, my friend, (for he soon began to talk on that subject) and the perfect blameless-

ness of your general character, and wished to convince him that affection at least, could never be won by an affectation of religion, but he would not listen to me. On one subject he appears to me nearly deranged."

"On what subject? my friend."

Walderford looked at Catharine.

"I understand you, Walderford; you mean the possibility of my having inspired affection here," looking also at Catharine, who sat by the sofa on which he reclined.

"And that is his affection for me!" exclaimed Catharine, "about which he has said so much, and which he thinks an excuse for so many crimes. He wishes me to hate the man to whom I am indissolubly united. Oh what perversion of language and of truth! It is self, self alone he loves; and disappointed pride, and jealous hatred, has instigated him to all he has done."

"Certainly, Madam," said Walderford, "his present feelings deserve no better name than selfishness."

CHAPTER IX.

For several days nothing more was heard of St. Clair. Dunallan, since he had been permitted by his physician, had seen many of his friends; and Catharine, to whom most of them were strangers, often left him, to spend an hour or two with Mrs. Clanmar or Miss Morven. Every hour, however, in which she was absent from Dunallan, seemed immeasurably tedious, even when spent with Miss Morven; and greatly more so when spent with Mrs. Clanmar. In this, however, Catharine felt herself ungrateful and selfish; for Mrs. Clanmar, during Dunallan's illness, had been unweariedly kind and attentive, while she seemed herself to expect no attention, and to be unboundedly grateful for the least proof of kindness. She had scarcely an acquaintance in London. Clanmar sought his society and pleasures away from home, while she devoted herself to her little boy, and thought it kind if Clanmar spent a day with her. Miss Morven's arrival in London had been almost a new era in Mrs. Clanmar's life. She spent part of every day with her. At first she had done so that she

might hear of Catharine, but she afterwards became every day more deeply interested in this amiable and almost deserted young foreigner. Mrs. Clanmar loved Miss Morven with enthusiasm, and Catharine no less. Their kindness drew forth those powers a stranger would not have believed she possessed, obscured as they were by her broken language, and humble deference to every one's opinion in preference to her own. Miss Morven and Catharine were surprised to find that this gentle and lowly young creature had found, or rather had been taught by heaven, and by her misfortunes, to seek her happiness from that pure and exalted source which can never fail or disappoint. Without instruction, except from her Bible, and without knowing what meaning others gave to the sacred volume, she had understood it for herself in the very same way in which they did; but she knew it better, for she valued it more. She wept with joy and gratitude to heaven, when she found they understood her, and felt as she did. This was a new bond which led to feelings more dear and intimate than those of sisters, and Catharine reproached her heart for its selfishness, when she found that while Mrs. Clanmar was enjoying a pleasure in her society, which seemed to restore her to new life and animation, her own thoughts continually returned to Dunallan, and the time seemed long to her, which to her solitary young friend seemed

so short; and that, though she joined in the interest Miss Morven felt in this gentle creature, yet, when with her, her thoughts were only occasionally present.

One evening, on which Clanmar had promised to see Dunallan, Catharine determined to devote entirely to Mrs. Clanmar. Miss Morven she knew was engaged, and she felt pleased at having an opportunity of conversing quite freely. Mrs. Clanmar had often appeared anxious for such conversation with her, but had been always prevented; yet not before she had said enough to convince Catharine there was some secret cause of uneasiness she wished to reveal to her.

On this evening Clanmar appeared, as he had promised. Catharine was with Dunallan when he sent to ask admittance.

"I must talk a long time with him, dearest Catharine," said Dunallan, "how will you spend your evening? You see how vain you make me by your constant goodness to me. I think you will feel the time long without having your poor patient every moment to sooth, and instruct and charm." "Instruct! Dunallan," replied Catharine, "you certainly are greatly indebted to me for that part of my care."

"Yes, my dear nurse, you have guessed the state of my mind and feelings with wonderful exactness. You know you have yourself generally chosen whatever you have read to me. You,

this wound, my sweet friend, have taught me
:h I shall never forget, both of myself and of
dearer self."
'lanmar entered. He blushed on seeing Dun-
n.
You have thought me negligent, my friend.
y Dunallan, I fear you blame me, but I have
ı so harassed with business, I——."
No more excuses, dear Clanmar," interrupt-
Dunallan gaily, " I have been too happy in a
se, ever to feel neglected; and I know too
l your attentive kindness, while I was in
danger, to doubt of your feelings; but, my
nd, I long to know what has engaged you so
ply of late."
: Dunallan, I am not surprised——"
Catharine left the room before he proceeded
her, and joined Mrs. Clanmar, whose coun-
ance still glowed with the happiness she had
on again seeing her amiable, though careless
band.
' He is so kind to me when he does come,"
l she, " and so delighted to have his little
lliam again in his arms, that I am sure he
ıld be happier at home than anywhere, if he
l a wife worthy of him."
' I think the wife has not a husband worthy of
," said Catharine, affectionately kissing her
ek, " at least he does not take time to study

the truly amiable, and sensible, and indee
far as I see, perfect character of that wife."

"Ah, Lady Dunallan, your pity for me
you to say all this—but no more, on such a
subject. Clanmar says he has much to talk
with Lord Dunallan on business which
have no interest for you, and has desired
attempt to make your time pass agreeabl
undeceiving you respecting reports whi
knows you must have heard regarding the
of his marrying me—reports which are inj
to Lord Dunallan, but which he knows
Dunallan himself would never allude to o
tradict. He is determined you shall kno
that his own mind may, in some degree,
rest, after, as he says, having been the mo
grateful of human beings."

"Oh," replied Catharine, "I do not no
lieve that Dunallan could ever have bee
thing but the best of friends. I do not b
Mr. Clanmar can be ungrateful. I will no
this story, Mrs. Clanmar; we shall talk of
thing else, my dear friend."

"You may trust me, Lady Dunallan," r
Mrs. Clanmar. "I shall not make you
very harshly of Clanmar. I wish you to
to me, because you will then know better
myself. I have not been very justly treat
report; and I wish you to know also, tha

ıay tell Lord Dunallan how very miserable lanmar was without his friendship."

Catharine saw that Mrs. Clanmar wished to roceed, and consented, though rather unwilling- '; yet she felt sweetly gratified in having this st stain cleared away from the character of unallan.

"You must hear something about my early outh, my dear Lady Dunallan," began Mrs. lanmar, "to lead you to excuse, in some degree, ıe rashness and guilt into which my ignorance ıd selfishness led me. I shall not tire you with yself."

"It is because I wish to know more about you, ıy dear friend, my soul's sister, that I listen to ıis story," replied Catharine. "Tell me all about ourself, and be short on every other subject."

"Since you desire it, and call me so sweet a ame, I shall just speak what I feel," replied Irs. Clanmar, "and take you back with me to ıat happy time when I lived with my good and ınd grandfather in his romantic and beautiful treat in Switzerland. You know that I by birth n a German. My mother was an only child. he made an unhappy marriage, and died soon ter my birth. Her death almost broke my randfather's heart, and he retired with me into witzerland, where he lived in the greatest seclu- on—and gave himself up to the study of philo- phy, and to his fondness for me. I, on my

part, cared for no one but him. As I advanced in age, he taught me whatever I learned without trouble, but he never, for a moment, contradicted or restrained me. He saw that I was naturally of a tender and romantic disposition. Ah! if he had taught me how unfit such a disposition is to struggle with temptation—if he had taught me how to regulate my feelings—but he loved me for them, and cultivated my romantic softness as the most amiable perfection of a woman. When I grew up, I read or thought of nothing but what increased the exalted state of my imagination. I spent my days in dreams of the future, or in reading such works as could interest me by being still more romantic than my own mind. I knew a few of the neighbours around us, but they inspired no regard. They seemed common beings, satisfied with the dull life they led, and destitute of those feelings in which I placed all my ideas of happiness. I was in this state of mind when the report that two young English travellers had come to reside in our neighbourhood reached my ears, with many interesting particulars respecting them. That they were extremely handsome —noble in their appearance and manners to a degree seldom seen in that sequestered spot—and many other circumstances respecting their affluence and generosity, to which I did not attend; but what interested me most, was the description of one of the travellers, who always wore

the deepest mourning—spent whole days in wandering about alone, or in viewing with apparent enthusiasm the glories of nature. They said he was very handsome, but looked pale, and extremely melancholy—that it was the loss of a beloved friend which thus deeply affected his health and spirits—and that the other gentleman was so devotedly attached to him, that he had left his friends and country to follow him. I felt, before I saw them, the deepest interest in these strangers; and had formed a thousand visions respecting them. A week passed, and though I had not yet seen either, I had figured, in my imagination, the personal appearance, and many other particulars respecting both. I hoped I should see them on Sunday at our little village church, and dared scarcely raise my eyes to the place where strangers usually sat—at last I ventured, but they were not there. 'Ah!' thought I, 'they will not offer their devotions to the great author of nature in this contemptible little resort for the low and narrow minded. They will worship him under the glorious canopy of heaven, while nature, in all its magnificence around them, will fill their exalted minds with suitable ideas of that Being, whose noble creatures they are;' and then I despised the church and all the lowly beings it contained, and wearied of the service. Ah! I have learned since, that though 'the heavens is his throne, and the earth his footstool,' 'God

dwells only with the lowly and contrite soul.' When church was over I asked my grandfather to walk with me on the banks of the lake that there we might raise our thoughts to subjects worthy of the day. Many of the peasants, surrounded by their children, were enjoying the coolness of the breeze from the water. On one piece of land which jutted into the lake, many of the children were at play, while their mothers, engaged in chatting with each other, seemed to forget a danger to which they were constantly exposed; for it was well known, that at the point of this neck of land, which was rocky and precipitous, the water was so deep, and the current so strong, that it was next to impossible to save any one who fell into it. When we had passed this point, and had entered the wood close by it, we were met by two gentlemen, whose appearance immediately convinced me they must be the two strangers, the idea of whom had indeed never been absent from my thoughts. My heart beat quick, and I scarcely dared to raise my eyes. One, I saw, was in deep mourning. I looked at him for a moment, his eyes were fixed on me, but he turned them with indifference away. His countenance I thought the finest I had ever seen. My grandfather turned round to look at the strangers. I did the same. The one in mourning walked slowly on—the other turned to look back, and I met his eyes, and turned away; but

arcely had I done so, when screams from the omen we had just passed startled us. On look- g round, we saw one of them running with an ppearance of frenzy to the neck of land,—we urried to the spot. The stranger in mourning quired into the cause, for we saw nothing. My child! my child!' exclaimed the woman, lmost frantic with despair, and held back by the thers, while they, at the same time, grasped heir own children. The stranger in mourning ushed forward, asking at what part the child ad fallen in. My grandfather seized his arm to letain him. He shook him off, and turned with look of anger and contempt to see who stopped im; but when he saw my poor old grandfather, who gently said to him, 'It is impossible—you will only lose your own life,' he smiled with the most melancholy expression, saying, 'I care not;' and then pushing away some other men who had now come forward, and wished to stop him, he plunged into the lake. For an instant he did not appear, and all waited in silent terror, dreading that he might have got under the rock which projected close over the water. His friend was, with difficulty, held back by the men, who increased in numbers. At last the stranger appeared, holding the child in one arm, while, with the other, he stemmed the current with astonishing ease; and after some prodigious efforts of strength reached the shore. A general shout of

admiration welcomed him. The poor mo
received her child on her knees—the other
men clung around him. His friend seemed
able to express his joy—while the stranger al
appeared little moved, but by the gratitude
the mothers, who would not let him go, but k
ed his hands, and clung about his knees. He
last gently disengaged himself from them, sayi
with an expression of such sadness, I shall ne
forget it, 'Oh! if you knew how little I h
risked!'

"You will have guessed, my dear Lady D
allan," said Mrs. Clanmar, seeing Catharii
eyes fill with tears, "that this humane stran
was Lord Dunallan; his friend my Clanm
My grandfather was so delighted by the hum
ty, and so interested by the melancholy, and
difference about life, in the stranger, that tho
he in general avoided forming new acquaintan
he went the day after the event I have just
lated to inquire for him, and to offer him all
hospitality in his power. He came back to
delighted with both him and his friend; and
account of their conversation, added to the
thusiasm with which I already admired the
manity, courage, and deeply interesting appe
ance of the one, and the devoted attachment
the other. They soon returned my grandfath
visit, and I was at last introduced to their
quaintance. I dared scarcely venture to spe

listened to Lord Dunallan as to a being of a superior order. He seemed to feel pity for my timidity, and with that gentleness which you now, Lady Dunallan, he possesses so much more than other men, encouraged me to enter into conversation. I did not, during their first visit, almost see Clanmar; but afterwards, when I had gained courage, and could at my ease fulfil my part in attempting to entertain our new guests, Lord Dunallan began to take less notice of me. I thought I had in some way offended him, and tried all the means I could to induce him again to converse in his gentle and winning way with me; but he only became more cold, and addressed all his conversation to my grandfather. Mr. Clanmar, on the contrary, seemed only to study my wishes. He was so kind to me I could not long forget his presence, as I had done at first. He had read just such books as I had read; and understood all my feelings. I had never before met with any one who did, and his conversation became every day more delightful to me. He came far oftener to visit us than Lord Dunallan did. He discovered my hours of walking, and always accompanied me; and when Lord Dunallan did come to us, and talked with my grandfather, Clanmar and I conversed aside, or I sung and played to him. Sometimes when so engaged, I observed Lord Dunallan regard us with an expression of inquietude which I could

not understand. I asked Clanmar why his fr
seemed disturbed at seeing us so happy in ea
other's society. At first he evaded my questio
then told me that Dunallan was sorry to see hi
love me, because his father wished him to love
rich countrywoman of his own. 'But,' sai
Clanmar to me, 'could you, Annette, love wh
ever your grandfather commanded you?' I fe
that I could not, but asked if Dunallan himse
could obey such an order. Clanmar told m
that Lord Dunallan had been engaged, since
boy, to marry a young heiress, to whom he w
to be united on his return home. From that da
I viewed Lord Dunallan differently. I becam
afraid of him, and Clanmar and I were happi
when we met without his being present. Ah
Lady Dunallan, had I known this young heire
then! I should only have thought the more hig
ly of him for his choice, but I thought——."

"Had you known, my dear Mrs. Clanmar
interrupted Catharine, "that this promise h
been extorted from him when a thoughtless bo
and that part of his inducement for travellin
was to avoid fulfilling it, you would have pitie
him still more than you did."

"And was that really the case?"

"Yes, my dear friend; and the same promis
had also been won from me. When we met t
fulfil it, we both regarded each other with preju
dice and dislike."

h, I thought you did not feel for Mr. Dun-
as he deserved, when I saw you then," re-
Mrs. Clanmar, "I thought it might be the
f your country, to assume cold reserved
rs before marriage, but now you feel——"
ow," interrupted Catharine, "I feel how
I was—how perfectly amiable he is—but
my dear friend."

Vell, Clanmar and I, without avowing it to
other, avoided Lord Dunallan. Clanmar
d himself to me, and I soon thought of no
it him. I need not tell you, Lady Dunal-
ow captivating Clanmar's affection was to
. then thought love was the business of life.
how soon the dream was over; and while
ted, it was mixed with a thousand pains.
randfather loved Clanmar, and was pleased
his affection for me. He said he would
peace, if he saw his child the wife of so ex-
t and amiable a young man. He loved him
tter for being English. He loved his coun-
nd was sure his romantic and feeling child
. be happy amongst that refined and gene-
people. This he often declared to Clan-
who made no secret of his love for me. At
y grandfather spoke on the same subject to
Dunallan. He made no reply, but on the
day Clanmar came to accompany me in my
looking so very wretched, that I feared
misfortune had happened to him. I impor-

tuned him to tell me the cause of his melan
and at last he told me what had just pass
tween him and his friend. Lord Dunall
declared, that unless he instantly either
me, or openly asked me in marriage, he
inform my grandfather that Clanmar's fath
ver would consent to our union, and guar
against suffering me to indulge affections
could only lead to misery. Clanmar did n
tell me all the conversation which had pass
tween his friend and him. If he had, I
again would have listened to him. He ha
told me that Lord Dunallan tried first to co
him of his ingratitude and cruelty in atte
the ruin and misery of an innocent girl,
ignorance and childishness made her a
prey; and who had so anxiously second
aged parent in his kindness and hospitality
many other things he said which my Cl
ought not to have disregarded. He prom
intercede with Clanmar's father for his fo
ness if he married me—but Clanmar to
none of this. I shall pass over what fol
Nothing can excuse my consenting to lea
kind and gentle parent when so old and d
ent on me. I deserved all I have since su
for that cruel and selfish step. Clanmar pe
ed me to leave my peaceful home with hi
I have known little peace since. He pers
me, that a vow he made to me, and gave

writing, was all that was necessary to constitute marriage in his country. I had been happy while Clanmar spent his days with me at my grandfather's. I then thought, that to be always with him would be happiness enough to compensate for every other thing, but I could not still the voice of conscience. Clanmar's love could not make me forget my aged parent, whose happiness had depended on me. We talked of sentiment and feeling, but I could not help regarding myself as the most unfeeling and selfish of human beings. Clanmar devoted himself to me. For a month we continued travelling from place to place, partly for concealment, and partly to view that beautiful country. At the end of this month, while we were one evening seated together at an open window of a beautiful residence which Clanmar had hired in a charming valley many miles distant from my home, and endeavouring to persuade ourselves that we were happy, while each anxiously regarded the melancholy expressed in the countenance of the other; Clanmar became suddenly as pale as death.

"'It is he himself! it is Dunallan!' exclaimed he, starting up. I instantly fainted, and fell lifeless in his arms. When I recovered, Clanmar was supporting me, while Lord Dunallan stood in silence near us, his eyes fixed on me, and expressive only of the deepest pity. I started from Clanmar, and involuntarily knelt before Lord

Dunallan, and pronounced the name of my grandfather.

" ' I left him well in health, Annette, but you know he must be miserable.'

" His voice was so gentle, I burst into tears, and sunk still lower on the ground.—He turned to Clanmar.

" ' What a change is here, Clanmar!—But I do not mean to reproach—I have no title to reproach any one. I will tell you the promise I have made. I must fulfil it, or your grandfather, Annette, will sink into the grave.'

" I shuddered. ' Only tell me what I must do,' exclaimed I.

" Clanmar would have raised me from the ground. ' No,' said I, ' Clanmar, I am unworthy to stand in Mr. Dunallan's presence.'

" Lord Dunallan looked at me for a moment, then said, ' Annette, I would willingly take your load of guilt instead of my own.—Rise, unfortunate girl. Why should one guilty being be thus humble before another?'—He raised me with an air of authority which I could not resist.

" ' Annette,' continued he, ' I have promised either to bring yourself back to your grandfather, or a written positive proof that you are Clanmar's wife. Your grandfather will be satisfied with the last, and the hope of seeing you before you leave Switzerland.'

"'I shall give him that,' exclaimed I; 'and does he forgive me?'

"Mr. Dunallan's countenance brightened; he turned to Clanmar—

"'Am I not deceived, Clanmar? Can I have those proofs?'

"Clanmar hesitated——. 'Oh yes,' exclaimed I, 'you shall have those proofs, and Clanmar will again take me home.'

"Mr. Dunallan did not regard me, but looked at Clanmar for an answer.

"'Mr. Dunallan,' said Clanmar at last, 'I know not what entitles you thus to interfere in my concerns. I really must request that I may no farther be dictated to. I know not how to brook such officious interference.'

"Dunallan's countenance changed; he turned to me—'I see, Annette, you are deceived—there is no marriage. Do you consent to return with me if it is so?'

"'Oh, it is not so!' exclaimed I, producing Clanmar's written vow.

"Clanmar snatched it from me. 'Do you allow of his insolent interference, Annette?'

"'Clanmar,' said Mr. Dunallan, firmly, 'I see you have deceived this innocent girl. Annette, what has led you to suppose a marriage has taken place?'

"'Annette, I command you not to reply,' exclaimed Clanmar, his eyes flashing fire.

" 'I ask you, Annette, in the name of your only surviving parent,' said Mr. Dunallan, calmly, 'the name of husband only is more sacred.'

" I threw myself on my knees. 'I believe, before heaven, that I am Clanmar's wife; he has given me a written vow. Ah! Mr. Dunallan, can you believe it otherwise? Can you think your friend so wicked!'

" 'A written vow!' repeated Mr. Dunallan, looking at Clanmar. He was silent—indeed he had assumed an appearance of anger to conceal his real feelings, as he confessed to me afterwards.

" 'Annette,' said Mr. Dunallan solemnly to me, 'this is no marriage—you see Clanmar does not say it is. It would be a marriage in no country. You have supposed it so, and therefore you are still guiltless. Return to your parent. He still loves you, and will do whatever you wish to conceal your innocent misfortunes from the world. If you remain longer here you must be guilty.'

" I looked at Clanmar.

" 'Will you leave me, Annette?'

" 'Never, Clanmar; but have you deceived me?' 'I love you more, Annette, than all else that the world contains——.'

" 'And yet deceives you,' interrupted Dunallan. 'Oh, Annette, how can you believe him?

is self loves. Clanmar, how can you deceive a b ng so devoted to you?'

"'Mr. Dunallan, I beg you will no longer interfere. You see it is Annette's choice to remain with me.'

"'Is it, Annette?'

"No. Oh, Clanmar! I must leave you—you allow you have deceived me—am I not your wife? Speak! you will not be questioned by a proud friend, but answer me. You know I will believe you. Am I really not your wife, Clanmar?'

"He turned away—I followed him. 'Whisper it to me, Clanmar. I will believe a word from you.' I clasped my hands in agony, and knelt before him. Clanmar is of a gentle nature. He was overcome.

"'What proof do you wish for, Mr. Dunallan?' said he, haughtily.

"'To see the ceremony performed myself before proper witnesses, that I may bear their testimony to Mr. Wietzmar.'

"Clanmar hesitated for a moment, then said, 'You shall have your wish, Dunallan; and afterwards I hope we never more shall meet.'

"'Annette is perhaps not aware of the reception she may meet with from your friends, Clanmar. She possibly might choose rather to return to the peaceful, and still really innocent state from which you took her, than subject herself to

their contempt.'—'I speak plainly, Annetta,' said he, gently to me, 'because you ought to know the truth.'

"'My wife shall never meet with contempt!' exclaimed Clanmar haughtily. Ah! how little truly! Mr. Dunallan staid till he saw the marriage ceremony performed in the presence of the mayor of the neighbouring town, whom he induced to attend, and several other witnesses. He then returned to my grandfather; and kindly remained in his neighbourhood until he saw that he had, in some degree, recovered the shock he had received from my ingratitude. In some weeks I returned to my home. My grandfather was again happy; we remained with him until I had my first little boy. I soon lost him. I never really knew grief till then. Clanmar too grieved deeply. My grandfather soon followed my baby to the grave; but I had the consolation to think I had made his last days happy. We then came to England, where I was indeed received with contempt. I have succeeded in doing this contempt in part away; but Clanmar feels that I deserve it. Oh! how often have I wished myself laid in the grave beside my indulgent parent and my sweet baby. But now I have learned not to repine. I can now say, 'It has been good for me to be afflicted.' I have been taught to place my hopes of happiness where alone they can be realized. But I will return to speak of Lord

allan. When we came to England, we found
nost unjust reports were believed respecting
which he had never contradicted. Clanmar
received more kindly than he expected by
iends, because they believed the marriage
been made by the 'crafty Dunallan,' as
called him. I attempted to defend his cha-
', but only made matters worse. Clanmar
etained his angry feelings till about a year
when Lord Dunallan came to him, and I
not what passed; but Clanmar was con-
l of his injustice. He has been far kinder
ever since—he has told the exact truth to
vn family, and now loves Lord Dunallan
than ever. But I am forgetting to tell you,
ar Lady Dunallan, how unhappy Clanmar
vhile without Lord Dunallan's friendship.
Dunallan wrote many letters to Clanmar,
he never answered. He wished to believe
end had injured him. 'What title had he
rfere in my concerns?' he would often say;
en he would become thoughtful, and recall
nallan's kindness to him, and his noble and
le qualities. One day I agreed in saying,
othing but friendship for him, and pity for
id given him any title to interfere. 'Ah,
te,' replied he, 'you would not say so if
iew all. Dunallan, the very first day I saw
arned me against the danger of indulging
miration with which you had inspired me.

I laughed at his fears, and he then declared that, as he had introduced me into your family, (for your grandfather was so occupied with Dunallan, he quite overlooked me,) he considered himself the protector of your innocence. I only laughed at his knight errantry; but he again and again repeated this.' Clanmar told me also, that Mr. Dunallan had not ceased to follow us from place to place, declaring he would never give up his search until he found, and at least attempted to rescue me from a state of guilt and misery, to which he considered himself in some degree accessory. Ah, Lady Dunallan, what cause of gratitude I have to him! Will you express what I feel, for me, to him, for I have not courage?" Catharine tenderly embraced her humble and amiable young friend.

"My dear Mrs. Clanmar, you require no courage to say all you wish to Dunallan; he feels for you the kindness of a brother, and the greatest esteem."

"Esteem! Ah, who can feel esteem for me, a poor uneducated foreigner, ignorant of all your customs, and of the information and accomplishments suited to my station? If you knew the pains I have taken to acquire your language and your manners, that I might not disgrace my husband; but I have not succeeded. Clanmar is kind to me, but I see it is from pity; few of his friends visit me. Oh! how often I pray to be

removed to a happier state, and make room for one who would be worthy to fill my place, and would make Clanmar's home what it should be—only I would take my little William with me."

Catharine wept with her friend. "My dear sister," said she, affectionately, "I shall never regard you as a more distant relation. You are younger than I?——"

"I am nineteen."

"Well, you are younger—my younger sister, my dear Annette, regard me as such. I think you may look for happier days. It is not your fault that you are not regarded with the esteem you deserve. It is the fault of your husband's friends. I will not say your husband; but they are ill judged, as well as cruel, in this. Let us convince them they are so, my dear Annette. You are far too humble. I do not mean in the sight of heaven. Humility there is the road to perfection; but you set too high a value on the opinions and attainments of others. Trust your own judgment, dear Annette; guided by such piety as yours, it will lead you far more right than those to whom you bend. But we shall assist each other, my dear friend. I shall ask Dunallan to attempt to persuade Mr. Clanmar to come this summer to his estate near Arnmore. We shall always be together. You shall teach me to be humble and lowly like you; and I shall attempt to assist you in supporting your own

opinions and place in society. Dunallan will second me."

Mrs. Clanmar threw herself on Catharine's bosom. "Dear, kind Lady Dunallan!"

Catharine pressed her warmly to her heart. "Sweet, amiable creature! I shall love you too much."

Clanmar entered just as Catharine said this. He looked surprised, but greatly pleased.

"Mr. Clanmar," said Catharine, "If any thing could reconcile me to Dunallan's illness, it would be the acquisition of this dear friend and sister. We have adopted each other for such without your leave. Will you confirm the relation by your consent?"

"Ah! you are too condescending, too good," began Mrs. Clanmar. Catharine put her hand upon her lips.

"Annette is highly honoured," said Clanmar, looking affectionately at his wife.

"Then I look upon it you allow of our being sisters, Mr. Clanmar, so good-bye my beloved sister," said she, kissing Mrs. Clanmar's hand, and then hurrying away to her still dearer relation.

Dunallan received her with even more than his usual delight. He soon observed she had been in tears, and anxiously inquired the cause.

"They were tears of pleasure, Dunallan. I have been listening to an account of the humani-

ty, and courage, and goodness of a very dear friend."

"What happy friend was this?" my Catharine. "The best, and kindest, and dearest I have on earth," replied she, tears again starting into her eyes. "Dunallan, why did you not at least tell me of your having risked your life to save that child? You too can deceive, I see. You wished me to believe I knew all your history, and here is a part of it, which, if you had really wished me to love you, surely would not have been concealed."

Dunallan smiled. "Your sex, my Catharine, set an undue value on such exertions. A man would be a monster who could see a woman almost distracted from the loss of her child, and make no effort to save it."

"But when the other men made no effort—and when you were told you would only lose your own life, Dunallan!"

"Had I been married then, Catharine," replied Dunallan, smiling, "I might have hesitated perhaps."

Catharine went over part of Mrs. Clanmar's story, and described her piety, and humble opinion of herself.

Dunallan was affected, and entered warmly into her wishes respecting her young friend. He thought Clanmar would willingly consent to reside near Arnmore, provided he could free himself from his political engagements. "For I

find," said Dunallan, "that he has involved himself with some political demagogues, who will only make a tool of him."

"What is it you see to love in Clanmar, my dear Dunallan?" asked Catharine. "But forgive me—what a question respecting a friend! Do not answer me." She blushed at her own thoughtlessness.

"Ask what you will, my own Catharine," replied Dunallan, smiling, "I am not surprised at this question. I can scarcely tell why I love Clanmar. He is one of those people every body loves without knowing why, unless it is perhaps because he is always keeping one uneasy about him. Nothing but religion will ever preserve him from the endless errors to which a character like his is exposed. A steady ever-present powerful principle is absolutely necessary for him, but he is yet almost a stranger to this."

"And what is any one without it?" said Catharine.

"True, my Catharine, but I mean even for respectability in the eyes of the world. Clanmar requires this internal guide to prevent his having twenty different opinions on the same subject in as many hours. Your amiable and humble friend, will, I hope, become more known and respected, and then she may perhaps have influence with Clanmar, who at present regards her as an ignorant child, though he does love her. Indeed,

he is most affectionate in his dispositions. But, my Catharine, it is late——."

"And you wish us to read together. Does nothing ever make you forget your first duties, Dunallan?"

He smiled. "Do you wish to become my confessor, Catharine?"

"For once I do wish it."

"Well then, I do not often forget such a duty as this, because the hour returns and reminds me of it; but I have sometimes passed it over, and would probably, when engaged as I now am, do so still, if I had not learned that remorse, and the consciousness of ingratitude, are such very painful feelings, and so much more painful on every new offence, that I dread them more than I can confess to you, unless I should lay open the long series of struggles between conscience and temptation, and hopes and fears, and happy hours, and dark and painful ones, which have brought me the little way I am on my pilgrimage, —and now, my sweet partner on this journey, shall I confess you?"

"Oh no, Dunallan."

"And when are we to become so completely one, my Catharine, as to be perfectly frank on every subject—on this particularly?"

"We have not time to-night, and my heart is in a sad confused state," replied Catharine.

"You must not delay then, my love, to exa-

mine and bring it back to its lawful owner. our blessings will only end in miseries i come between us and Him."

He found a passage for her to read so to recall her wandering thoughts, that Cat was soon in tears; and a conversation foll in which Dunallan drew from her, witho perceiving his intention, the exact state mind and feelings on the subject on whic talked; and while they conversed, mingled advices which his superior knowledge and rience enabled him to give, so kindly, so ten that Catharine felt this deep interest in he concerns bound her affections more closel ever to Dunallan, while his feelings fo during this conversation, seemed even pai anxious and tender.

CHAPTER X.

DUNALLAN now recovered rapidly. Dr. Vernon allowed him to leave his apartment, but though it was now the second week of May, the weather was still too cold to admit of his going out.

Catharine's heart was full of gratitude to heaven—and of happiness, when, in his usual dress, he again with her joined their friends the first evening in the drawing room. He looked thin, but well and animated; and Catharine's countenance expressed the delight she felt, when she named him to Miss Morven, and saw in her looks the impression his appearance and manners made on her. Mrs. Clanmar was also present, and expressed her pleasure on again seeing him, only by her looks and gentle attentions. Clanmar was not present. Walderford, however, soon joined the party, who were all too happy to talk very rationally. Walderford only had it not in his nature to be playful; but he smiled when others were so: and particularly enjoyed Mrs. Clanmar's simplicity, her timid playfulness, and broken language.

"Who do you think have arrived in London, Lady Dunallan?" said Miss Morven.

"Who?" asked Catharine.

"Mrs. Lennox and her daughter."

"Rose! I rejoice to hear it. You remem her, Dunallan?"

"Perfectly. Walderford, you must gu your heart. Miss Lennox is exactly what have told me you admire in woman. Wal ford, that blush is ominous."

"If I do lose my heart," said Walderford, there no hope? Is Miss Lennox already gaged? or do you mean to infer the little ch I should have of making myself agreeable?"

"Oh! certainly not; but I expect when do give up your heart, that it will be wi reluctant and desperate struggle. I hope I s witness your efforts to withhold it."

Walderford shook his head, "You are taken, Dunallan, I on the contrary long to pose of it."

"Well," said Catharine, "do not form opinion of Rose too hastily. She requires to be known to win any heart, I think, but is too modest, like my sister Annette. But dear Miss Morven, what has induced Mrs. L nox to come to London?"

"A strange story is told. I cannot vouch the truth of it. Mrs. Lennox, you know, become a very fashionable lady. One requi in her opinion, to that character is, to ma great marriage for her daughter."

"Alas!" said Walderford.

"Well," continued Miss Morven, smiling, "you do not know, perhaps, Mr. Walderford, that at Edinburgh the beaux consist chiefly either of grave gentlemen of the law, who can never afford to marry younger than fifty, and who are not held in high estimation by the young ladies on first coming out; or of young professional men, too poor to marry; or of young men, perhaps of good fortune, who are sent there to attend the university. So, in fact, the only gentlemen who can marry, are either above fifty, or under twenty, unless, perhaps, a stray nabob may appear for a wonder, and they too are generally a little old. Amongst the young gentlemen last winter, the most captivating, or, in other words, the one who possessed the largest fortune, was a young Englishman, a Mr. Dudley, who was reported to be immensely rich."

"From what part of England was he?" asked Walderford.

"From Hampshire, I believe."

"My own cousin," said Walderford, laughing, "I do not believe there is a sillier fellow in England."

"That was Rose's opinion, I imagine," said Miss Morven, "but Mrs. Lennox's was different; and, indeed, all the mammas agreed in courting young Mr. Dudley by the most flattering attentions; and Mrs. Lennox had the happiness and triumph to see that Rose had very soon attract-

ed the attentions of this charming youth. Rose, however, seemed to find those envied attentions very irksome, and avoided them with a degree of care which only excited Mr. Dudley's desire to be more assiduous. Mrs. Lennox and Rose were continually differing about him, and George Lennox joined his sister in thinking him singularly deficient in every engaging quality. Rose, thus supported by her brother, gently expostulated with Mrs. Lennox, on the impropriety of encouraging his attentions; but her mother would not listen to her, and continued her flattering kindness to the gentleman, but played her cards so ill, that a summons arrived for the young lover to return home immediately, his friends having other views for him. He in vain attempted, before his departure, to make his sentiments known to Rose. She knew she would displease her mother beyond forgiveness by rejecting his addresses, she therefore never gave him an opportunity to say a word on the subject. It is said however, that Mrs. Lennox and the young man came to an explanation, and that Mrs. Lennox has brought Rose to London, where he now is, in the hope, that when absent from her brother, she may be induced to consent to her wishes." Just as Miss Morven finished her story, the door of the apartment was thrown open, and Miss Lennox was announced.

"Ah! I thought so," said Miss Morven.

Rose was soon in Catharine's arms, "My dear-est Lady Dunallan, I could not be near you a whole day without seeing you. Do I intrude?" added she, blushing on perceiving Dunallan.

"No, my dear Rose, you cannot intrude."

Mrs. Clanmar and Rose met like sisters.

"You must regard Dunallan as an old friend also, Rose," said Catharine.

Rose smiled, and held out her hand to him. "I believe, my Lord, you will value my friend-ship less now."

"No, indeed, my dear Miss Lennox," replied Dunallan, kissing her hand, "you must not think me so ungrateful, nor find any excuse for with-drawing your friendship from me in my prosperity."

"What does all this mean?" asked Catharine, smiling.

"It means, my dear Catharine, that at one time, when I was very sadly treated by you, and every one else, and in very melancholy circumstances indeed, Miss Lennox had the generosity always to treat me so humanely, that I could not resist expressing my admiration and gratitude to her on that morning, which I believe you then regarded as the most miserable of your life."

"*Then!*" repeated Catharine, smiling.

"Allow me, Miss Lennox," said Dunallan, "to introduce my friend, Mr. Walderford, to you."

Rose turned to Walderford. There was an

expression of archness and meaning in Dunallan's look at his friend, when he introduced him to Rose, which she did not see, but which called a blush into Walderford's countenance, and an air of embarrassment, very unlike his usual self-possessed and composed manner. Rose also blushed, and Dunallan turned to Catharine to conceal a smile he could not suppress. Walderford for some time could not overcome his confusion sufficiently to join in the conversation.

Catharine inquired particularly about Elizabeth. "I hope I shall soon see her now," said she.

"Do you mean to leave London immediately?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"Dr. Vernon says we may perhaps venture to travel in a week."

Rose sighed deeply.

"Doctors," said Walderford, "always mention a much earlier time than they mean, to please their patients."

"I cannot wish that to be the case now," said Rose, "though I shall feel in a strange land indeed when all my friends go away."

Rose seemed in very low spirits, and soon took leave, saying she *must* go, though she seemed really reluctant to leave a party so unlike that to which she must return at home. When she was gone, Dunallan smiling, asked Walderford his opinion of her.

"I shall certainly not tell you," replied Wal-

lerford, laughing, " and I shall not long remain unrevenged."

" It will not be easy, Walderford, to take revenge on me now. I care not how much you suppose I am in love."

Catharine, when Walderford was gone, after expressing the pleasure it would give her to see Rose removed from her mother's persecution, into the care of such a man as Walderford,— " But why, Dunallan," said she, " did you embarrass your friend by your looks?"

" I cannot tell why, my Catharine,—I was amused by his solemn air. Walderford's happiness would be more increased by having some one to love and to love him, than any one's I know, except myself. I only wish him to be as happy as I am."

For several succeeding evenings Dunallan joined his friends in the drawing room. He had been allowed to go out also; and nothing seemed now likely to detain him in London above a few days longer. Catharine looked forward to their return to Arnmore with delight; but with Dunallan she was happy anywhere. His usual vivacity and powers of conversation returned with his returning strength. He was the life of all around him, while at the same time he always contrived to lead the conversation to subjects which are generally thought little suited to increase the cheerfulness of society.

"Why should we ever do, or think, or say, what is improper to be done, or thought, or said, in the presence of heaven?" said he, one evening when the usual little party were assembled. "There is nothing in religion which forbids innocent gaiety of heart. Indeed, I now wonder how any heart can be gay without it; and I really never feel at ease in conversation, until something has been said to remind us all in whose presence we are. Oh! how those people mistake who think religion gloomy. What ignorance of its nature!——"

Clanmar entered while he spoke.

"Ah Dunallan," said he, "I wish I knew that secret of happiness which you seem to possess."

"Every one may know it, my friend, but you do not give yourself time to become acquainted with it. Have you now disengaged yourself completely from your political friends, or does something still remain to be done?"

"Oh, I cannot disengage myself, I wish I could from my soul, but it is impossible. My honour is pledged, I find. I cannot go to Scotland."

"Your honour pledged, my friend, what do you mean?"

"I promised to support them during an election which is coming on. I must support them through every stage of its progress, and I do not care one straw who gains it."

"My friend, how can you be so weak! tell the truth. Plainly tell your friends that you have undertaken what you feel you cannot perform; and that you think it your duty to your country, first to learn its constitution, before you attempt to interfere in electing its governors. Tell them with equal plainness, that until you are conscious of being competent in some measure to the task, you will not again appear to take any part, and that you do not then pledge yourself to any set of opinions. You need not conceal, my friend, that you are aware you have been deceived."

"I cannot, Dunallan—I may perhaps write."

"No, that will not do. My dear Clanmar, what do you shrink from? Is the displeasure of these designing men as much to be feared as the contempt of your country, and the disapprobation of your own conscience? Which of your party do you dread most to offend?"

"Mr. F——."

"Well, my friend, and why so? just because in some points he is really respectable. Go to him, Clanmar, and let him convey your sentiments to the others."

Clanmar laid his head in deep and painful thought, on his crossed arms on the table. Dunallan stooped down and earnestly addressed him for some moments, in a voice too low to be heard by the others.

"I will, my friend!" exclaimed Clanmar at

last, hastily starting up, and instantly quitting the room.

Dunallan attempted to converse, but was absent, and anxiously thoughtful till Clanmar's return. At last he entered.

" It is done, my friend! Mr. F. did not blame me. He is to make my sentiments known. He confessed he disapproved of my having been left ignorant of many things. I am free! My dear Annette, we shall go to Scotland!" He seemed in complete joy.

Mrs. Clanmar wept with pleasure. Walderford and Rose had been conversing apart, but now all joined in Clanmar's happiness, it seemed so heartfelt; and it was soon agreed that all the party should in a few weeks join Dunallan and Catharine at Arnmore.

Several days passed away after this, yet Dunallan fixed no day for setting out. His physician had pronounced his recovery complete, and Catharine began to dread that something unpleasant detained him in London. He frequently appeared extremely thoughtful and uneasy.

" My dear Dunallan," said Catharine to him, at last, " may I ask what now detains us in London? I am anxious that you should again breathe the pure invigorating air of Arnmore."

Dunallan hesitated——

" I shall not ask if you do not wish to tell me, Dunallan. I do not even wish to know, believe

me; while I am with you I shall be happy anywhere."

"My love, it is for your sake I do not wish to call your attention to the cause of our delay—now I believe you must know—it cannot be much longer concealed. It is possible, my Catharine, that I may be called to attend the trial of St. Clair. I must remain because it comes on immediately, and I cannot remain without you—at least, I cannot be so little selfish."

"Oh no, I only wish to go on your account, Dunallan."

"And for me, my Catharine, where you are, is my earthly happiness."

Next day Dunallan told Catharine that St. Clair's trial would come on the day after, and that he was called to attend as a witness. He seemed extremely uneasy.

"What do you fear, Dunallan?" asked Catharine. "Did you not assure me that nothing serious was likely to be proved against St. Clair?"

"Yes, my love, and so I then thought; but I find that during my illness all the truth was not imparted to me. I still hope, however, that my recovery may prevent any bad consequences to him, as to the charge respecting the duel; but his bribing my servant, and so many of the people at the post-office on the coast, to detain my letters, will, if proved, be considered, I fear, as a very serious affair; and indeed, might have done very

great injury to the business that took me abroad, by delaying my instructions, some of which were in fact from government, and were not of a proper nature to be made public at the time."

"Will the cause of his doing this be brought forward on his trial, Dunallan?" asked Catharine, anxiously.

"Probably, my love, the cause will be urged in palliation of his guilt. You shrink from this, Catharine; you need not: my presence in the court will prevent any thing being said which ought to alarm your delicacy—that, my Catharine, is now the peculiar charge of your husband; and the feelings of this relation are so well understood, and so perfectly respected, that you have not the slightest cause for uneasiness."

Catharine, however, could not overcome this, and other causes of still greater uneasiness. Dunallan's health was not yet sufficiently re-established to make it safe for him, in her anxious opinion, to spend a whole day in a crowded and heated court. He only smiled at this fear; and still more when she expressed her apprehensions at the idea of his again seeing St. Clair.

"He has proved himself so revengeful, so desperate," said she, "you smile, Dunallan, but I do not think it so very foolish to have this dread of St. Clair."

"Oh my Catharine, how I love such foolishness! But this solicitude, so sweet to me, gives

you pain; and believe me, there can be no cause for it. I wish that miserable St. Clair were as safe. How mixed are the feelings of our happiest moments! Now, when I thought all promised so fair—so delightful—here is a cloud—a weight upon my breast, which even your presence cannot wholly remove."

Dunallan took an early leave of Catharine next morning. He wished to have some conversation with a lawyer, a friend of his, before he proceeded to the court. Catharine held his hand in hers, after he had repeatedly and tenderly taken leave. She still found something more to say. He saw her unwillingness to part from him, and assumed a gaiety of manner, she perceived he did not feel.

"I shall leave the court, my love, the moment my presence is no longer required."

"Dear Dunallan, adieu. God be with you."

He turned again to look at her as he left the room, and smiling, raised his hand to heaven,—

"The very hairs of our head are all numbered there, my Catharine."

He then left her.

Catharine went to the window of her dressing room which looked to the street. She saw him get into his carriage, and received his smile and bow. He was then driven rapidly away, and she remembered her last separation from him, at the door of her friend, Elizabeth's house, and all that

followed. She reproached herself for her ungrateful want of trust in heaven, after having already experienced such mercy. "Oh that I had no will but that of God!" exclaimed she. "I shall only know happiness then." She spent the hour that still remained, before she should be called to meet Mrs. Clanmar, who had offered to be with her, in earnestly praying for Dunallan—for herself—and for the wretched St. Clair. When she met her friend, she found that Clanmar had also gone to the court.

In a short time Mrs. Clanmar and Catharine were joined by Rose, who astonished them by the information, that Mrs. Lennox had just set out with Mrs. St. Clair, who had determined to be present at the trial of her son.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Catharine, "it surely will not be allowed. The charges against him are of a nature too serious."

"Every means," replied Rose, "were attempted to prevent Mrs. St. Clair's going, but in vain. She said, that whatever Arthur had to suffer in this world, she would share it with him if it was possible. She persists, in *saying*, at least, that she believes him completely innocent; and said she was going to witness his triumph over envy and calumny. She has laboured with the most unremitting ardour to interest in his behalf every person in power to whom she could gain admittance. She has even condescended to implore

Lady Fitzhenry to exert her influence over Sir Henry Moncton in St. Clair's behalf, because Sir Henry is supposed to be a favourite in a very high quarter."

Catharine rose and turned to the window at the last part of Rose's speech. She continued.

"Mrs. St. Clair came to Mamma last night to ask if she would accompany her to-day to the court. Mamma hesitated, and Miss Morven, who was with us, attempted to dissuade Mrs. St. Clair from going, offering herself to be present, and to inform her faithfully of all that passed. But Mrs. St. Clair was not to be dissuaded; and there was something so touching in her affection for her unfortunate son, that, when no entreaties would prevail on her to give up her intention of being present, Miss Morven offered to accompany her, and then Mamma also consented. Lady Fitzhenry too had proposed accompanying Mrs. St. Clair, who, proud as she is, did not decline her offer, because she had exerted herself so much in St. Clair's behalf. Miss Morven was greatly annoyed on hearing that Lady Fitzhenry was to be of the party, but whispered to me, that at such a time she could not attend either to appearances, or to her own feelings."

"And is Lady Fitzhenry really gone to be present?" asked Catharine, with as much composure as she could assume.

"She is," replied Rose. "She called on her

way, and Mamma went with her. Miss Morven had gone before with Mrs. St. Clair."

Catharine's anxiety was greatly increased by this piece of information. She feared that Dunallan might see Lady Fitzhenry, and feel her presence excite emotions too powerful for a scene so public.

"My dear Lady Dunallan," said Rose, after for some time watching her friend's thoughtful, and disturbed countenance, "are you displeased at your friend, Miss Morven, having accompanied Mrs. St. Clair? She thought you would not, or she never would have offered."

"Displeased! my dear Rose, certainly not. I wish from my heart I could in any way serve poor Mrs. St. Clair."

"Mrs. St. Clair's brother, and another gentleman are to be with St. Clair," continued Rose, "and several gentlemen offered to accompany Mrs. St. Clair, but, excepting a sister of her own, who is in bad health, she has no female friends in London."

Catharine's uneasiness now increased every moment. She sent two of Dunallan's servants to attend in the court, as near as they could get to their master. She flew to the window whenever she heard a carriage approaching, in the hope that it might contain Dunallan himself. But the day passed on, and no one appeared from the court. Mrs. Clanmar and Rose attempted

to amuse Catharine's thoughts from the subject of her fears; but finding they did not succeed, they then tried to convince her of the justice of St. Clair's sentence, should it even prove a severe one; and when Catharine at last betrayed the real cause of her anxiety, they attempted to prove that her fears were groundless, though Mrs. Clanmar herself began, as the evening advanced, to betray some alarm.

At last a carriage drove rapidly to the door and stopped. It was Mrs. St. Clair's.

"Ah!" exclaimed Rose, "it must be over, and St. Clair acquitted, or Mrs. St. Clair would not come here."

Miss Morven alighted from the carriage, and Catharine hurried down stairs to meet her.

"What has happened, Miss Morven? Is St. Clair acquitted? Where is Dunallan?"

"I will tell you all I know, dear Lady Dunallan. The trial is not nearly over. Poor Mrs. St. Clair could remain no longer; but do not let us stand here."

They entered the drawing room, and Miss Morven, quite pale, and completely exhausted, threw herself on a sofa, and burst into tears.

Catharine stood by her as pale as death, dreading to hear what she should first say. Miss Morven struggled to recover herself, and soon succeeded so far as to be able to speak.

"Lord Dunallan is now apparently quite well, my dear Lady Dunallan——."

"Now! Miss Morven, was he unwell?"

"At first he seemed overcome, but now he appears quite recovered; but I shall tell you every thing. Poor Mrs. St. Clair! It is her distressed situation which has so overpowered me. Such a scene? Unfortunate woman!"

Miss Morven, with difficulty, regained sufficient composure to proceed.

"You know we went to the court very early. I wished to place Mrs. St. Clair in some unobserved situation, from whence we could easily retire, should the circumstances of the trial become too painful; but, from some cause, which I cannot comprehend, Lady Fitzhenry chose the most conspicuous situation in the place, and from whence we were perfectly seen by poor St. Clair, and those who were called as witnesses. Mrs. St. Clair also preferred this situation. Poor woman, she trusted too much to her affection and strength of mind. The court was soon excessively crowded; and from the conversation which I imperfectly overheard around me, I perceived that the public opinion was very strongly against St. Clair. I saw that his unfortunate mother heard some of the remarks which were made near us, and I longed for the arrival of the judges, and of the unfortunate St. Clair, though

I dreaded the effect his appearance might have on his mother.

" At last the judges and their attendants entered the court, and very soon after St. Clair. His appearance seemed to make a very favourable impression. A murmur of admiration and pity followed his entrance. You know he is strikingly handsome. He walked with a firm composure of manner to his place, then turned his dark eyes on the crowds that surrounded him, with looks of haughty indifference. Poor Mrs. St. Clair perceived the impression her son's appearance had made, and it produced a softness of feeling which, combined with his presence in such circumstances, had nearly overcome her. However, she struggled for composure, and, after some effort, succeeded. When the preliminary forms were over, Lord Dunallan was called as a witness respecting the letters which St. Clair was accused of having intercepted. I perceived by the bustle and anxiety to see him, which prevailed in the court, that he was an object of great interest. When he approached, there was instantly the most complete silence. St. Clair regarded him with looks which are still before me. I never saw a countenance express so much malevolence. Lord Dunallan seemed to avoid looking at him. Mrs. St. Clair apparently participated in her son's feelings. She said, in a voice of suppressed indignation, ' Specious hypocrite !' At that mo-

ment, for what cause I cannot conceive, Lady Fitzhenry chose to rise and stand forward in her already conspicuous situation. This movement attracted the attention, for a moment, of every one. Lord Dunallan also looked to the spot, and I suppose he perceived Mrs. St. Clair, for he instantly became deadly pale, and turned away his eyes with an expression almost of anguish; and seemed, for a moment, scarcely able to recover himself. 'He is still unwell,' was whispered by those around me. 'He has not recovered from his wound. He is unable to bear the heat. What an interesting countenance!' He was requested to be seated, and windows were thrown open; but he declined sitting down, and declared himself perfectly able to proceed. While giving his evidence, you cannot conceive the deep melancholy which his countenance expressed. Even his voice was affected by it, and was low and sad. While he spoke, the court was so still, a whisper might have been distinctly heard; and all he said was so expressed as to give the most favourable construction possible to St. Clair's intentions in stopping his letters. The audience seemed so much alive to this generosity, that each of his mild extenuating answers was followed by a murmur of applause; and he so far succeeded that, at the close of his evidence, I believe every person present felt more pity for, than inclination to condemn St. Clair. His mother's

countenance brightened, and she looked around her, as if a weight had been removed from her spirits, but said nothing. The next witnesses were people from the Post-Office. They were very particularly examined, and their evidence was long and complicated. On the whole, however, it went very much to criminate St. Clair. After this, his own servant was called. On being asked at what time he had entered St. Clair's service, or some such question, he detailed very fully the means taken by St. Clair to induce him to leave Lord Dunallan's and enter into his service. He also entered warmly into praise of his former master. During this part of his evidence St. Clair's lawyers interfered, and desired the man to keep to the point, and answer only the questions which were put to him. These answers, however, became more and more disgraceful to St. Clair, and as they agreed completely with the evidence which had gone before, the impression against St. Clair seemed every moment to increase, and very strong expressions were used by those around us. Mrs. St. Clair became very pale, but succeeded in suppressing every other appearance of emotion. I soon observed, however, that she trembled, and breathed very quickly, though she attempted to overcome her agitation. I entreated her to leave the court, on account of the heat and pressure, but still she refused, though she could scarcely articulate. I

expected she would faint, and even hoped she would, that she might have been conveyed from such a scene. Every new discovery implicated St. Clair still more in meanness and guilt. Lord Dunallan will give you particulars. I was too much occupied in watching Mrs. St. Clair's looks to hear distinctly what passed. St. Clair's own countenance now began to betray some emotion. At times he became pale. Lord Dunallan had retired. I had not seen him after he gave his evidence. At last the examination of St. Clair's servant respecting the intercepted letters was closed; and after some business which I did not understand about the second charge, which, however, was connected with the first, he was called on to give his evidence regarding the meeting at ——— Farm. Mrs. St. Clair, however, by that time looked so shockingly ill, that I could scarcely attend in the least to what passed. Lady Fitzhenry joined me in imploring her to leave the court. She scarcely seemed to hear us, but sat with her eyes fixed on her son. The expression of his countenance seemed to regulate her feelings, for I do not think she distinctly heard, or understood what passed. The people around us seemed to have at last discovered the deep interest she felt in the poor criminal, and no longer made any remarks, but very humanely attempted, by opening a window, and other attentions, to assist our efforts to render her as easy as possible.

At last I heard St. Clair's servant desired to repeat the expressions made use of by his master respecting Lord Dunallan, the evening previous to their meeting at ——— Farm. He answered that, on that evening, St. Clair had called his servants, and said to them, 'I mean to go abroad immediately. I wish two of you to accompany me. I shall positively leave England as speedily as I possibly can after to-morrow morning. He had said also on turning away, and supposing he was left alone, 'Dunallan shall not live.' This time I shall be able to secure revenge—revenge which will be felt by you too, Catharine.' 'Shocking!' was murmured through the court. St. Clair became very pale. Two other servants confirmed this part of the evidence. Mrs. St. Clair drew her breath long and deeply two or three times, and after a violent struggle with her emotion, sobbed convulsively aloud; then uttering a piercing scream, put her hand to her head, and starting from her seat with a look of frenzy, stretched out her arms towards her son, and in a wild and loud voice exclaimed, 'Arthur! my son! save him, save him!' The whole court became confused. Some officers of justice approached, and placed themselves near St. Clair, who had started up on hearing his mother's voice. It was with the greatest difficulty that several gentlemen succeeded in carrying Mrs. St. Clair to her carriage. When we got near

the door I saw Lord Dunallan, who kept off the crowd, but did not approach. I suppose he feared Mrs. St. Clair would recognise him. When Mrs. St. Clair reached her own house she was quite delirious. A physician was immediately sent for, who has ordered her to be kept perfectly quiet. I wished to remain with her, but she did not know me, and screamed dreadfully whenever I approached her. She continues to talk without a moment's pause. The doctor hopes she will wear herself out, and fall asleep; but should she awake to the full sense of her son's situation, I fear she will again relapse into the same dreadful state."

Miss Morven, with difficulty, finished her account of what she had witnessed. Catharine listened, pale, and trembling, and terrified. She attempted to speak, but could not, and all continued silent for a few moments.

"There is but one way of regaining composure of mind," said Miss Morven. "God alone can give us right views of his providence at such times. This unfortunate mother! But he is wise and just, and good in all his ways, however dark and awful they may appear to his ignorant creatures."

"Wretched mother! wretched St. Clair!" exclaimed Catharine. "What do you think will be the end of this trial, Miss Morven?"

"Oh! I cannot bear to look forward. Let

us trust every future event to God," replied Miss Morven. "May he have mercy on that unhappy hardened being! Had you seen him to-day! how haughty his looks! At least during the first part of his trial, for they were greatly changed before I left the court; though still he attempted to look defiance and contempt on all around him."

"When will it be over?" asked Catharine.

"It is impossible to say."

"Did Dunallan seem perfectly well when you last saw him?"

"Perfectly so. He looked mild and calm as an angel, though much shocked, and very sad."

The evening passed on. Ten o'clock, eleven, twelve, and Dunallan did not appear. Catharine's anxiety became almost overpowering. She had sent one servant after another to inquire whether the trial was over. The last messenger did not return, though he had been much longer absent than necessary. She now sent another, and herself watched at an open window for the approach of every carriage or sound of footstep on the now almost deserted streets. Sufficient time for the return of the last messenger passed away, but he did not appear. Miss Morven entreated Catharine to be composed, representing the impossibility of St. Clair having it in his power at such a time to injure Dunallan.

"You do not know St. Clair," was Catharine's

only reply,—while she stood listening, almost in a state of distraction, to the sound of carriages which rolled past at a distance.

At last one seemed to approach rapidly. It entered the square. Catharine flew down stairs, followed by her friends. The street door was opened by a servant, who had also been watching below. The carriage stopped, and Dunallan instantly pushed open the door, and jumped out. On perceiving Catharine he stopped abruptly. She rushed forward.

"Ah, Dunallan! You are safe. My God, I thank thee!"

He clasped her closely to his heart, but in agitation and in silence. She felt, as he supported her on the stairs, that he trembled violently. They entered the drawing room together. Catharine looked at Dunallan. He was very pale, and an expression of horror was on his countenance.

"Dunallan! What has happened? Is St. Clair——."

He shuddered, and turned away.

Catharine followed him. "What dreadful event has happened, Dunallan?"

"My Catharine, are you prepared? No, you cannot! How shall I——. He clasped his hands in agony."

"Oh, merciful Father, make us feel thy presence—support us—give us to believe in thy unerring wisdom and justice." He stopped.

"We cast ourselves on thy compassion, Oh Lord—reconcile us to thy will. Bring good out of this dreadful event———."

Catharine trembled violently. Dunallan prayed in short and hurried sentences, but he became more calm as he proceeded. At last he prayed for pity on the unhappy parent who had so suddenly, so dreadfully, been deprived of her wretched son.

"What do you mean, Dunallan! What did you say!"

"My dearest Catharine, you are prepared for something very shocking. The unhappy St. Clair is no more."

"No more! Is he dead, Dunallan!"

"He is, my love. Be composed, my Catharine."

"But how, Dunallan! Ah, I guess——." She put her hand on her forehead. Dunallan was alarmed. He soothingly drew her into his bosom, and in the gentlest terms attempted to raise her thoughts to the all-wise Ruler of events.

"Well, my dear Dunallan, tell us all. I shall imagine every thing dreadful till I know the truth."

"You shall know every thing, my dearest Catharine. After Miss Morven left the court with the unfortunate Mrs. St. Clair, the servant proceeded in giving his evidence. Each interrogation produced an answer more fatal to St. Clair

than the preceding. I fear he really intended the worst that was suspected. Wretched! miserable being!" Dunallan, with difficulty, proceeded. "Clanmar, Cameron, and myself were examined. I thank heaven that my evidence in neither case went to criminate him. That, however, was of no avail. The evidence given by his servants too clearly proved his guilt. After all the witnesses were examined, St. Clair was informed that then was the time to offer his defence. He then rose, and said he wished to put one question to me. I was requested to return into the court. St. Clair's lawyers would have come forward, but he himself stood up, and for a moment looked round on the crowd. There was something wild and irresolute in his look. Several of the attendants of the court stood near him. He waved his hand impatiently for them to stand off, and the judge, in pity of his apparent embarrassment, motioned to them to obey, and they left him quite unguarded. He then fixed his eyes on the judge, and said in a low and deep tone of voice,

"My Lord, I have a defence to make which will free me from all disgrace——." He then turned to where I was. "My Lord, this is my defence." He, in an instant, put his hand to his breast—drew a pistol which he fired at me—and before he could be stopped, put the muzzle of another into his mouth, and fell into the arms of those who had rushed forward to seize him.

All was over in a few dreadful moments. The ball fired at me entered the wall behind me—no one was hurt."

"Oh God, I thank thee!" exclaimed Catharine, in the deepest tone of gratitude, while her countenance remained pale, and expressive of the utmost horror.

Mrs. Clanmar, Miss Morven, and Rose were equally shocked. Mrs. Clanmar inquired for her husband.

"He has gone with Cameron to Mrs. St. Clair's, to inform her friends of this dreadful event."

Clanmar soon appeared. Mrs. St. Clair, he said, still continued quite delirious, raving incessantly about her son.

Rose now expressed some anxiety respecting her mother. "Are you sure, Miss Morven, that she was to call here for me?"

"Yes, quite so. But she promised not to leave Lady Fitzhenry, who was dreadfully shocked by Mrs. St. Clair's illness."

Dunallan started—"Shocked! how did it affect her, Miss Morven?"

"Unfortunate creature!" replied Miss Morven, "even I could not help feeling for her, though Mrs. St. Clair's situation was so dreadful. When we went to Mrs. St. Clair's house, we found Lady Fitzhenry had arrived there before us, for she had shrunk from going in the

same carriage with the poor sufferer. Mrs. St. Clair seemed pleased when she approached her, though she addressed her in the wildest terms. Lady Fitzhenry, however, seemed in horror when we proposed her remaining with poor Mrs. St. Clair, till some of her own friends should come to her. 'For heaven's sake do not ask me!' exclaimed she—'I should soon be in the same situation—I feel it!—I feel it!' and she clung to me in such terror, I dreaded she was right and hurried her to a distance from the painful scene. I attempted to soothe her, and she soon burst into tears, and turned away from me, saying—'Forgive me, Miss Morven, I know you feel my presence pollution.' Mrs. Lennox just then entered; Lady Fitzhenry entreated her to accompany her home—'I cannot spend this day alone!' said she, shuddering.

"Mrs. Lennox hesitated—and named Sir Henry Moncton—'you distract me by mentioning him at this moment!' exclaimed she, wildly. I entreated Mrs. Lennox to accompany her. Perhaps she supposes you are gone home, Rose; or they may have heard——"

"They must have heard what has happened," said Dunallan. "Oh! if this dreadful event should awaken"——he stopt—and Miss Morven and Rose soon after thought themselves obliged to take leave.

When Catharine was alone with Dunallan, he again sought consolation from Heaven, and thus succeeded in calming his own and her spirits. After having conversed over all that had passed, and Catharine had entreated Dunallan to tell her every particular,—

"What a day you have spent!" exclaimed she, "I dread its effects, my dear Dunallan. How much misery one guilty being can produce!"

Dunallan sighed deeply, but remained silent. "Oh, Dunallan, how much happier would you have been had you never known me! I have only been the occasion of one misery after another to you."

"You, Catharine! you are my first earthly blessing. I would not exchange your sweet affection—your dear confidence, for all else that the world contains. I only wish I was deserving of your tenderness, my too, too partial love."

"Partial! Dunallan?"

"If you thought of me as I deserve, Catharine, you would not feel thus kindly for me. But God has this day awfully reminded me of my unworthiness, and of his mercy."

"How, my dear Dunallan?"

"When, my love, I rose to witness against another, who do you think stood exactly opposite to me? The guilty, unhappy Aspasia! She wished me to see her, and to feel all the misery at that moment which she knows her con-

tinued guilt occasions me. Had she seen my heart she would have been satisfied. Oh how my sins returned upon me at that moment in all their most guilty colours! I felt as if those around me meant to mock me by their respect and attentions, while the invisible searcher of hearts seemed to be calling to my remembrance, that he against whom I stood up to witness, was, at least in his sight, no more guilty than I had been. The same awful voice that pronounced, amidst surrounding terrors, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' immediately added, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Oh! had the prayers for St. Clair which my heart poured out to heaven, while my lips witnessed against him—had they been heard! but all—all must be best."

Catharine and Dunallan next morning determined to set out for Arnmore as soon as they possibly could. Dunallan himself went at an early hour to inquire for Mrs. St. Clair.

"She is now quiet," replied he, on his return, to Catharine's inquiries; "but the physicians have a bad opinion of her case. She is not ill in health, but deranged in intellect. Her brother and sister are with her. I saw the former. He thanked me for the manner in which I had given my evidence. He lamented the fate of his unhappy nephew; but seemed to have been little acquainted with him; and appeared more anxious about the disgrace he had brought on his family than any

thing else. He seemed to hope the manner of his death would, in some degree, do this away,—so differently do men of the world judge from the word of God."

"And now, my Catharine," added Dunallan, "we may leave this London."

During the day Catharine took leave of her friends; but only for a short time. They all promised to follow her to Scotland, and visit Arnmore in less than a fortnight; even Rose Lennox could make this promise with her mother's consent. Miss Morven accounted for this by saying, that she had informed Mrs. Lennox that Mr. Walderford was also going to Scotland, and by some other means Mrs. Lennox had ascertained that Mr. Walderford's fortune was even greater than that of his cousin Mr. Dudley.

In the evening all was in readiness, and Catharine when again shut into the carriage with Dunallan, and rapidly hastening from the scene of her late terror and misery, felt her heart become less burdened every moment. Dunallan participated in her feelings.

"How beautiful! how charming!" exclaimed Catharine continually, when, clear of the town, they proceeded through a delightful country, now clothed with all the luxuriance of the first days of summer. The evening was very fine, and its balmy air, and the glories of the setting sun, excited feelings in Catharine's breast more than

usually powerful, from their long suppression while confined to a sick-room in a melancholy street.

"Oh who would live in a town!" exclaimed she; "half our feelings, our most pleasurable feelings, are lost!"

Yet the recollection of the miserable St. Clair soon overcame these feelings of rapture. He, too, had been exquisitely alive to the beauties of nature—to the glories of such scenes as she now beheld. What now were his ————! She made an effort to banish them from her thoughts, but in vain. Dunallan, too, sat in deep and apparently most painful thought.

They travelled on in the long and calm twilight. At length the moon rose, and softened by its pale light all the surrounding scenery. Its soft influence soothed Catharine's disturbed feelings to perfect peace. For some time Dunallan remained silent. Catharine did not disturb him. Her thoughts, however, were of him. She pictured in her imagination the happiness she should see him enjoy when the present dark cloud had passed away,—when he might devote his whole life to the service of that Being who possessed the first place in his affections, without those miserable feelings, arising from the dread that he was the cause of rendering any one unhappy,—when he should feel himself surrounded by those only who loved him. She pictured herself shar-

ing in his happiness. Arnmore, with all its romantic beauties, was present to her imagination, —her favourite walks,—Dunallan would now be there with her—they would pursue all their plans,—all their most serious pursuits,—all their pleasures together. She pictured Mrs. Oswald's joy on their return—she saw the children again in Dunallan's bosom,—she knelt beside him at prayer. A deep sigh from Dunallan interrupted her dream.

"Why do you sigh so deeply, my dear friend? I think such a scene as this ought to inspire only peaceful, pleasurable feelings."

"Tell me what your feelings are then, my Catharine, for I cannot force my thoughts from the dreadful scene of last night. The contrast of this soft and glorious light produces feelings in me more deeply melancholy than I can express. Where were your thoughts, Catharine!"

"At Arnmore."

She drew a picture of the future so charming, that she gradually won Dunallan's thoughts from their gloomy subject; and when they stopt, his conversation had, in some degree, regained its usual vivacity.

Each day brought the travellers nearer Arnmore, and seemed to leave their late misery at a greater distance.

At last Catharine's dream was realised. They arrived at Arnmore on a beautiful evening.

The scenery appeared to her even more magnificent than when she had first beheld it. Mrs. Oswald's joy was still greater than she expected.

"My beloved Catharine!" she exclaimed, as she pressed her again and again to her bosom, "dear nurse, wife, every thing! You now feel for Dunallan as I knew you would. My happy nephew!"

"Your happy niece! you ought to say, my dear aunt," replied Catharine tenderly.

"My aunt is always right," said Dunallan, around whose neck the children were fondly clinging.

"Ah, I did not know you were listening," said Catharine. "You little ungrateful things," added she, joining him in fondling the children, "you always forget me when he is present."

They clasped their little arms around her neck also. "Dear, dear aunt Dunallan!"

Catharine's dream was still more completely and happily realised, when she again knelt beside Dunallan, while, surrounded by his delighted family, he offered his grateful thanksgivings to Heaven, and implored those blessing and graces for all, necessary to fit them for the duties of life; and that renovation of soul which should prepare them for the holy joys of an immortal abode in Heaven.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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